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TRAVELING
JOURNAL

629. d. 6

Arthur Murphy

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THE

GRAY'S-INN
JOURNAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

Non fuit Confilium fociordiâ atque defidiâ bo-
num otium conterere.

SALLUST,

Eye Nature's Walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living, as they rise.

POPE.

L O N D O N :

Printed by W. FADEN,

F O R

P. VAILLANT, in the Strand.

MDCCLVI.

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THE
GRAY'S-INN
JOURNAL

IN TWO VOLUMES



LONDON:
T. and A. W. FARRER.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

Robert Nugent, Esq;

One of the Lords Commissioners
of the Treasury.

SIR,

I Have not taken up the Pen to trouble you with an Address in the usual Stile of Dedicators; to a warm and lively Imagination, such as Mr. NUGENT's, Novelty will appear an essential Grace in

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Com-

DEDICATION.

Composition; and what Kind of Novelty can, at this Time of Day, be introduced in a Form of Writing, which has been indiscriminately hackneyed by the Witty, the Venal, and the Dull for several Centuries? I shall therefore have no Recourse to exhausted Topics, nor shall I endeavour to cull from the Stores of common Place a Second-hand Garland, which would not fail to be offensive to your Delicacy, however, your Politeness might induce you to excuse the Aukwardness of the Attempt. I shall leave it, Sir, to the City of *Bristol*, to speak aloud of your eminent Abilities, and to the Annals of Parliament, to display the brilliant
Share

DEDICATION.

Share you have had in all public Debates, without adding the Efforts of my feeble Voice to echo back your Fame in Dedicatory Panegyric; though I persuade myself, were I to trouble you with it, one Degree of Novelty, might be allowed me, I mean Sincerity; which I take to be a Quality totally unknown to the Offerers of Incense.

BUT it is not the able Statesman I am at present to address; it is the Patronage of the Man of Genius, Wit and Humour my Ambition has prompted me to solicit, and, I believe, every one will agree with me that I could not any where
chuse

DEDICATION.

chuse a Name more justly distinguished for those splendid Embellishments, than that of Mr. NUGENT.

I AM not insensible, that, in doing this, I may fall under the Censure of the witty Doctor Young when he says,

*As Pedlars with some Hero's Head
make bold,*

*Illustrious Mark!—where Pins are
to be sold.*

THE Truth is, I am afraid, the fugitive Pieces contained in these little Volumes will hardly be found worthy of your Attention; but if they

DEDICATION.

they are admitted to lie in any Corner of your Study, I shall congratulate with myself that they have found so honourable a Shelter, and I shall be ever proud of having seized this Opportunity of subscribing myself,

S I R,

Your most Obedient,

And most Devoted,

TAVISTOCK-ROW,
April 5, 1756.

Humble Servant,

Arthur Murphy.

DEDICATION

they are admitted to the in-
Corner of your family I shall con-
gratulate with myself that they have
found to themselves a shelter and
I shall be ever proud of having
seized this Opportunity of dis-
tributing myself

S I R

Your most Obedient

And most Respectful

TAVISTOCK-ROW,
April 2. 1756.

Humble Servant,

Arthur Murphy.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is observed by Lord *Shaftsbury* that every Man, who publishes a Book, professes Wisdom; but the Author of the following Effays begs Leave to make himself an Exception to this general Rule of the noble Writer. Having had some Reason to imagine that the Numbers of the *GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL*, during its periodical Publication, were not unacceptable to the Public, he determined not to leave them in their scattered Condition, and has therefore been at some Pains to collect them together, in as neat a Manner as he could, and with as many Retrenchments, Additions and Corrections as his various Avocations would permit. He has only to add, that, with all due Resignation, he gives up Commas and Points, Errors of the Press, and all those Inaccuracies, which *Horace* tells us arise from Inadvertency, or the Imbecillity of human Nature, to the

ADVERTISEMENT.

the small Critics, and anonymous Pamphleteers, of whom he has given his Opinion in the Essay, No. 88. He hopes no reasonable Exception can be made by the Sensible and the Candid to his Sentiments in general, or the occasional Frolicks of an assumed Character. It should be remembered, that Mr. *Johnson's* Remark in the *Rambler* is founded upon Truth and Justice. "The seeming Vanity," says that excellent Author, "with which I have sometimes spoken of myself, would perhaps require an Apology, were it not extenuated by the Example of those, who have published Essays before me, and by the Privilege, which every nameless Author has been hitherto allowed. A Mask, says *Caftiglione*, confers a right of acting and speaking with less Restraint, even when the Wearer happens to be known."

CON-

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THE
GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

NUMB. I. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, OE. 21, 1752.

*Me quoque Parnassi per lubrica culmina raptat
Laudis amor; Studium sequar Insanabile.*

PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM.

I T has been remarked by Writers, whom
a Desire of adding to the Entertainment
of the Public has incited to portion out
their Endeavours into periodical Essays,
that the first Address, in the introduc-
tory Explanation of their Plan, has
occasioned more vehement Corrosions of their Nails,
and more frequent Rubbings of the Forehead, than
any other successive Composition; in like Manner
as we find Men, who, upon their first Admission into
a Company of Strangers, betray several awkward Move-
ments in their Deportment, arising from the different
Ideas of Bashfulness and Diffidence, which agitate their
Minds until the initial Ceremonies are adjusted. As
I propose to hold a literary Intercourse with the Pub-
lic, and flatter myself with the Hopes of conversing with

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many

many Hundreds of my Countrymen every *Saturday*, I cannot issue out my first Performance, without feeling an extraordinary Solicitude for the Event, and being disconcerted by those Alarms and Perturbations of Spirit, which are apt to seize People of Sensibility in their Tempers, when irresistible Principles of Action have prevailed over their Modesty, and called them forth into a conspicuous Point of View. The first Impression has always great Influence upon Mens Judgments, and the Mind will often hastily form Associations of Ideas, which it cannot afterwards easily separate. On this Account I have been not a little anxious about my first Appearance, and after much Contemplation and deep Study, I should have been entirely at a Loss how to set off, had not the Example of our parliamentary Candidates pointed out a Mode of Eloquence, to which I think proper to adhere on the present Occasion, as the most persuasive Rhetoric I can suggest to myself.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of Great-Britain.

Gentlemen,

AS I have had the Honour, at a Meeting of my Friends, to be put in Nomination to represent you, and all your Vices, Follies, and Foibles, in a new Paper, to be published every Saturday, and entitled The Gray's-Inn Journal, I desire the Favour of your Votes and Interest, assuring you that I shall at all Times exert my most vigorous Endeavours to serve you, being a sincere Friend to the Cause of true Wit and Humour, and a steady Assertor of Decency, Virtue, and Good-manners. With these Sentiments I have the Honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and devoted Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

N. B. *I am of no Party whatever.*

Having

N^o. 1. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 3.

Having thus declared my Ambition for literary Fame, I do not expect that all those rival Wits, who for some Time past have been making their Court to the Public, should instantly decline the Poll; on the contrary, I am apprehensive, that, as it generally happens at Elections, much Scurrility will be discharged upon the present Writer; and I am no way doubtful but they will proceed to the Extremity of disputing my Property in *Parnassus*, and obliging me to make out my Qualification. Of this, however, I hope to give sufficient Proof in the Sequel; and whatever Animosities may arise, I am resolved to pursue my Course, without going out of the Way, like the Countryman in the Fable, to crush the Grasshoppers that may make a Noise around me. I shall console myself in that Case with a Reflection that those Nuisances are ever found in the Sunshine.

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusæ cicadis.

VIRGIL.

In the Prosecution of this Design the Reader is not to expect any Scandal, any Detraction, or Ill-nature, *Ranger* being determined not to indulge himself in the *mala mentis gaudia*, as *Virgil* finely calls the Gratifications of a malevolent Spirit. As this Paper is commenced to promote useful Mirth and Good-humour, it shall never deviate from those Principles; to secure which in my own Temper, and to sow their Seeds in others, I shall here beg Leave to say a few Words to my Friends, the CRITICS.

It is observed by Mr. *Pope*, in the very sensible Preface to his Works, that both Writers and their Readers are generally unreasonable in the mutual Expectations they have of each other, the former fancying the

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World

World must approve whatever they produce, and the latter imagining that Authors are obliged at any Rate to please them. For my Part, I should be glad to compound Matters with all the Critics of the Age; if they will abate something of their usual Severity, my Demands upon them for Fame and Reputation shall not be very exorbitant; and should they withhold from me that small Tribute, I hope, at least, they will allow me to make as much waste Paper as the rest of our periodical Writers and daily Historians.

From the latter of these, viz. our common Newspapers, I do not perceive what Kind of Advantage can redound to a rational Creature, who can neither receive Instruction or Entertainment, by reading that Mr. *Such a one*, an eminent Cheesemonger, died at his Country House, when perhaps he is in perfect good Health in *Thames-Street*; and if *Squire Rent Roll* is arrived in Town with a grand Retinue, I apprehend it no way interesting to any Man breathing, except his Taylor, his Pimp, &c. As there is, however, a Principle of Curiosity inherent in our Constitutions, I shall make it my Business to administer to its Gratification by Articles of true Intelligence annexed to every Essay. In the Research of these I shall spare no Pains, and I flatter myself they will have a stronger Tendency to divert Spleen and Melancholy, than dull Letters from the *Hague*, and fictitious Advices from the *Swede* and *Turk*. By these Means I shall be able to variegate this Work, and render it a Paper of Entertainment, if not of Instruction, and upon all Occasions I shall think it incumbent on me to have some Regard to what is commonly called Style. For, notwithstanding the present Practice, it appears to me that such Words should always be chosen as are most strongly and elegantly expressive of the intended Idea; and they should, if I am not mistaken, be combined in such an Arrangement,

as

N^o. 1. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 5

as will not be offensive to Grammar, or unintelligible upon Perusal. To this if some little Knowledge of the World can be added, I conceive it will be an additional Embellishment, as from thence may be derived some just Exhibitions of human Life, and some proper Animadversions on Men and Manners; in which Articles I may venture to affirm the Writers above-mentioned are very deficient, they informing us no one Way of the World, unless it be that so often inculcated by them, Leading to *Mr. Keith's Chapel, down Clarges-Street, and turn on the Left Hand.*

Henceforth then be it known unto all Men, whom it may concern, that we *Charles Ranger, Esq;* have undertaken, and by these Presents do undertake, the Conduct of a Paper entitled THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, which Name it is thought proper to give it, on Account of the Author's Residence in *Gray's-Inn*. We intend that this our Paper shall be a general Critique on the Times, and all false Appearances in Men and Books; and as we have observed, that, what *Dr. Young* calls laughing Satire has always been most conducive to the End we propose, we are determined to exert some certain Powers called Wit, Humour, and Raillery, and we hereby advise our dearly beloved Readers to get their risible Faculties in order, reserving to ourselves, *more majorum*, the Privilege of being dull by Design. And it is therefore ordered by these Presents, that on or before *Saturday* next all Offences shall cease, or they who shall be found delinquent shall be prosecuted according to the Laws of honest Satire, in some subsequent Essay, or be obliged to take their Trial upon Indictment in our *Court of Censorial Enquiry*, the Proceedings of which shall be faithfully recorded in our *True Intelligence*.

Given under our Hand this 21st of October, 1752.

CHARLES RANGER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

IN order to conduct this Undertaking with the most extensive Variety of Information, Mr. *Ranger* will not depend entirely upon his own Rambles, but has opened a Register-Office, where all Articles of News will be given in by proper Emissaries, and entered in a regular Manner by a sedate Book-keeper, so that there will be little more to do than to select from these Repositories. As there will frequently occur short Hints of Animadversion, which will not admit an entire Essay, I shall occasionally throw out some cursory Reflections dated from this Place, and I have given strict Orders to my several Agents to keep a vigilant Eye upon all Objects whatever. By these Means the Man of Modesty, stealing down the Bye-walk of Life, shall blush to find his Virtue called into Day-light, and the concealed Hypocrite stand in the Pillory of Detection. *Amanda* shall not coquet it with every Coxcomb she meets, nor *Lotbario* make it his Business to ruin all female Virtue. In short, as the Satyrist expresses it, all the Actions of Men, their several Passions, their Desires, their Fears, their Resentments, their Gratifications, their Delights, and their Frolicks, shall be the miscellaneous Subject of my Lucubrations.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.* Juv.

Bedford Coffee-house.

Wit and Humour have been at a Stand here for some Time past, but as it is expected that his Majesty will shortly return from his *German* Dominions, the Town begins to fill, and it is thought these Regions will shortly be as brilliant as ever. In Consequence of which Opinion, a Caravan will set out from the Royal Exchange at half an Hour past Five every *Sunday* Evening during the Winter Season, for the Convenience of the Holiday

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N^o. 1. THE GRAY's-INN JOURNAL. 7

Genius's of the City. It will stop at *George's, Temple-Bar*, to set down those Probationers in Criticism, who have not yet a sufficient Power of Face to appear in this Academy. As we expect a great deal of Company To-morrow Evening, it will be adviseable in the Gentlemen from the Lord Mayor's Side of *Temple-Bar*, to send their Shop-Boys at Four o'Clock to keep Places.

N.B. The *Inspector* will make his Appearance at Eight, attended by Mr. *Town* and *Quinbus Flestrin*.

Drury-Lane.

It is whispered that several New Pieces will be produced here this Season, and it is said that a very fine Poet will produce a Tragedy call'd *The Brothers*, which he has kept by him double the Term of *Horace's Prescription*, viz. 18 Years.

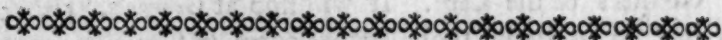
Covent-Garden.

Horace has observed, that a good Dramatic Poet performs as difficult a Task as walking the Ropes: To illustrate which to the classic Part of an Audience, our Manager, who in all his Pantomimes is an excellent Commentator upon the Heathen Mythology, has resolved to exhibit Mr. *Maddox* the Rope-Dancer upon this Stage; which calls to Mind four Lines in a Prologue written by Mr. *Johnson*.

*Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying Cars new Sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, (for who can tell th' Effects of Chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.*

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

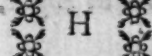
The Board of Criticism will meet at the *Bedford* Coffee-house this and every Evening during the Winter Season, where all Persons, who are willing to furnish the Critics with Apples, Oranges, Catcalls, and other Implements of Criticism, are desired to send in their Proposals, on or before the 29th of this present *October*.

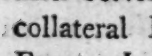


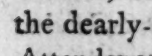
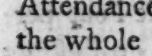
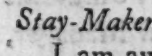
NUMB. 2.

GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Oct. 28, 1752.**Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,**Dulce loquentem.*

HOR.

HAVING recommended myself, in my last *Saturday's* Paper, to the Patronage of the male Part of my Readers, I shall dedicate the present Essay to the *British* Fair; and, as it is principally calculated with a View to their Service, at the same Time that it carries with it a collateral Intention of insinuating myself into their Favour, I must beg to be admitted this Morning to their Toilets, to call off their Eyes for a little Time from the dearly-beloved Mirrour, to discard *Betty* from her Attendance, and, in short, to exclude, for one half Hour, the whole Train of *Dancing-Masters, Mantau-Makers, Stay-Makers, French-Barbers, Venders of Washes, &c.*

I am aware that the Ladies will be alarmed at the Thought of being alone with *Ranger*, but the Reason of my desiring this Dismission of so many Favourites is, because I profess the very same Art, to which that Class of People have always aspired, that of heightening the Charms of Female Beauty; and as two of a Trade can never agree, I think it absolutely necessary to meet with no Interruption, in this important Point, from the Pertness of a Chambermaid, the Servility of Tradesmen, and the Shrugs and brisk Interjections of *French* Proficients, who will, no Doubt, be greatly astonished to hear, that their artificial Embellishments, though they may serve, when they do not luxuriantly wanton into fantastic Extravagancies, to adorn the Female Form, are yet in no Way essential; as Beauty, without such Auxiliaries, may be rendered still more attractive in the Eyes of all Men of Sense.

Horace,

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Horace, whom it is unnecessary to introduce to the Acquaintance of the Ladies, as *Creech* and *Francis* have taken that agreeable Office upon themselves, was a Man of the most finished Taste in all Circumstances of Life; and he tells us, in the Words of my Motto, that he shall always love his *Lalage* sweetly smiling, and sweetly talking; which two Accomplishments would not have been touched upon by so fine a Poet, if they did not carry with them some peculiar Charm; and I am inclined to think that in them consists the whole Train of Love's Artillery.

Expression has been mentioned by every elegant Writer on this Subject, as the first Ingredient in the Composition of Beauty; and certainly the more pleasing the Expression is, the more Energy will be derived from thence upon every Charm. For this Reason, the pleasing Smile is the best Hand-maid to an elegant Set of Features; it give numberless Graces to every Delicacy, and diffuses over the whole Countenance an Emanation of that Sweetness of Temper, which is the native Ornament of the Fair. To this Sentiment the witty Dr. *Young* has subscribed in his *Universal Passion*.

*What's female Beauty but an Air divine,
Thro' which the Mind's all-gentle Graces shine?
They, like the Sun, irradiate all between;
The Body charms, because the Soul is seen.*

This Doctrine has not been established without the utmost Propriety; for surely senseless, inanimate Matter, however Symmetry, Colour and other Adjuncts, may recommend it, cannot any Way gain upon our Affections. I have seen many a Picture where the Face was well turned, and the Features justly disposed, and yet all Men of Judgment have invariably concurred to pronounce the Piece extremely bad, because there were no perceptible Traces of a thinking Power within.

And if this Property is required in the mere Imitation of the human Face, what shall be said when it is deficient in the Original? when the Appearance of a Mind, which alone can distinguish us from other sublunary Existences, and which alone can impart real Satisfaction, and excite the social Feelings in an intelligent Being, seems to be totally absent? Miss *Millefont* is without the nicest Proportion of Features, and without a glossy Bloom of Complexion, and yet I believe no one ever saw her sitting in a Side-Box at a Play, or dancing at an Assembly, without feeling Love and Joy in sprightly Tumult about his Heart. On the other Hand, *Formosa* has a Delicacy of Shape, and Regularity of Countenance, and still no one of Taste will hesitate to pronounce her unamiable; and I will venture to assert, that she is never toasted but by those, whose Intellectuals are so poorly stocked with Ideas, that they never perceive the Vacuity in others.

The secret Quality, from which this Difference arises, has been called by the *French*, a *Je-ne-sçay-quoi*, and the Phrase has been adopted in this Country; but it is serving the Purposes of good Sense to explode so unmeaning a Term. For my own Part (with all due Submission to better Judgments) I declare myself of that Sect of Speculatists who really believe that Women have Souls, and I am apt to imagine that the Operation of this inward Agent has no small Influence upon the outward Frame. A Poet of Eminence has sung, "the Passions in the Features are," and therefore I should think, that those Ladies, who are ambitious to appear lovely in the Eyes of Men, should sometimes sit to an intellectual Mirrour, in order to see their Affections reflected to them; by which Means they would be enabled to adjust them, to harmonize them, to keep them in regular Order, and, if I may so say, make them sit right. In my Opinion, they should be as assiduous to fashion themselves in this Point, as to

apply the Patch, to re-establish a disorder'd Lock, to recal a straggling Hair, to settle the Tucker, or compose the Mant, since taking Care of the Movements of the Mind, is also regulating the Features.

From this will naturally result the next Essential to Beauty, the Manner of Talking agreeably, than which Accomplishment nothing can so much enliven the amiable Sex. We are pleas'd to see a beautiful Pair of Lips in Motion, when every Thing that comes from them administers to the Pleasures of Conversation; the Spirits of the Fair are awakened by the Exercise of their thinking Faculties, and the Eye beams with double Lustre; the Tongue confirms, what the Countenance had before indicated, that all within is sprightly, chearful, gay, spirited, and sensible. The Scene is frequently shifted to our Imagination; we are delighted to observe the Celerity, which distinguishes itself in the Operations of the Female Understanding, and the quick Succession of Ideas, which they call up, amuses with pleasing Variety, while the Beauties of the Mind and Face mutually exalt each other, and we stand convinced of the *Platonic* Tenet, that *good and beautiful are the same*.

There are three Things highly pernicious to the Endearments of Beauty, from which I must absolutely interdict those, who are willing to become my Pupils. The Enemies to Loveliness, which I mean, are GAMING, SCANDAL, and POLITICS, surer Destroyers of every Elegance and Bloom, than a Spotted Fever or the Small-Pox; as chronical Diseases are more fatal to the Constitution, than a transitory Fit of an acute Illness.

With Regard to the first of these Corrosives, I leave it to the fair Votaries of Fortune to consider how the winning Graces and the attractive Smile can irradiate the Countenance, when the Internal is disturbed by

Anxiety and Solitude, which soon transpire into the Face, and prey upon all their Charms. Besides, when the Temper is disconcerted, Politeness and Good-manners are in Danger of being neglected; and while every one is intent upon the After-game, which is the fashionable Term for that Clash of Tongues, frequently heard in one loud Din, as soon as the Deal at *Whist* is out, it is not probable that the Fair can converse in a Manner suitable to the Softness and Elegance of their Sex.

Scandal always carries with it a dreadful Efficacy to ruin a delicate Face, because it generally springs from Envy or Malice, which are both entirely against my Rules for acquiring and preserving Beauty, as they are inveterate Habits, the Traces of which are apt to wear themselves into the Complexion, inducing Frowns, Wrinkles, Roughness, and a settled Appearance of Ill-nature, of all Things the most unamiable.

Politics is also of pernicious Influence, tending to inflame the Ladies with Party-Rage, to cause Heats in the Face, and to occasion those Vibrations of the Fan, Bitings of the Lips, and Fidgets on the Chair, which greatly discompose the whole Form. On this Account I would have my fair Readers abstain from Parliamentary Debates. And, tho' the intended *Naturalization-Act* has engrossed the Thoughts of the whole Nation, I think it enough for the Ladies to have secretly resolved not to marry a *Jew*; and without engaging too deeply in the Controversy, the sparkling Crosses, which they wear upon their lovely Bosoms, will be a sufficient Indication of their Principles, and will at once reflect a Lustre upon the Whiteness of their Skins, and the Delicacy of their Sentiments.

In what has been premised, I would have it remembered, that I do not mean to recommend a studied Simper, or a restless Exertion of Chit-Chat, but I would

would have both to be a natural Effusion, from the Sources of Good-nature and Good-sense, which, I am convinced, will be found a better beautifying Cream, than any Cosmetic advertised in our Newspapers; and therefore instead of lying-in for a new Face, or using any other Artifice, my Precept to the Ladies, is, BE GOOD-HUMOURED FOR A COMPLEXION; and I now give Notice, that I shall carefully observe, in all public Places, what Ladies repair a decayed Visage, or add new Graces to a blooming one, by this Receipt, and that I shall insert an exact List of the same in the Articles of News, which I shall serve up weekly to regale my Customers. Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Register Office, Oct. 25.

IT is confidently said that several Academies will be instituted in this Metropolis, for the Encouragement of Genius and Science, in Imitation of the celebrated Societies, established in most of the principal Cities in *Italy*, and we further hear that the *Insulsi* have appointed their daily Meetings to be held at the *Rainbow Coffee-house* in *Cornhill*; the *Insipidi*, at *Garraway's*; the *Critics* and *Malevoli*, at *George's*, near *Temple-Bar*, and the *Bedford*, in *Covent-Garden*; the *Aleatorii*, at *White's Chocolate-house*; and the *Bibaculi*, at *Shakespeare's Head*, *Covent-Garden*.

Bedford Coffee-house, Oct. 26.

On *Saturday Evening* last the *Board of Criticism* met here, when *Mr. Town* opened the *CRITICAL Sessions* with the following Speech.

My Friends and Critics,

I am always pleased, in a particular Manner, to embrace every Opportunity of assembling you together; and as the invariable Rule of my Conduct has ever been to infuse a true Spirit of Criticism into the Minds of my People, I the more joyfully open the Sessions at present,

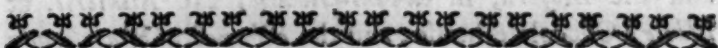
sent, as I make no Doubt but your Debates will be carried on with such Unanimity of *Spleen, Carvil, Malice, and Ill-nature*, as cannot fail to render us the Wonder of our Countrymen. I have the Pleasure to inform you, that the Friendship, which has always subsisted between my good Friends and Allies, the Commentators of the States General, is now settled upon the most solid Basis; so that the ambitious Views of the *French Academy*, who have always been aiming at universal Criticism, will in all human Probability be frustrated.

Gentlemen of the City,

I have ordered the proper Estimates to be laid before ye, by which you will see that *Orgeat, Capillaire and Red Tea*, are Three-pence each Glass, and I make no Doubt of your Compliance therewith for the Service of the current Year.

My Friends and Critics,

As Affairs of the highest Moment will oblige me to visit my Friends in the Country early in the Spring, I must exhort ye to a quick Dispatch of the Business that may come before ye, and to devise proper Amendments to Laws now in Force, against Poets, Players, and Managers, in which you will always find from me a chearful Compliance.



NUMB. 3. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Nov. 4, 1752.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes,

Quem sese ore ferens? — — —

VIRG.

THE Papers which I have hitherto published, were chiefly intended to open a Way for the better Execution of this Undertaking, as Pioneers are dispatched to clear the Country for the main Body of an Army; and in the same Light I beg that the present Lucubration may be

Nº. 3. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 15

be considered. I find, since the Commencement of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, that I have been the Subject of much Conversation in this Metropolis: The Critics, it seems, are busy in their Enquiries after the Author. Does any body know him? — Has he been long upon Town? — Has he any Thing in him? — What Sort of a Man is he? — These and many other Questions of the same Nature are the Topics at present; and tho' at first setting out I thought to evade an Account of myself, having had always a strong Antipathy to any Thing that might border upon the ridiculous Character of an Egotist; yet such is the Prevalence of Custom, that it is now become a Tribute due from every Adventurer in this Way, and therefore I shall wave the Resolutions I have taken, and will at present gratify the Reader's Curiosity.

I am of the sprightly Family of the *Rangers*, who have made a distinguished Figure, in this Country, ever since the Reign of *Charles II.* and am a near Relation to my Namesake in the Play, whom many of my Readers have often admired when personated by Mr. *Garrick*. Though I do not at present ascend by Ladders of Ropes into honest Men's Houses, yet, under a few Restrictions, I still bear some similar Habits of his Humour. My Education was at *Eton*, where I imbibed my first Tincture of Letters; though, to tell the Truth, I was chiefly remarkable, at that Place, for running out of Bounds. I scarcely passed over a Week without paying a Visit to *Windsor*. I was delighted in the Castle with the bold Imagery which the Touch of *Verrio's* Pencil has poured fourth to the Eye, and to see the Canvas every where glowing with mimic Life was pleasing to my young Imagination.

At length, with the Character of a wild Lad that had *Latin* and *Greek* enough, I was removed to the University, where I maintained the same Reputation for five Years. Whatever was the Reason of it, I never could adopt any Party-Principles, and those whom I perceived

ceived attached to Prejudices of either Side have always appeared to me in very ludicrous Colours. I have known a *Jacobite* drink himself out of his Health and Fortune for the Good of his Country, and I have seen a very worthy Gentleman reduced to Necessity by squandering his Substance in Elections, to keep out the Pope, the Devil, and the *French King*. I believe there cannot be a more ridiculous Character than that of a *State Quixote*, who having Affairs of Moment to himself and his Family, generously neglects his own Concerns to take Care of his Country, which would be in every Particular as well without such a Patriot.

For my part, I have no Manner of Taste for Politics; the Election of the King of the *Romans* does not concern me, nor do I trouble myself about the Window-light Tax, provided the Prices at the Play-House are not raised upon us; and as to a standing Army, twenty thousand Red-coats shall give me no kind of Trouble, while they plant no Bruisers in the Pit to over-rule our Decisions. Should any such Attempts be made upon the Birth-right Privileges of an *Englishman*, I shall then be as warm a Patriot as the best of them. Not even the Freedom of both Houses shall buy me off; and I have now lying by me several Essays on History, and the *British* Form of Government, which in that Case shall see the Light.

These are the Principles I have contracted with Regard to Matters of State; as to my Person, I beg Leave to be silent on that Head, as I do not chuse to receive any Proposals for Marriage, which I am told have been publickly solicited by a certain daily Writer. Thus much I will hint, I am now in the two and thirtieth Year of my Age, and, after having taken the Tour of *Europe*, *Gray's-Inn* is become, in *Shakespeare's* Language, *the Sea-mark of my utmost Sail*. I have been registered according to the Police in *Paris*, and, like *Sir Harry Wildair* in the Play, have play'd at Hot-cockles

N^o. 3. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 17

cockles with an whole Convent of Nuns in *Italy*: In short, I have gone through all the Variety of Manners and Diversions in each different Country, and now behold your Beau up to the Ears in Ink. I look upon the Gardens belonging to this Society to be the Seat of the Muses: Here the great *Bacon* passed his contemplative Hours; and here, at an humble Distance, the present Writer purposes to follow his Steps.

— *Longe sequare, & vestigia semper adora.* STATIUS.

The Day I do not take a Turn in the poetic Ground just mention'd, I feel the most awkward Sensations, and fancy to myself that I breathe with Difficulty. This I must own is an Oddity in my Temper, but Habit has now confirmed it. However, I shall make it subservient to the Design of this Paper, as it will afford me an Opportunity of collecting Materials for these Lucubrations; and, among the Number that frequent this Place, I shall be able sometimes to glean a few Characters for the Amusement of my Readers. Besides this, I belong to a Club of *Originals*, which meets, once in each Month, at the *Devil-Tavern*, near *Temple-Bar*. Every Member of it is remarkable for some Peculiarity in his Manners and Way of thinking, and this not contracted by an affected Imitation of others, but absolutely inherent and native to the respective Persons. I shall take a proper Opportunity to bring the Town acquainted with this Society, and perhaps may deduce from their Assistance such Matter, as will not be disagreeable to my Reader.

I must add to what has been said, that I have from Nature a very extraordinary Talent, which, as it will be of Use hereafter, I will here explain. I have been remarkable from my Infancy for a most surprizing Skill in Physiognomy, and have had, from my greener Years, the sharpest Discernment into the Passions of Men from the Survey of their Countenances. This Faculty

Faculty has grown up with me, and it is now arrived to that Degree of Penetration, that I can, by infallible Rules, read the Thoughts of People. When a Critic talks of *Longinus*, I can often perceive, by the Cast of his Eye, that he never looked into him; and in all Decisions upon Stile, Language, and Authors, &c. I can discover, with a Glance, the secret Springs of Action and the latent Prejudices lurking in their Minds. Of this more another Time. As to the News, I shall receive frequent Contributions from a particular Friend, who is every Way qualified for that Branch. His Name is *Harry Wildair*, and I am confident he will conduce a good deal to enliven this Paper.

Having thus far explained myself, I will conclude with a few Resolutions which I have taken for the better conducting this our *Gray's Inn Journal*.

Resolved, That this Author shall not be the Tool of any Party whatever.

Resolved, That he shall not, like the gay *Inspector*, trifle with his Readers *over his Tea*, or *washing his Hands*, but that he shall exert his best Endeavours for their Entertainment.

Resolved, That he shall always have some visible Subject, and some little Regard to the Order and Propriety of his Words.

Resolved, That the Mottos to be prefixed to the Essays shall not be taken at random out of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, but that they be selected from some good Author, without bad *Latin*, false Quantity, and bearing some Reference to the Point in Hand.

Resolved, That no indecent Liberties be taken with the Character of any Gentleman or Lady.

Resolved lastly, That he shall not indulge himself in any impertinent Vanity about himself, his Intrigues, &c. but that he shall, to the best of his Power, make good Sense the Rule of his Writings, according to the Maxim in *Horace*.

Scribendi rectè sapere est & principium, & fons. Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Oct. 27.

THE Number of Critics within the Liberties of the City being of late Years considerably increased, it was resolved by the Board of the said Body, held a few Days ago, that a select Number be chose for the several Precincts, that the Majority of them do attend every Sunday Evening at this House, to examine and take into Consideration the State of Criticism for the preceding Week. Several Candidates have already offered themselves, and in some Places it is imagined the Contest will be very obstinate and warm. Timely Notice will be given, in this Paper, of the Time of Election, and a List will be inserted of the Members, who are returned to serve.

Drury-Lane, Nov. 1.

The *Silent Woman*, a Comedy of Ben Johnson, has been revived here this Week. As a great deal of the Humour in many Scenes of the Play is, by the Distance of Time, rendered quite obsolete, this Piece, if continued, will be presented to the Delight of the Judicious, and Astonishment of the Ignorant; and therefore, according to what is observed in the *Tale of the Tub*, it will be of general Advantage; for those, who have Taste enough to understand it, will receive Instruction from the Matter; and those who have not, will stare prodigiously: The best Thing in the World for the Eyes.

Covent-Garden, Nov. 1.

On Monday Evening last Two new Italian Dancers, viz. Signora Bugiani, and Signor Maranese, made their Appearance on this Stage, and were justly admired for great Execution, and surprizing Variety of Comic Gestures. A certain eminent Actor has not been able to perform since he had the Misfortune of running a Pin into his Hand in the Character of *Romeo*, and we hear the Manager is, for future Contingencies, to allow him *Pin-Money*.

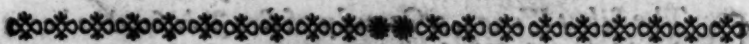
Sam's

Sam's Coffee-house, Change-Alley.

Major continues to be very alert, and hands about Pamphlets and Coffee with great Dexterity. A new Subscription is opened here, and it is thought that in Time, there will be a Library here equal to the *Ptolomean*. A certain *Israelite*, it is said, begins to be inclinable to *Christianity*, occasioned by some Tracts he has been seen to pore into a good deal of late. *The other Students* pursue their Researches as usual, and the Compass of their Understandings, like that on the Cieling, is continually shifting, and it is not doubted will rust to a Point at last.

Register Office, Nov. 4.

The Sessions at the Court of *Censorial Enquiry* will commence on *Wednesday* next, when several Prisoners are to take their Tryal.



NUMB. 4. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Nov. 11. 1752.

— *An me ludit amabilis*

Insania? audire & videor pios

Errare per lucos amœna

Quos & aquæ subeunt & auræ.

HOR.



HE Operations of the human Mind are at all Times extremely subtile, and while we compound, vary, and associate our Ideas into so many different Combinations, the Workings of the Soul are not attended to, and the Traces they leave are so delicate, that they are afterwards scarcely to be perceived. I do not think this Phænomenon in the ideal World is at any Time so surprizing, as in those Moments, when the Faculties of bodily Sensation are lulled in Sleep; then the Imagination calls forth her abstract-
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ed Train, and, being free from the Incumbrance of Flesh, disports herself in the most whimsical Manner, and is at Liberty to form what Appearances, what Scenery, what Imagery, and what Reasoning she thinks proper. This I experienced in a lively Manner the other Night, and as I cannot help believing that any of my Readers would have been glad to enjoy the same visionary Scene, I shall, instead of a formal Essay, make my Dream the Subject of this Day's Paper.

I retired home to my Chambers a few Evenings since, in a very poetical Mood, and, to gratify the present Course of my Ideas, took into my Hand *Virgil's Georgics*, which has always been considered by the Critics, as the most perfect Poem, of the most accomplished Poet. The Delicacy of Expression, and every refined Beauty in the Turn of the Stile, have been finely treated by the elegant Mr. Addison; and, for my Part, I never look into it, but I perceive some concealed Stroke, which had before escaped me. But the Enthusiasm which animates the following Passage, struck me the other Night in a Manner which never happened to me before.

*Me quoque Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita cliwo.*

The Fire and Rapidity in the first Line, and the Rapture and Air of Inspiration in the succeeding one, must warm any Imagination, that has but the least Spark of Fire. I could not help dwelling on it with Admiration; it opened to my Mind a Train of Images which gave me the most exquisite Pleasure, and made such an Impression on my Spirits, that even in Sleep they continued to flow in the same Traces, they had before been thrown into, and thus my waking Thoughts were recalled to me with double Delight.

I thought that of a sudden I was hurried away to the Realms of *Parnassus*, and that I towered with

Rapture over the several Cliffs, which are frequent in those Regions. The Air, methought, seemed to be clearer than what I have ever met with; the Skies were brightened into the purest Azure; the Sun darted his genial Rays all around, and different Streaks of Light blending themselves in sundry Parts of the Hemisphere served to diversify the Scene; the Country smiled in vernal Delight, covered with the most chearful Green I had ever beheld. In one Part was displayed to View an ample Lawn, stretched to such a Length, that the Eye lost itself; on the other Side presented themselves Meads and Gardens, and Laurel Groves. Hills there were, whose blue Tops grew fine by Degrees, and lessened to the Sight amid the Clouds. From one of these issued the *Pierian* Fountain, which, divided into several Rills, came tinkling down the Mountain, and at the Bottom all assembling into one general Reservoir, they there expanded themselves into a pleasing Surface, and formed a River, which watered all the Country round. Here I fell into that State of Mind, which is so excellently described in the *Pleasures of Imagination*.

—Then the inexpressive Strain
 Diffuses its Enchantment; Fancy dreams
 Of sacred Fountains, and Elysian Groves,
 And Vales of Bliss; the Intellectual Pow'r
 Bends from his awful Throne a list'ning Ear,
 And smiles; the Passions gently sooth'd away
 Sink to divine Repose, and Love and Joy
 Alone are waking; Love and Joy serene
 As Airs that fan the Summer.

I felt the most ardent Ambition to gain the Summit of the Hill, but it was in several Places so steep, that I believe I should never have reached it, if *Apollo* had not been favourable to the humble Prayer which I preferred. I did not build my Supplication upon any Merit in the literary World, but humbly presumed upon the
 Delight

Delight which I always took in Works of Genius; and in *Apollo's* Eye, the next Thing to a good Author is to have a Taste and Relish for the Beauties of fine Writing. I was struck with reverential Awe at the Sight of the God of Wit; and such Melody filled my Ears, such divine Harmony enchanted the Place, that I instantly fell on my Knees, and worshipped the nine harmonious Maids, who caused the heavenly Strain. They beheld each other with an Air of mutual Affection and Complacence; their Eyes were bright with Meaning, and I thought that, in Delicacy of Shape and Feature, they had a near Resemblance to two Ladies known to the World by the Name of the HIBERNIAN BEAUTIES.

After paying sufficient Adoration, I withdrew from the Presence of the Deities, and went round the Place, in order to view the Country more particularly. The greatest Part of these Regions is portioned out by *Apollo* into different Tenures, some of them conveyed to the Person for ever, others for Life, and many for a shorter Duration. There are Mansion-houses built on many of these Estates, and the great Genius's, who have made a Figure in the World, have here fixed their Residence.

The Ancients seemed to have by much the largest Possessions, though a great Part of their Property was transferred to the Moderns. *Dryden*, besides his own hereditary Estate, had purchased a large Scope of Ground from the celebrated *Virgil*, and Mr. *Pope* has bought near half of *Homer's* Rent-Roll. Mr. *Dryden* spent most of his Time in writing Prefaces and Dedications to the great Men of *Parnassus*, and Mr. *Pope* was retired to his own House, which was situated on the Banks of the River already mentioned, and the Country adjacent was laid out in the most exquisite Taste. Mr. *Pope* was formerly very attentive to the Improvement
of

of his Land, and where the Soil did not yield spontaneously, he assisted with Hot-beds. This Turn was now quite over with him, and his chief Care was to embellish a Temple of Virtue and Happiness, which he had raised in the Middle of his Garden.

*There his Retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs out of War, and Statesmen out of Place.*

In Company with these celebrated Personages he maintained his own Ease and Dignity; and though his Soul glowed within him, when sitting with *Bolingbroke* and *Marchmont*, he seemed to receive a more near Delight from his *Gay* and *Parnell*.

The great *Shakespear* sat upon a Cliff, looking abroad through all Creation. His Possessions were very near as extensive as *Homer's*, but, in some Places, had not received sufficient Culture. But even there spontaneous Flowers shot up, and in the *unweeded Garden*, which grows to Seed, you might cull Lavender, Myrtle, and Wild Thyme. Craggy Rocks, Hills, and Dales, the Woodland and open Country, struck the Eye with wild Variety, and o'er our Heads roll'd Thunder, deep and awful, and the Lightning's Flash darted athwart the solemn Scene, while on the blasted Heath, Witches, Elves, and Fairies, with their own *Queen Mab*, play'd in frolic Gambols. Mean time the immortal Bard sat with his Eyes in a fine Phrenzy rolling, and Writers both in the Tragic and Comic Stile were gathered round him. *Aristotle* seemed to lament that *Shakespear* had not studied his Art of Poetry, and *Longinus* admired him to a Degree of Enthusiasm. *Otway*, *Rowe*, and *Congreve* had him constantly in their Eye, and even *Milton* was looking for Flowers to transplant into his own Paradise.

I was called off from surveying the Possessions of the immortal *Shakespear*, by repeated Peals of Laughter, which

which resounded from an adjacent Grove. This, I soon perceived, was occasioned by the irresistible Humour of *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, and *Swift*, while, at some Distance from them, *Rabelais* threw himself into a thousand antick Attitudes, and brought together the most ludicrous Assemblage of Ideas, with all the sprightly Frolick of his wild Imagination.

Sir *Richard Steel* fixed his Residence under Mr. *Addison's* Roof, where *Tickell* was encouraged to translate a Book of *Homer*, and *Phillips* was assisted in finishing the *Distressed Mother*. *Addison* had before him several of the periodical Essays, which have lately been sent abroad into the World, among which, methought, I saw a Paper entitled the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, when
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The Effect this had upon me was such, that my Vision was immediately dissipated, and I awaked in the most pleasing Serenity of Mind.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, Nov. 11.

ON *Wednesday* last the Sessions were opened here, when the Judges read their Commission, and declared their Jurisdiction to be supplemental to the Laws of the Land, intended to bring to condign Punishment all such Offenders, who do not meet with a due Retribution in our Courts of *Westminster-Hall*. After this the *Inspector*, alias *Doctor Bobadil*, *Acad. Reg. Scien. Burd. &c. Socius*, was brought to the Bar upon an Indictment, for that he, not having a due Regard to Decency, hath presumed to rail with all the Vehemence of a *Billingsgate* Orator, against Mr. *Christopher Smart* of *Pembroke Hall*,
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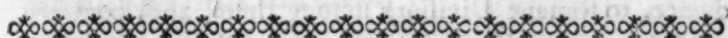
Cambridge, &c. The Prisoner begged he might be heard by his Council, which was granted; and the Prosecution was closed by Counsellor *Truewit*, who enforced his Arguments with such Energy of Language, and such Strength of Argument, that the Jury were very justly incensed against a Writer who was capable of traducing such a Genius as Mr. *Smart*, to whom the University of *Cambridge* had lately adjudged the Laurel, and the Premium annexed to it, for his noble Poem on the *Omniscience of the supreme Being*; and they accordingly brought him in GUILTY of Scandal and Malice prepense. Upon this the Prisoner being asked by the Court, what he had to say why Judgment should not be passed upon him, he *pleaded his Belly*, whereby the Bench was induced to consider him as an Object of Compassion; and being informed that the abovementioned Mr. *Christopher Smart* intended, with the masterly Touches of his Pen, to exhibit him in proper Colourings in a Poem call'd the *Hilliad*, they remitted the Rigor of their Sentence, and ordered his Papers for Transportation to his Majesty's Colonies in *America*.

ADJOURNED.

Drury-Lane, Nov. 10.

This Week the *Smithfield* Muses were exposed to the public Ridicule by Mr. *Garrick*, who has introduced into a Pantomime all the wild Creation of Mr. *Lun's* Monster-breeding Breast, and thus, by a nice Stroke of Art, has exhibited to the Town their favourite Exotics, and at the same Time delicately exposes the Absurdity; as drunken Men were publickly shewn by the *Spartans*, to bring them into a just Contempt with the rational Part of Mankind.

NUMB.



NUMB. 5. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday Nov. 18. 1752.

——— *Spargere voces*

In vulgum ambiguas, & quærere conscius arma.

VIRG.

 FIND myself obliged to postpone the Essay I intended for this Day, by an Occurrence of such a Nature, that I think it indispensably incumbent on me to take some Notice of it. I did not imagine, before this Incident, that a cold, trifling, frothy Writer, could have drawn so much from me; but in the Defence of Truth, Justice, and good Sense, I cannot controul myself from it; and as he has thought proper to record a Fact, I will in my Turn begin with one of as glaring a Die as I have ever known.

By these Presents then be it known unto Posterity, that in the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty-two, there really did exist a daily Author, who arrogated to himself the Title of *Inspector General of Great Britain*; that under this pompous Appellation he took upon him to prescribe Fashions to the Ladies, and Wire-Wigs to the Gentlemen; Intrigue to Rakes, and Taste to pretty Fellows; that he pester'd the Town with Dissertations on Fossils, Minerals, and Insects, that never existed but in his own Imagination, and from thence (emboldened by a kind of negative Applause, that of being endured) he rose a Degree higher, and at a Time when our theatrical Entertainments were

under the justest Regulation, did his Endeavours to sow the Seeds of Discontent in the Minds of the Audience, to foment Divisions among them, and, contrary to all Law, to raise a Riot at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury Lane*, and in a public Paper absurdly encouraged them to throw the Sconces and Benches on the Stage.

It is hard to imagine to one's self the Ideas that will occur to Posterity upon Perusal of this most extraordinary Passage: they will, I am afraid, believe their Ancestors, at this Period relapsing into the antient Barbarity of the first Inhabitants of this Island. I have examined the Index to the *Spectator*, to the *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, for the Words *Riot*, *Benches*, *Sconces*, &c. and I cannot find any Thing of the Kind recommended under any of those Heads, nor do I believe such an Outrage to common Sense was ever offered in any civilized Nation of the known World. The Authors of the immortal Performances just mentioned endeavoured to cherish Good-humour, Good-nature, Social-Harmony, and Good-manners. Theatrical Merit in their Time was promoted to the greatest Elegance; every Thing that carried with it the least Tincture of a vitiated Taste was by them attacked with the most masterly Strokes; and now this Essayist would turn the Tables upon these approved Geniuses, and, by extinguishing all Sparks of Emulation, destroy the only Means of heightening our public Entertainments, and establishing Sense and Refinement among us.

As I generally like to trace Things to their Source, I have been considering what could be the Motives that induced his *Inspectorship* to this Proceeding, and I fancy I may take upon me to say I have discovered the latent Cause. This Prodigy of Genius, this florid, witty, elegant, sensible, unexhausted *Inspector*, owed the first Dawnings of his immoderate Fame (I
blush

blush to tell it to a Pantomime Entertainm't. And shall he whose Monster-breeding Brain spawn'd *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, in whose Head,

*Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth
Gods, Imps and Monsters, Music, Rage and Mirth,
A Fire, a Jig, a Battle and a Ball,
'Till one wide Conflagration swallows all.*

POPE.

Shall he look tamely on, and see his favourite Monsters exposed to Ridicule? May he not have some wild Production still in Store? Such a Genius never can have done, and hence all that laboured Impotence of Animadversion which he has thrown out in two different Papers.

But to be a little more serious. It is certain, that two contending Theatres have always indulged themselves in Strokes of Pleasantry upon each other; the *Impromptu* of *Moliere* was a Banter upon a rival House in so polite a Place as *Paris*, and a recent Instance will evince, that Mr. *Rich* has no Aversion to the Practice: It is notorious that a few Winters since he engaged a Person whose Abilities consist solely in Mimickry, publicly to burlesque, as far as in him lay, Mr. *Garrick*, as a Man, an Actor, and a Manager. He has always given oblique Allusions whenever they came in his Way, and nothing has escaped him from the Coronation in *Harry* the Fourth, down to the Ballad in *Harlequin Ranger*.

And shall not the Manager of the other House have leave to amuse the Town in his Turn? It is acknowledged by the Writer who has occasioned my taking the Pen in Hand, that *the Objects are well disposed; there is Humour in the Management of them, and there is Merit in the Song that explains the Design of their Introduction; what is more, there is Justice, for the Subject*

is worthy Ridicule. In saying this he advances nothing but the Truth, but when he adds, *Where is the Modesty of arraigning the Taste of an Audience, to an Audience, &c.* and again, *It is unjustifiable, it is cruel, it is not to be supported:* In the Name of Common Sense, what would he be at? First, there is Merit in it, then it is not to be justified; there is Humour in it, then it is not to be supported; there is Justice in it, and the next Moment it is cruel. For Heaven's sake, Mr. *Inspector*, learn to be a little consistent, and don't thus trifle with our Understandings.

When a Man will write in this shuffling Manner, blowing hot and cold, saying and unsaying; when an Author, who pretends to instruct, will run off from the Point, in a snip-snap Stile, with pert Question and Answer, down a whole Column of his Paper, it is not eligible to follow him further; therefore let his meandering Briskness run what Riots it will for the future, I shall here state this Matter in a proper Light, and then have done with Controversy.

Nothing, in my Apprehension, shews the Temper of this Nation, more than the Ferment their Minds are thrown into by little Divisions of this Nature. A real, or a mock Monarch, a Minister of State, or a Manager of a Theatre, must eternally embarrass their Thoughts. Every Thing among them must be a Party-Business; whereas, in my Opinion, while their Liberties remain inviolate, they should know no Party, but a Party of Pleasure, and all Differences betwixt *Tweedle-Dum* and *Tweedle-Dee* should be subservient to their Merriment. The Field of Humour is open to both Play-Houses, and if, without Animosity, they will cull from thence, the Result must be, that the Public will receive more Entertainment from a spirited Emulation than from an inactive State. This is the Case among the *French* to this Day, and those who
weep

weep one Night at a Tragedy of Genius, are sure to laugh at the same Piece, the Evening following, at the *Italian Comedy*. And if this Liberty is taken with the noblest Productions of the human Mind, why so much Tenderneſs for what is really ridiculous and unfit for the Stage? The *Dramatis Personæ* expoſed to Deriſion, on this Occaſion, are, if I am not miſtaken, a *Lyon*, a *Bear*, a *Cat*, a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, a *Serpent*, and an *Oſtrich*; an admirable Company of Comedians truly! but are they ſuch reſpectable Perſonages, as to claim an Exemption from the Laſh of Ridicule?—Ay, but *Poor Rich! Poor Rich!* — If by that pathetic Exclamation is meant that he is an Object of Compaſſion, I own I have always thought him ſuch, and do from my Heart moſt ſincerely pity him. But if, through a Depravity of Taſte, or Debility of Mind, he has no Reliſh for the ſublimer Compoſitions of a Theatre, let not us therefore, like *Egyptians*, worſhip Serpents, Dogs, and Monkeys; but, on the contrary, let us by the Aſſiſtance of the politer Arts efface all Traces of Barbariſm, and preſerve in all our public Exhibitions, a manly Affection for the Cauſe of Dramatic Poefy, of Genius, and of *Shakeſpear*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Nov. 15.

THE Board of Criticism met here last Night, when the present Party-Divisions concerning the Theatres became the Topic of Debate, and it was by some asserted that Mr. *Garrick* has made an unwarrantable Attack upon *Rich's* animal Comedians. One of these choice Spirits assured the Company that he really believed, if this Transaction had not deterred the *Covent-Garden* Manager, he would shortly have exhibited the *Ornuto Savage*, and the *Panther Mare*; and the Loss of this ingenious and elegant Entertainment he entirely imputed to the Managers of *Drury-Lane*. In Answer to this a Gentleman of Taste laid before the Board the following Copy of Verses, which have occasioned much Criticism.

The TREATY BROKE:

A TALE.

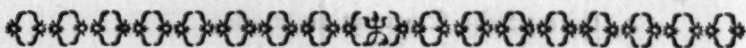
WHEN *Lun* (who long had quarrell'd with
 Dame Nature,)
 Had fill'd the Stage with every monstrous Creature,
 And held poor Reason at Defiance,
 At last (so Whim or Fate ordain'd,
 As Sense and Folly often make Alliance,)
 He by some Means a Peace obtain'd.
 It was with *Drury's* Patent-chief agreed,
 Each other to support in Case of Need.
 But *Harlequin*, train'd up to Tricks,
 Well knew, in modern Politics,

Treaties

Treaties are made for Int'rest sake,
 As Time shall serve to hold or break.
 So, spite of the Convention made,
 He carried on clandestine Trade ;
 And this Day one, and next another,
 Still gain'd some Subject from his Brother.
 When little *David* streight appear'd,
 Like him who did the Giant slay,
 His Batt'ry 'gainst the Monsters rear'd,
 And led them all in Chains away.
 At this the Keeper stamp'd and cry'd,
 And louder than his Lion roar'd,
 To have his Creatures all restor'd,
 When thus a Stander-by reply'd:
 " Retaliation is fair Play,
 " By Right and Reason's Rules ;
 " Your Monsters he has got, you say,
 " But then you've got his Fools."

Covent-Garden, Nov. 18.

The Tragedy of *Jane Shore* has been presented here this Week, when Mrs. *Cibber* exerted those Powers, which have justly procured her the Reputation of a great Actress ; and in the mad Scene, the Expression in her Countenance, and the irresistible Magic of her Voice, thrilled to the very Soul of the whole Audience, after which they were entertained with the surprizing Phenomenon of Rope-Dancing.



NUMB. 6. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Nov. 25, 1752.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus,
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

MARTIAL.



IN a former Paper, in which I gave some Account of myself, I was not in jest when I told my Readers, that from a natural Sagacity of Sight, improved by Experience and Study, I had made a surprising Proficiency in the Art of Physiognomy. Among my private Acquaintance I have acquired such a Reputation in this Way, that I have known many Ladies, who would no more dare to come into my Company, than the young Romp, in *Swift's* Vision, would venture to stroke the Parish Lion, after she had play'd at Hide and Hoop with *Jackey* in the Garret. Notwithstanding this, I am sensible, the Majority of Mankind at this Day treat this Art as a mere exploded Imposture, like Astrology and Palmistry, imposed upon the Credulous in dark and ignorant Ages. With them a Physiognomist and a Conjuror meet with the same Degree of Respect and Credit. But this Objection, I believe, will quickly vanish, when we come to consider the Principles and Foundation on which the Art is established. I might here aptly bring in the Story of *Socrates* and the Physiognomist, but it is known to every Body; besides, Reason alone, and not Authority, is what I proceed upon.

The

The great and almost incredible Wonder of this Talent, consists in being able to discover the Passions, Virtues and Affections, even at the very Time that they are dormant in the Breast; so as to point out a knavish Citizen at his Prayers; to know a Cut-throat, tho' he smiles; or a Fellow that has a Design upon your Fob, though he turns his Head another Way with an affected Vacancy of Face; to mark out a Fellow whose Mouth is open only to have it stop'd with a Bribe while he is declaiming against Corruption; or to detect the Niggard Hand of a Miser in the very Act of seeming Generosity and Munificence. Yet all this and more may be done; and how it may be done, I will here in part explain; but I must beg to be excused, if I do not reveal some Secrets of this *Arcanum*.

Every Passion, every Virtue, and their several Modes, Mixtures and Combinations, which subsist in the human Breast, have a correspondent Set of Muscles in the Face, or (if the Anatomists will not allow this) they at least operate differently upon the same Set of Muscles, which, when any Affection is Master of the Temper, are thrown into Motion, and this regularly produces a certain Configuration of Features, which is commonly known to us by the Name of *Expression*. This the Painters and the Statuaries can also attest, and to this they owe the very Soul of their Art; for by observing the exact Shape that each different Passion of the Mind gives the several Muscles of the Face, and by copying the same upon a lifeless Subject, it produces that agreeable Deception, which makes us imagine that this Disposition of Features is an Effect of Motion, communicated from a thinking Mind within, when it is only the Result of their Skill in the Art of Imitation. The good Player goes another Way to work; he excites in himself the inward Mo-

tions, which we call feeling, and then the outward Effect upon the Countenance naturally follows.

The Anatomists will further inform us, that every Muscle of the human Body collects Strength, and expands itself into larger Dimensions, by continual Exercise and Use; as the Legs of Chairmen and others who are used to carry Burthens, from the same Cause, swell to an uncommon Thickness. It follows then, that the correspondent Muscles of the Face, which express any ruling Passion of the Mind, being more frequently exerted, grow out of Proportion, and become conspicuous above the rest. Hence the Face contracts an habitual Air, marking the Features with some peculiar Cast of Character, which is legible at one Glance of the Eye. Any Body can distinguish a Miser, a Coxcomb, a Leacher, or a Glutton, in every Circumstance of Life.

I know some well-meaning People may be shocked at the Thoughts of indulging ourselves in the Practice of forming Opinions of Mankind by their Looks. This proceeds from a charitable Consideration, that as we make not our own Faces, we should not be accountable for them; but **they** who think in this Way take no Care to distinguish the *good Face*, the *ingenuus Vultus* of the Ancients, that which *Cicero* says is the best Letter of Recommendation a Man can carry about him, from the *Handsome*, the mere Formation of inactive Features, and Gloss of Complexion. The latter is the Gift of Nature alone, and is that which the Philosophers of all Ages have persuaded us is of no intrinsic Value; but the former, which we understand when we say, such a Face is not handsome, but is extremely *agreeable*, is in every Man's Power to acquire; not by studying to put on a formal Simper, or smiling Complacency, before the Glass, but by recti-
fying

fying the Mind, and furnishing it with noble, generous, and virtuous Sentiments, which transfuse themselves into our Features, with an irresistible Persuasion, commanding by a secret Kind of Fascination, the Esteem of every judicious Beholder. I never knew a stronger Instance of this than in the Face of a certain Nobleman, who, to a vulgar Eye, might appear to have an unpleasing Assemblage of Disproportion and Irregularity.

I have observed a certain Attorney in *Westminster-hall*, who, I think, has one of the *handsomest* Faces I ever saw; and yet, through the Lustre of his Eye, the Regularity of his Features, and Bloom of his Complexion, I could read such a settled Habit of the most contracted Cunning, so many determined Purposes of Cozenage and Fraud, that I protest I could not be easy while the Fellow stood within Arms-length of my Pockets. Yet, to my Astonishment, upon Inquiry, I learned that several great Families had intrusted this Man with their most important Affairs.

Eugenio is neither happy in a Face nor a Person; and, at the Time he should have learned to dance, was unfortunately employed in forming his Mind upon the Model of the Ancients. Hence he has contracted an uncouth Air, a College Look, and an awkward Deportment; yet, through all these Disadvantages, and a Cloud of uneasy Circumstances, the judicious Eye can discover a Soul within capable of displaying the most *divine Attributes of his God*, with a Sublimity inferior to nothing but the Subject.

On the other Hand, cast your Eye upon *Florio*. *Florio* is a Man of Gaiety and plausible Address. And there are some whom he hath persuaded to think him one of the prettiest Writers of the present Age. By his Dexterity in the Art of Plagiarism, he passes upon
the

the Crowd for a Man of some Learning; and I have heard himself say, that the Ladies think him a Man of Gallantry, and a Wit. No Man is more perfectly satisfied with himself than *Florio*; he writes with the utmost Facility, without any Manner of Subject, and this he thinks is Stile, Simplicity, and Ease. Upon the whole, one might be so far deceived at first Sight, as to think *Florio* a pretty Fellow. Yet look at his Countenance, can any Thing be more visible than the Furniture within? a confused Assemblage of Vanity, Arrogance, Cowardice, Dulness, Ignorance, and Conceit. *Florio* generally wears a Gleam of Chearfulness on his Face, and yet it is visible that this is all forced, and, thro' the false Appearance, *Florio* has an uneasy disconcerted Temper.

The Mortification in *Sordido's* Leg had like to have gone too far, before he could prevail upon himself to be at the Expence of cutting it off. I attended him at the Time of the Operation, which, to the Surprise of every one, he bore with wonderful Patience; but while others were admiring his amazing Resolution, I could plainly perceive by his Looks, that *Sordido's* Composure proceeded from the consoling Thoughts, that he should hereafter save just half his Expences, in the Article of Shoes.

I could point out a certain Reverend Gentleman, who wears the most plausible Appearance of Humility, Sanctity, and Grace. Ask him familiarly how he does? and with a solemn, thanksgiving Voice, and the Whites of his Eyes turned up with pious Gratitude to Heaven, he blesses his God he is very well. Yet view his shining, jolly Countenance with the smallest Degree of Attention, and through this Gauze of Hypocrisy, you plainly discover a horrid Groupe behind, composed of Pride, Gluttony, Cruelty, and Lust.—

Yet

Yet I'll engage, he'll rise in his Profession, for he can cringe and flatter with the best.

Prudiffa is regular at her Devotions ; she goes twice a Day to Church ; she constantly has her Footman to carry her Prayer-book ; yet I could observe at a Visit the other Day, that in some of her Walks, there had been more Familiarity between her and this same Footman, who then handed the Tea-Equipage, than was altogether consonant to the Character she chuses to assume.

The unhappy *Calista*, through the Perfidy of the Man she once placed her Affections upon, and some Family Misfortunes that followed after, is now obliged to endure the Embraces of one of the most detestable Leachers upon Earth ; yet in *Calista's* Soul, I can read the latent Traces of Chastity, Humility, and Love, blended with a Tenderness of Distress, that sometimes flows into her Eyes, and adds such a melting Softness to her native Beauty, as nothing that is human can avoid being affected with. Yet to a vulgar Eye, the unfortunate *Calista* appears no better than the common Tribe of Prostitutes.

Not to produce any further Instances at present, I can see so clearly into the Characters and Dispositions of Mankind, that if some Folks, whose Names I could mention, do not shortly mend their Manners, I will take a general Tour through the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and unmask every smooth-faced Villain that I meet. In the mean Time, if a certain Gentleman, who generally wears a laced Frock, a Bag-wig, and a long Sword, does not lay aside his Project of sacrificing to a Set of Sharpers, with whom he is to go Shares, the good-natured young Nobleman, who took a Liking to him for his Honesty, I will certainly let his Lordship know the whole Affair. And if a cer-

tain Lady of Distinction, who, by a Side Glance last *Monday* in the *Mall*, discovered what intimate Familiarities had passed the Evening before, between her and a certain handsome Fellow in a red Coat, does not instantly break off all further Commerce with him, I must immediately inform her Husband; for I cannot any longer bear to see a Man of Consequence and Sense hurt in his Honour by so consummate a Coxcomb; but further, I must inform the unfortunate Lady, that from a certain Symptom in her Paramour's Face, I can plainly foresee, he intends to make himself much happier this Night, than ever he was in her Embraces, among half a Dozen of his Companions, at the Expence of her Reputation and Honour.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Register-Office, Nov. 21.

THE Essay of this Day having pre-occupied the greatest Part of this Paper, we shall only add for the present the following short Article of Intelligence.

Bedford Coffee-house, Nov. 21.

Quinbus Flestrin, who is one of the Wits of this Place, has communicated to the Board several curious Anecdotes relating to the Republic of Letters. *Quinbus* has found the Means of worming himself into all Coffee-house Circles, and hence it is that nothing escapes him. Among other Things of equal Importance, he hinted the other Night, that the following Lines are to be placed under a Folio Copper-plate of the *Inspector*, to be prefixed to his Natural History.

Three great wise Men, in the same *Æra* born,
Britannia's happy Island did adorn:

Henley in Cure of Souls display'd his Skill,
Rock shone in *Phyfic*, and in both *John Hill*.

The Force of *Nature* could no further go,
To make a Third she join'd the former Two.

NUMB.



NUMB. 7. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Dec. 2, 1752.

— — — — *Alea quando*
Hos animos? — — —

Juv.

WAS fitting the other Morning in my Study, quite intent upon a Plan for some future Essay, when a Servant from a Lady, whom I have had the Honour of knowing for a considerable Time, broke in upon all my fine concerted Schemes. After making two or three Scrapes, he informed me, that he had Directions to wait upon me with a Card, which I think proper to transcribe here, as I look upon it to be a modern Way of writing, of which the Ancients had not the least Idea.

“ Lady *Tenace*’s Compliments to Mr. *Ranger*, —
 “ hopes he took no Cold at the Play the other Night,
 “ — begs the Favour of his Company to play at
 “ Cards on *Wednesday* next. — Lady *Tenace* proposes
 “ to keep her Day, for the Remainder of the Winter
 “ Season, on *Wednesday*, — shall be glad of Mr. *Ranger*’s
 “ Company as often as possible.”

Grosvenor Square, Tuesday Morn.

This Way of desiring a Man’s *Company*, where he is not to speak five Words, has in it something extraordinary; and though I am not fond of fashionable Vices, yet I could never prevail on myself to renounce

a Thing so essential in the polite World, as *Card-playing* is at present; and therefore I returned for Answer, that I should do myself the Pleasure of waiting upon her Ladyship. It is not enough at present for a Man to know the World, to see into the Humours of different People, to discover a lively Vein of Thinking upon all Topics that may offer in Conversation; unless he has learned to lose his Money gracefully, these Accomplishments go for nothing, and wherever he visits, he is reckoned *nothing but Lumber*. Mr. *Mellefont* never wants Wit, and has many amiable Qualities, but not being a Card-player, whenever he enters a Room, the Lady of the House is sure to receive him, without stirring out of the indolent Posture in which she had composed herself. “Mr. *Mellefont*,” says she, with her Eyes swimming between Sleep and Wake round the Room, “pray sit down, Sir.—one is so—I don’t know how—this Weather.”—But let Mr. *Hazard* with his Midnight Face make his Appearance; her Heart dances at the Sight of him, the Bell rings for the Card-Table, and the House is in an Uproar in an Instant.

That I may not pass for *Lumber* among the Ladies, I have perused with some Attention Mr. *Hoyle*’s very judicious and elegant Book on the Game of *Whist*; by which Means I can now return my Partner’s Suit, lead through the Honour, *Finesse*, and sometimes contrive to bring about an agreeable *See-saw*. With this profound Knowledge I was punctual to my Engagement, and, that I might see the whole Ceremony of the Proceeding, took Care to be pretty early in my Visit.

My Lady *Tenace* is a Woman of perfect Good-breed-ing, and has a very happy Flow of Spirits; her Capacity is, perhaps, as extensive as that of any of her Sex; but from a constant Habit of attending to no-thing

thing but the odd Trick, she has not laid up so large a Store of Ideas, as she might have done by a proper Improvement of her Understanding ; those Ideas which she is possessed of, are in a constant Rotation, and she never dwells long upon any Subject, but is always sure to say something lively upon every Thing that offers. Her Ladyship began to rally me with a deal of Pleasantry upon my being a public Writer, when, as *Apollo* would have it, a loud Rap at the Door shook the whole House. I have often wondered at this strange Din, with which, even though the Entry stands wide open, our Ears are always to be stunned upon these Occasions. As the Company comes to a *Rout*, it is possible this may make Part of the Ceremony, and, besides the Pleasure of alarming a whole Neighbourhood, I suppose the Ladies may think, that, what with the Thunder below Stairs, and the Lightning in their Eyes, they sail into a Room with a greater *Eclat*.

This was the Case with Mrs. *Fidget* ; after she had seated herself in her Chair, twisted her Body two or three Times to compose herself, adjusted the sparkling Cross upon her Neck, and given a Discharge to her Fan—"Lard, my Lady *Tenace*, says she, I was apprehensive that I should not be able to wait upon your Ladyship—My poor little Dog *Pompey*—the sweetest little Thing in the World—I went, Me'm, the other Morning to fetch a Walk in the Park—a fine frosty Morning it was—I love frosty Weather of all Things—and so, little *Pompey* was with me—and if your Ladyship was but to see the dear Creature pinched with the Frost, and mincing its Steps along the Mall—with its pretty little innocent Face—and so, Me'm, while I was talking to Captain *Flimsy*—your Ladyship knows Captain *Flimsy*—five odious Frights of Dogs beset my poor *Pompey*"

" all

“ all at once, Me'm—the dear Creature has the Heart
 “ of a Lion—but who can resist six at once—and so
 “ *Pompey* barked for Assistance, and the hideous Crea-
 “ tures made their Escape—The Hurt my little Dog
 “ met with was on his Chest—and, Me'm, there is
 “ really Danger that an *Empyema* is now forming in
 “ his Side. And so, Me'm—Lard, is not *Barry* a
 “ fine Man?—You have seen the *Rehearsal* to be sure,
 “ Mr. *Ranger*—Well, to be sure, *Garrick's* a surpris-
 “ ing little Fellow, his Eyes have so much Life, and such
 “ Meaning, and such Fire, and he has such Variety !
 “ —They say short Aprons are coming into Fashion
 “ again.”

By this Time the Room began to fill, and it was
 Time to dispose the Company at their several Stations
 for the Night. Several Card Tables were accordingly
 situated in different Parts of the Room, and in an in-
 ward Apartment, a Brag-Table was prepared for those
 who are fond of that Game. The Thoughts of the
 whole Company began immediately to flow into ano-
 ther Channel ; they who were before happy in a mu-
 tual Intercourse of social Pleasure, became of a sudden
 secret Enemies to each other, and every one had a De-
 sign on his Neighbour's Pocket. I should think this
 strange Scene would afford many nice Touches to the
 Pencil of an *Hogarth* ; and it would not fail of being
 highly entertaining, to see the different Effects of the
 same Passion operating upon a Number of People, ac-
 cording to their respective Tempers, and various Ideas
 of Winning and Losing. To mark this with Deli-
 cacy, and to blend the private Habits of each diffe-
 rent Character with it, would, in my Opinion, show a
 nice Discernment, and be worthy of a masterly Hand
 to execute it.

After

After a Rubber or two at Whist, I detached myself from the Party I was joined to, in order to take a Survey of the Room, and I could not help wondering how Men, amid such a Profusion of Charms as the Ladies displayed, could sit so cool and attentive to their Game; and I observed that the Queen of Trumps (grotesque and unnatural as the Figure is) was the *Venus* of every Gentleman present. It is the Interest of the Ladies not to encourage a Gamester; for if this should become the ruling Passion of the Men, the Labours of the Toilet are all in vain; in vain may the Fair dress themselves in Smiles; in vain heave the tender Breast; Cards have banished Love, and so adieu to the female Reign.

But this is not all: if this Taste continues, not only Love, but Beauty is at Stake, and the Odds are greatly against it. While the amiable, but delicate Sex, sit in painful Durance at a Card Table, the liquid Lustre of the Eye is extinguished, the Roses fade upon the Cheek, and uneasy Passions deface the Countenance. *Amanda* is, at present, in all the Pride of Beauty; her Stature tall and genteel; she boasts a regular and elegant Set of Features; her Bloom glowing as the Poet's Fancy; a mild Radiance beams from her Eyes; there is such an inexpressible Delicacy about her Mouth, that it is intirely the *Bouche gracieuse* of the *French*, and over her whole Countenance is displayed the most winning Sweetness;—and still Cards render *Amanda* unamiable. The Moment she sat down to Brag, I could see the young Loves and Graces, that were ambushed in every Feature, spread their little Wings, and a disagreeable Expression immediately succeeded. I could not bear to hear so exquisite a Beauty with a confirmed Voice tell a forward young Fellow, that “truly she would not be bullied by “him;” and to see those Lips, which were framed
for

for the tenderest Purposes, gnawed with Vexation, was Matter of great Uneasiness to me. But the Sensations, which Mrs. *Pregnant* gave me, are not to be expressed. The Emotions, which she shewed upon six Aces being discovered in one Pack, will, I am afraid, bring her Child into the World with a convulsed Set of Nerves, and I would venture to *lay an even Bet* that it will be marked with a Pair-royal of Aces.

When a Passion for Play becomes predominant in the married State, I believe it requires no very lively Imagination to conceive the Scene that must ensue; not to mention the Ruin of a Family, their own immediate Happiness is destroyed; as the Poet finely says,

*Love shall be banish'd from the genial Bed,
The Night shall be all lonely and unquiet,
And every Day shall be a Day of Cares.*

I shall conclude, by congratulating with the Public, that we are shortly to have a new Tragedy called *The Gamester*, exhibited at *Drury-Lane*, in which, as I am informed, the Effects of this unhappy Turn will be set in a proper Light.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE:

Sam's, Change-Alley, Dec. 2.

NOTHING material has happened here of late. Wind, N. N. W. our profound Politician, who seems by the Position of his Shoulders, to have the Burthen of Affairs upon him, is indefatigable in the Pursuit of Knowledge, and prosecutes his Studies, as usual, close to the Fire. It is whispered that he is at present engaged
in a

in a Translation of our best political Tracts into French. But *Major*, with a Wink and a Shrug, says "it wants Confirmation."

Bedford Coffee-House, Dec. 1.

Last Night Mr. *Town* went to the Board of Criticism, in Malice assembled, and gave his Assent to the Two following Bills; a Bill for encouraging broad Benches at *Drury-Lane* Play-House; and another for the Naturalization of all foreign Monsters on *Covent-Garden* Stage; after which several new Members were returned and were declared duly elected, being all Gentlemen of unquestionable Ill nature, and zealous Attachment to the Cause of *Zoilism*.

<i>Richard Falsetafte,</i>	}	<i>For the Temple.</i>
<i>Matthew Shortcoat,</i>		
<i>Samuel Venom,</i>	}	<i>For George's Coffee-house.</i>
<i>Thomas Spitfire,</i>		
<i>William Cavil,</i>	}	<i>For the Union, Temple-Bar.</i>
<i>Robert Shallow,</i>		
<i>Nathaniel Guzzledown,</i>	}	<i>For the Robin Hood Society.</i>
<i>Thomas Wrangle,</i>		
<i>Benjamin Lutesfring,</i>	}	<i>For the Ward of Farringdon without.</i>
<i>Arthur Soberfides,</i>		
<i>Dick Phaeton, and</i>	}	<i>For the Rainbow Coffee-house, Cornhill.</i>
<i>Bob Kevenhuller,</i>		

The Contest for *John's*, it is thought, will be very obstinate, the Upper and Lower Room contending for the Nomination; but it is thought the Matter will be compromised, and one of each Room returned, in which Case *William Purbblind* will represent the Lower Room, and *Robert Nimblefoot* the Upper Apartment.

Covent-

Covent-Garden, Dec. 2.

Maddox, the Wire-Dancer, continues to give great Satisfaction to the *Goths* and *Vandals* who frequent this Place, and last Night a very eminent Politician declared, he never had so just an Idea of the *Ballance of Power*, as this Performer gives him.



NUMB. 8.

GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Dec. 9, 1752.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.

Juv.

A Servant, in a gay Livery, brought me the following Letter a few Days since; and as it unfolds some of the Follies, which are apt to adhere to the Ladies, I shall beg Leave to recommend it to the Perusal of my Female Readers.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

 S I perceive that you frequently detach yourself from the more serious Business of a Public Writer in order to mix with the *Beau Monde*, and that you still retain great Attention to the amiable Sex, as you politely call the Ladies, I must beg you will permit one of them to break in upon your Studies.

You must know, Sir, that I have hitherto been of that Species of Women called COQUETTES; I was initiated into this Science in my greener Yearr, and the whole

whole Course of my Education conspired with other Circumstances against me. My Mamma took early Pains to train me up in this Way, and the Attendants, I had about me, all joined to infuse the same Sentiments into my Mind ; as if they had made a Point of it, to render me egregiously ridiculous. From a Child I promised to make a fine Woman, as the Phrase is ; my Features were regular, and I must add, did not want Delicacy ; and I had a Bloom that greatly enlivened my whole Countenance. The Lesson constantly rung in my Ears was, that “ Miss should hold up her Head —and put forth her Chest—and one Day or other, “ she would become a celebrated Toast, and then the “ Men would all be expiring for her.”—This you may believe was flattering to my Fancy, and to give the last Finishing to my Accomplishments for this State of Felicity, I was put into the Hands of a *French Dancing-master*.

From this Gentleman I acquired a thousand nameless Arts of Affectation, and he not only undertook the Direction of my Carriage in the graceful Movement of a Minuet, and the more sprightly Gambols of a Country-Dance, but the Management of my Features became also Part of his Concern. He let me into the whole Secret of the elevated Brow, the languishing Glance, and the sleepy Eye ; he instructed me when to display the snowy Breast, to move with the easy indolent Carriage, to throw the whole Person into a graceful Attitude, and, after observing that it is a Thing very rare in these Kingdoms, taught me the whole Use of the Hands in every Circumstance at Cards or Conversation ; though it was not without some Pains, that I attained the Method of taking Snuff with a proper Air and artful Display of the Fingers.

There are a thousand Artifices to make up for the Deficiency of Chat in Company, and in all these I became as regular as a Piece of Clock-work. Add to this, that he recommended to me a great Variety of *French* Romances, Novels, and Memoirs of Ladies of Quality ; and to complete the whole, he told me one Day with a mighty serious Air, that I really had an immense Share of Wit. In this Notion I was further confirmed by Monsieur *Lajeunesse*, my Hair-cutter ; “ I assure it you, Madam,” says he, as my Hair was receiving the proper Adjustment from his Finger, “ you have indeed ver much *Esprit*.—Wherever I go to drefs de Gentleman, it is all dying for you.—You have dem in Chains, Madam,—pon my Vord,—just as I have dis Lock here in my Hand—pray hold your Head a leetle more aside,—and all de Ladies envy your Eclat, I assure it you, Madam.”

Charmed with these Ideas of my Person, my Breast was fired with the Love of Conquest, and the Thoughts of being a Wit quite intoxicated me ; it was enough to turn my little Head ; for let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, Wit is the most dangerous Thing a Woman can think of, because it generally ruins the Share of Understanding Heaven has been pleased to bestow upon her. I was not content to say or do any Thing in the common Way, and I read *Roche foucault's Various Thoughts*, in order to retail his brilliant Sayings again in Company ; I am sure you would laugh at me, were you to see the Pains I took to distinguish myself in all Places of public Diversion. I think I remember something in a Poet that may help you to an Idea of my Behaviour.

*She rolls her pretty Eyes in Spite,
And looks delightfully with all her Might.*

My Heart danced within me to hear *Clarinda* in the *Suspicious Husband*, utter with an Air, *Any Woman can give Ease*; I disdained so poor an Accomplishment; and to cause Pain and Uneasiness was the Business of my Life. To see that the Fellows could not be easy with me, nor without me, was the Joy of my Soul; I read all our modern Comedies to glean up the Airs of the fine Women, and I was delighted, like *Lady Betty Modish*, to hear a tortured Lover bring out;

*Yet for the Curse of human Race
This Devil has an Angel's Face.*

Whenever I could meet with a Man of Parts and Sense, my highest Ambition was to ensnare him; such a one I had a Pride to lead in Captivity, and in Spite of all his boasted Reason, to play upon his Passions, gave me the most exquisite Pleasure. *Favonius* is one of this Class; he has Understanding, without affecting it; his Wit is always tempered with good Nature and Politeness; he is as handsome as most of his Sex, and there is no Requisite in the Character of a Gentleman, but what he is possessed of. With these Accomplishments he became my professed humble Servant, and though he made Love to me in a Manner hardly resistible, I delighted in tormenting him; if we were at a Play together, I took Pleasure in pointing out to him several young Fellows, whom I pretended to be charmed with; one I observed had the finest Set of Teeth, and the prettiest Smile in the World; another the handsomest Forehead, and the most delightful Eyes; a third had a becoming Head of Hair, and Abundance of Wit; and though an Under-actor perhaps was on the Stage, I vowed he was a charming Man. In a Country-dance, when I perceived his Spirits elevated, I

have sat down of a sudden, told him I was tired, and immediately after begged of him to let me take one Turn with a frightful horrid Creature whom I detested.

Notwithstanding all this, I really was in Love with *Favonius*, but by my own Misconduct he has slipt thro' my Hands. The amiable *Elfrida* has won him by her artless attractive Beauty. *Elfrida* has always formed herself upon a Plan very different from mine; Affability, Cheerfulness and good Humour were the only Stratagems she had Recourse to; and these, joined to a fine Figure and a lovely Face, have made her happy in the Arms of a Man, with whom Life will be one Scene of Endearment.

This Incident, Mr. *Ranger*, has opened my Eyes, and I now perceive, that I have been all this Time vainly aiming at imaginary Triumphs, and that all my Artifices were like the Wars of the *French King in Flanders*; serving merely to extend Conquests, which are afterwards not to be ascertained. On this Account, I am now de'etermined to divest myself, as fast as possible, of all my Follies, and to attach myself for the future to those Rules of Behaviour, which, I am sensible, add new Graces to the Beauty of our Sex. To convince you that I am in earnest on this Occasion, I beg you will annex to this Letter the inclosed Paper, by which you will see that I am entering upon a new Plan of Life without Delay, and your Compliance will greatly oblige, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

And most obedient Servant,

CALYPSO.

To be sold by Auction, the whole Stock of a COQUETTE leaving off her Profession, consisting of several valuable Curiosities, among which are the following Particulars.

Ovid's Art of Love, translated by Mr. Dryden.

A Cosmetic, which gives the purest Tincture to the Skin, and the most lively Bloom to the Complexion.

The Art of managing the Eyes, with Directions to roll them in a melting Manner, with a conscious Simper, and pretty indolent Turn of the Hand; very proper to be made use of in a Side-box.

The Secret of putting on Patches in an artful Manner, shewing the Effects of their different Arrangement, with Instructions how to place them about the Eye in such a Manner as to give Disdain, an amorous Languish and cunning Glance, &c. translated from the *French*.

A transparent Capuchin.

Directions how to lay on Paint with such a delicate Touch, that the quickest Eye cannot distinguish it; very proper to be made use of by all Female Gamesters.

Collection of choice Bil'ets-doux.

An Essay upon Beauty; by the *Abbé Millamour*.

Rules for biting the Lips, in order to give them an inviting Redness.

Oeconomy of Love.

Mrs. *Behn's* Novels.

The whole Exercise of the Fan, with one mounted in a curious Manner, and representing two Lovers in a Jessamine Bower.

An elegant Snuff-box, with a Looking-glass within it, being a very good Pocket Companion for a Beauty.

Lord Gray's *Love Letters*.

Lord *Rochester's* Poems.

The Art of working a young Man's Passions into a Ferment, with a Hint when it may be proper to set up a pleasing Tehe or Titter ; by a Gentleman who resided twenty Years abroad.

The Whole to be viewed at Mr. *Puff*'s, the Auctioneer, till the Day of Sale, where Catalogues are given *Gratis*..

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office, Dec. 2.

AS the Scene of Action, during the Course of these Papers, will for the most Part lie in the several Coffee-houses of this Metropolis, I shall this Day, in detached Paragraphs dated from the respective Places, give some Account of these Haunts of the *Delettanti*, lest some of my Readers may not be sufficiently acquainted with them, and also lest Posterity may have no Idea of the Institutions of the present Age.

White's Chocolate House.

This Place is famous for transferring Estates, and larger Conveyances of Property are made here than in *Change-Alley*. It is frequented by a detached Body from the rest of the Nation, who have formed themselves into a Club, governed by different Rules from any Part of the known World. *Hoyle* is their *Solon*, or principal Legislator, by whose Reports all Contests are determined. They are under the most severe Discipline, and they all undergo a Series of the most excruciating Penalties, such as nocturnal Vigils, Vexation of Spirit, &c. and it is confidently asserted that some of them have been so exemplary in their Morals, as to reduce not only themselves, but also their Families, to the sharpest Austerities ; and, upon the whole, what the

Reverend

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Reverend Mr. *Warburton* observes of some certain Saints, may be applied to this Fraternity, "He is held
"in highest Estimation, who is the most expeditious
"Suicide."

St. James's Coffee-house.

An Attempt has been made to found a Seminary here like that at *White's*, but hitherto without equal Success.

Tom's in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.

This House is frequented by two different Orders of Self-Tormentors. One Sect seems to be formed according to the Institutions of *La Trap* in *France*, as they all religiously observe a strict Silence, and they are often seen to sit together at a Table, interchanging with each other oblong Pieces of Paper, differently variegated with black and red Spots, without so much as uttering one Syllable for the Space of four or five Hours. The other Order seems to breathe a Spirit of Enthusiasm, and they frequently give Vent to the most fervid Ejaculations, such as "D——n my Blood."——
"Damnation."——"Zounds," &c. It is imagined these different Sectaries cannot long subsist under one Roof, though at present they seem resolved to be heartily tired of each other before they part.

Bedford Coffee-house.

Mr. *Town* (as has been already mentioned) presides here at the Board of Criticism, which generally sits at the lower End of the Room, and the several Members are called the *Malevoli*. The Fire Place in the Middle of the Room is occupied by the *Loungers*, and these two Orders receive constant Reinforcements from the *Caravan Passengers*, according to their several Vo-

cations to Criticism, or the indolent Repose of gentle Dulness.

George's, Temple-bar.

This Coffee-house is a Seminary of young Proficients for all the different Orders in this Metropolis.

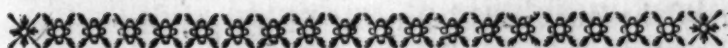
Slaughter's in St. Martin's Lane.

Whereas the Fraternity, which we have described at *White's*, hasten their miserable Beings to a Period as soon as possible, the Brotherhood of this Place endeavour to prolong their wretched Existence in this Life, and therefore have quitted the Frog and Sallad of *France*, in order to mortify with *English* Beef, from which Circumstance they have derived the Name of *Refugees*.

Rainbow Coffee-house, Cornhill.

The Sectaries who are in Possession of this Place, are entitled *PRIGS*; and *Harry Lapelle*, *Jack Oak-Stick*, *Bob Nankeen*, *Peter Little-Hat*, *Jack Phaeton*, *Jemmy Scratch*, *Nat. Pigtail*, and *Billy Low-Heels* are the principal Members.

We shall in some future Paper give a further Account of the several little Communities which make the Mass of People in this Metropolis.



NUMB. 9.

GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Dec. 16, 1752.

— *Crimina rasis.*

Librat in Antitbetis, doctus posuisse figuras

Laudatur; bellum hoc! hoc bellum? an Romule cerves?

PERSIUS.

HERE is not in the whole Province of an Author, a Point of greater Difficulty to attain than what is called a good Stile, an Expression which is in every Body's Mouth, but, as I take it, very little understood by the present Critics. I shall endeavour, in this Paper, to reduce into some Sort of Order the several scattered Thoughts which recurred to my Mind upon this Subject, in a vague Manner, a few Days since.

The Term *Stile*, if I mistake not, is derived from the *Stylus* of the *Romans*, which was an Instrument used by them in Writing upon Wax, one End of it fashioned to cut the Letters, and the other formed to efface the Impression, whenever it should be judged proper. Hence *Horace* advises a Writer who would aspire to the Fame of being worth Reading, to turn his *Stile* very often, that is, to rub out and alter the Arrangement and Choice of his Words.

Sæpe stylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sunt

Scripturus, —

From this turning and altering is deducible the Meaning of this Expression, which is a proper Choice of

Words in a regular and harmonious Disposition. This requires a great deal of Art, and without a just Sense of the Force and Beauty of Language, can never be performed in any Degree of Perfection: In some we never can perceive the least Tendency towards it, which renders their Works not very palatable to the Reader; and in those who have by Practice cultivated this Talent, it is an Embellishment to good Sense, gives a Lustre and Elegance to every Thing the Author advances, and renders his Productions pleasing and inviting. I believe there are to be found several Critics, from whose Works a good plodding Head may extract very sound and sensible Observations upon all Branches of Literature; but while there are those who treat the same Subject with a delicate Touch, he must be lamentably dull that would have Recourse to the former; and while *Longinus*, *Addison* and *Spence* are not lost to us, the *Dutch* Commentators will lie mouldering on Stalls, and in the dusty Libraries of insipid Pedants.

To attempt to lay down Rules for the Acquirement of this Quality, might perhaps carry with it an Appearance of a tacit Declaration that I am Master of it myself, which I am far from the Vanity of believing; but it appears to me, that what Mr. *Locke* mentions as the chief Thing to be attended to in the Conduct of the Understanding, is also a necessary Step towards this Accomplishment. The Thing, I mean, is an Habit of *Thinking in Train* on whatever Subject the Mind may chuse to expatiate upon, by which Means our Thoughts will follow in a natural Order, each arising and growing out of the former, and the whole connected in all its Parts, will by these Means be a regular Composition, which at one Glance the Reader may take in and carry in his Mind. There is an Association between almost all our Ideas, and whenever one of them presents itself to the Imagination, an whole Train is wakened into

Life ;

Life; so that if an Author has enlarged his Understanding, and enriched himself with a tolerable Stock of Knowledge, he need not be apprehensive but his Thoughts will offer fast enough, and that too, if he has habituated himself to the Government of his Faculties above described in a regular Series. This would prevent that violent Straining very perceptible in some Gentlemen of the Quill, that Manner of flying off from one Subject to another in a wild incoherent Manner, which serves only to bewilder the Reader, who expects something of Method, and not being able to attend his Author into the Realms of Chaos and old Night, he throws him aside as a vague wandering Genius, whom he can make nothing of.

I am aware that what has been premised may appear to an hasty Peruser, digressive from the Matter I first set out with; but Thinking is so intimately connected with what is called Style, that it is intirely coincident with the Design of this Essay, and is so essential to a Composition, that without it Elegance can never be expected, and with it, it is odds that it will never be wanting. To furnish the Mind with Knowledge, is a Rule of the ablest of Critics, and Words, says he, will never be deficient to cloath our Ideas.

To think clearly therefore is the original Source of good Writing, and he who considers things with Perspicuity, will also aim at the same in conveying his Sentiments to others. This is the main Use of Language, and on this Account a good Writer will avoid all Affectation of Glittering, all false ambitious Ornaments, all Prettinesses, all Conceits, quaint Turns, Points and Antitheses, which never can give Strength to an Argument, and only serve to enervate and corrupt the Imagination. As no Language can possibly have a Competency of Terms appropriated to every different Idea, Recourse was had to the Metaphor; which consists in transferring the Name of one Object to another, on Account of some

Re-

Resemblance subsisting between them ; but by this, in the Nature of Things, it never could be intended that an whole Piece should be carried on in a String of borrowed Phrases. Every body knows how cloying this Manner is in some of the most eminent Writers of the last Century ; and it would not be hard to point out some of the present Tribe, who put off every Thing in such a motly Mixture of far-fetched Terms and Allusions, that the Sense is hid under a Flourish of tuneful Periods, which by the injudicious is called a good Stile and a pretty Flow. *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence, and the excellent *Quintilian*, in several Passages have condemned the two frequent Insertion of Metaphors ; and *Vida*, who was both a Poet and a Critic, has elegantly described those Writers, who disdain to express their Thoughts in the Terms appropriated to them, and though, the Subject does not require it, must need set off every Thing in the delusive Colouring of figurative Language.

*Namquè aliqui exercent vim duram, & rebus iniqui.
Nativam eripiunt formam, indignantibus ipsis,
Invitasque jubent alienos sumere vultus.*

I believe the late Dean *Swift* understood the true genuine Beauties of Writing as well as any Author, antient or modern, and I would advise the Reader to open any Part of his Works, and try whether he can find any Thing of this florid Manner, that at present serves to *elevate and surprize*. I am convinced that no Man of common Apprehension need ever read a Sentence twice over in any of this Writer's Productions; his Method is perspicuous, and at the same time elegant, without false Embellishments, and his Metaphors all bearing a palpable Allusion to the Thing they are introduced to signify. This is a Point which should be always be

con-

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considered, and even then they should not be sowed too thick, nor pursued with a pitiful Ambition to too great a Length. Whenever I find a Person erring on this Head, he appears to me in the Light of a Child, who has blown a Bubble prettily variegated and pleasing to his Fancy, and then follows it in order to keep up the Illusion as long as he can. In short, it has happened in Language as in Commerce: What was first intended to supply our natural Deficiencies, is now by the Depravity of the human Mind, perverted into a Vice; the Transgression on the one Hand has been sufficiently condemned by all Moralists, and in the Eye of a just Critic nothing can be more blameable than a Luxury of Words.

I know there are many other Corruptions which contribute to vitiate a true Taste; but I have dwelt longer on this, as it appears to me to be the reigning Fault of all our pretty Essayists at present. But if Metaphor is considered in the Light I have stated it, as only an Aid to the Perspicuity of Language; it will no longer pass for an Elegance, when it is not subservient to its original Institution. Add to this, that all tedious Circumlocution should be quite exploded, tho' it is an excellent Subterfuge to him, who wants to spin out the Sheet: To be a great while saying and saying nothing, helps out many a *critical Essay* Writer. A Multiplicity of Words of the same Import, with a Profusion of Epithets, is also very useful upon a Pinch, but, I believe, it is unnecessary to observe, that there cannot be a greater Error; it should also be remembered, that every Species of Writing has its peculiar Manner, and its own proper Colouring, and whenever the distinguishing Qualities of each are not preserved, whenever the different Boundaries are invaded, then all Propriety in Writing is destroyed. A true Style should be clear of all foreign Infusions; like the River

Marfyas, which *Curtius* tells us glides pure and unmixed within the Fortifications of a Town in *Asia*, free from any adventitious Waters to pollute the limpid Stream; but when without the Walls, it pours along with a more impetuous Current, and a swelling Surge, it no longer retains its original Name, but then commences to be stiled the River *Lycus*: *cum extra munimenta se evolvit, majore vi ac mole agentem undas Lycum appellant.*

After the Choice of our Words, the Arrangement of them is to be attended to, and in this consists a great deal of the Writer's Art. The Reference which the several Terms in a Sentence bear to one another; the Strength they acquire by being joined with proper Epithets, the Lustre they reflect upon an whole Period when disposed with such an artful Brevity, that nothing is perplexed or entangled, are all Points of Moment in a Composition, and at the same Time that they render every Thing clearer, they give Grace and Harmony to the Whole.

The Particulars here insisted on are, in my Opinion, the Constituents of a good Stile, but as I am apprehensive I may have been all this Time giving a Specimen of a very bad one myself, I shall here release my Reader with this Observation, that Simplicity is the first and greatest Beauty in every Production of the human Mind.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

YESTERDAY arrived a Mail from *Newmarket*, by which we learn that a certain Nobleman will make a distinguished Figure at the Olympic Games of this Place in *April* next, and that his Lordship is to ride against *Handsome Billy*, the famous Jockey.

On

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On this Occasion we would recommend to his Lordship's Consideration the following Lines of Doctor Young.

*Men should press forward in Fame's glorious Chace;
Nobles look backward, and so loose the Race.*

By the last Advices from *White's Chocolate House* we are informed, that several *Legislators* attend there every Day, in order, no Doubt, to see the ill Effects of that pernicious Custom, to suppress which they have made so many salutary Laws.

On *Wednesday* last a Life-Guard Man prophesied that a Hoop, Twelve Inches larger, in the Diameter, than any as yet seen, will make its Appearance in *St. James's Park*, at high Mall, on *Sunday* next; that it will proceed in a progressive Motion from *Stable Yard* to the upper End of the Walk, with a long Trail behind it, and from thence will wheel round, describing an elliptic Line, and brush away to *Spring-Gardens*: he adds that the same Phænomenon will appear Three *Sundays* successively, which occasions great Speculation among the Almanack Makers, who expect to find every Day that the *Mercury* is risen.

An ingenious Fellow of the Royal Society, by examining the present Attraction between the upper End of a Lady's Stays and the lower Part of the Petticoat, has demonstrated that in less than Three Years they must both meet at the Centre of Gravity; but allowing the Motion to be accelerated, according to the Laws of Attraction between all natural Bodies, the nearer they approach, he does not doubt, but they will approximate considerably by the next Masquerade. The Calculation is counted very ingenious, and will be entered in the Transactions of the Society.

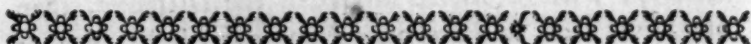
> A Treatise

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A Treatise of Marriage is on Foot and will speedily be consummated between *Pompey the Little*, belonging to the Countess of *Midnight*, and *Fidele*, only Lap-Dog to Lady *Trumpabout*, a beautiful Creature, possessed of a very handsome Silver Collar, and every Accomplishment to make the married State happy.

Last Night a terrible Pimple broke out on Miss *Fiddlefaddle's* Nose, but by the timely Interposition of the Faculty it was soon got under, and is now totally extinguished.

High Mall at the *Bedford* Coffee-House To-morrow Evening at Half past Six.



NUMB. 10. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Dec. 23, 1752.

— *Intus & in jecore agro*
Nascuntur domini —

PERSIUS.

———— *Trahit sua quemque voluptas:*

VIRGIL.

IN a former Paper I mentioned, that I belong to a Club, which meets once in every Week, at the *Devil Tavern*, near *Temple-Bar*; I then promised my Readers to make them acquainted with the Nature of this Meeting, the Characters of the several Members, and the Oddities in my own Temper, which entitle me to a Place in this extraordinary Society, and therefore I shall make an Account of it the Subject of this Day's Lucubration.

Our Club is called the *Club of Originals*. By an *Original* we do not mean, a Character entirely new, and such

such as has never been seen in the World before ; but we intend by it a Person of an independent Understanding, whose distinguishing Marks are not contracted by an affected Imitation of others, but are absolutely native and constitutional in the very Frame and Temper of his Mind. As I had the Honour of filling the Chair the last Club Night, I shall begin with myself, though I am aware that a public Writer should remain as much behind the Curtain as possible, on Account of the Prejudices which arise against a known Author.

I have, perhaps, as many Whims in my Turn of Mind, as any Man whatever, and they adhere to me so tenaciously, that I cannot disengage myself from them. Notwithstanding all the Pains I have been at, I cannot induce myself to carry a supernumerary Ace in my Pocket to a Brag-table; I could never contract an Intimacy in a Gentleman's Family, in order to debauch his Daughter, or carry on a Design upon his Wife; I had rather lose my Joke at any Time, than my Friend; and I am so awkward, that I cannot attempt to bilk a Box-keeper. Add to this, I am far from being a Free-thinker, notwithstanding the very great Reputation to be acquired by it. I am sensible, that these are unaccountable Oddities, and it does not escape me, that in so enlightened and accomplished an Age as this, they must set a Man in a very disadvantageous Light; but the Truth of it is, they have taken such Root in my Mind, that I am apprehensive, I shall never be able to attain that Elegance of Life and Taste, which is remarkable in some of my Neighbours.

The next who is to sit for his Picture, is a Gentleman of the most extensive Knowledge in all Branches of polite Literature. His Name is CANDID, remarkable for his Knowledge in Critical Learning; but what constitutes the Oddity of his Character is, that he is a Critic with Good-nature. No Man has quicker Sensations.

sations than Mr. *Candid*, and hence it results that in perusing the Works of Antiquity, or those Writers among the Moderns of allowed Reputation, their beautiful Passages strike so forcibly on his Imagination, that he admires them to a Degree of Rapture. It may be imagined that this Warmth of Temper hurries him sometimes into a false Applause, but his Judgment is so deliberate, that he generally withholds his Admiration till he is perfectly satisfied that the Sentiment and Diction are just, and he is never known to be imposed upon by false Embellishments of Style, or those ambitious Ornaments in Writing, which are censured by *Horace*. To this Refinement of Taste, Mr. *Candid* has joined the most finished good Breeding, which renders his Company extremely desirable, and he is a Source from whence those of his Acquaintance derive many excellent Observations upon every Kind of different Writing.

Mr. *Abraham Gulliver* follows in Order of Succession to the Chair, a Gentleman of very diverting Humours, and descended, as he himself informs us, from that very *Gulliver* whose Travels have been collected, with so much Accuracy, by the late Doctor *Swift*. The Love of recounting Adventures I believe runs in his Blood, and he frequently sets the Company a staring at the surprizing Incidents he has met with. His Passion for voyaging was formerly so prevalent in him, that he never omitted an Opportunity of sailing for it, as he expresses it, and merely to gratify this Inclination he embarked in Lord *Anson's* Squadron round the World. He has lost one Eye and Part of his Chin in that Expedition, but he does not repine at the Accident, as he says it is made up to him in the Acquirement of Knowledge, which, he insists, no Man can be said to possess, who has not crossed the Line, and attempted the North-East Passage. He has conversed with a
Bramin

Bramin in the East; and there is no Place in the Map, of which he cannot give some Account. He certainly has laid up a large Fund of Knowledge, but that tinged with so many Oddities, that he is a whimsical Member of Society.

After Mr. *Gulliver*, my Friend *Harry Wildair*, whom I have mentioned in a former Paper, as my Coadjutor in the Articles of Intelligence, claims our Attention. *Harry Wildair* has a quick Insight into Men and Manners, and No-body better knows the characteristic Marks and latent Foibles of all whom he meets in the social Intercourse of Life. Joined to this Sharpness of Discernment he has made great Enquiry into the Connections and Business of Mankind, and is actuated by so strong a Desire of Novelty, that he has fixed his Residence at *Charing-Cross*, that he may have an Opportunity of observing the mighty Throng, which is constantly pressing that Way. He can tell, by the Coat of Arms, to whom each passing Coach belongs, and if by Chance a Vehicle, unobserved before occurs to him, he is sure to run after it through nine or ten Streets, in order to satisfy his Curiosity. In short, my Friend *Wildair* is all Spirit and Frolick; is foremost in every Scene both in high and low Life, and he is equally pleasant upon the finer Foibles of the polite, and the strong Humours of the inferior Class, from whence it results that he is never without a Fund of Gallantry and Humour, and his Conversation abounds with a gay and sprightly Variety.

The next of the Society is Counsellor *Plastic* of the *Inner Temple*. Counsellor *Plastic* was called to the Bar in the Year 1740, but the Death of his elder Brother soon rendering it unnecessary for him to attend his Profession, he laid aside the long Robe, and has since indulged himself in the Gratification of his natural Cast of Mind. Instead of Walking in *Westminster-Hall*, he takes a Turn every Day in the *Lyceum*, or saunters

faunters in the Groves of *Academus*. In plain Terms, Mr. *Plastic* is a compleat *Shaftesburian* Philosopher; like all the Gentlemen of that inclining, he has a polite Taste for the imitative Arts; his Imagination is warm and elegant, and he has entirely a *Muse-like* Apprehension. With all this there is a Peculiarity in every Thing he says or does; the Christian System cannot stand his Art in Ridicule, which he calls the Test of Truth, and he adores a Deity of his own making. The Doctrine of Rewards and Punishments is to him abominable, and his Discourse generally turns on Ideas of Beauty and Virtue. Besides the five Senses in common with his Neighbours, this Gentleman has a moral Sense, a Sense of Honour, a public Sense, an internal Sense, and many other Powers of Perception, not mentioned in *Locke's* Essay, which is, in my humble Opinion, the most accurate History of the human Mind. In short, Counsellor *Plastic's* Imagination has attained a great Degree of Refinement, and his disinterested Benevolence is frequently laughed at by Mr. *Allcash*, who stands last upon the List.

It is owing to a Whim of this Gentleman's, that our Meeting is fixed at the *Devil Tavern*, as he has made a Resolution never to go beyond the Bar. Mr. *Allcash* is esteemed to be worth half a Plum, and is now pretty well recovered from the Shock he received by the Reduction of Interest. As he has spent most of his Time in a constant Intercourse with Scriveners and Stock-jobbers, he has discovered the Artifices of that Class of Men, and he is satisfied from that partial View of Mankind, that he knows the World. He is extremely fond of a Maxim in *Hudibras*;

*What is Worth in any Thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring?*

This

This with him is the Test of Truth, which he opposes in his joking Way to the *Shaftesburian* Rule; he declares, that he had rather have a Sense of Money, than all the elegant Senses above mentioned; and he is a constant Attendant at Church, as he says, from a sincere Motive of Piety, though it is hinted by Mr. *Plastic*, that he does this because he thinks it is his *Interest* to be saved.

These are the Members of the Club of ORIGINALS, which has been instituted upon the Commencement of this Paper, and as we are willing, in order to promote the Design of it, to admit new Members, Proposals will be received, and treated with the utmost Impartiality.

N. B. None but Principals will be treated with.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Dec. 26.

LAST Night at Eight o'Clock *Quinbus Flestrin* walked with great Precipitation down to the lower End of the Coffee-Room, and then walked out again as fast, which occasioned great Speculation among the minor Poets; after which the following Song was produced at the *Board of Criticism*, where the *Malevoli* were not a little mortified by the Beauty of the Composition.

THE BEAUTY ALWAYS IN SEASON.

I.

IN *Chloe*, Paradise of Sweets,
All Nature's Gifts appear;
In her each Charm united meets,
That marks the varied Year.

The

II.

The Spring adorns her Cheeks, and sows
 His freshest Roses there;
 Her Lips, where moist Carnation glows,
 His redd'ning Touch declare.

III.

The Summer to her beaming Eyes
 The Sun's fierce Heat conveys;
 'Tis hence those thrilling Ardors rise,
 That melt me whilst I gaze.

IV.

Autumn has 'midst her Bosom's Pride
 Two tempting Apples plac'd:
 Grant Heav'n it may not be deny'd
 To me that Fruit to taste!

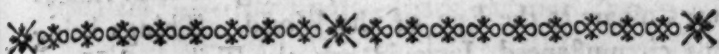
V.

Kind Winter o'er her Skin has strown
 A Veil of driven Snow;
 Banish'd be Cold from Love's soft Throne,
 And then my Joys o'erflow!

VI.

No more, ye Swains, my Passion blame
 As blind and void of Reason;
 Since *Chloe's* Charms inspire my Flame,
 Charms never out of Season!

NUMB.



NUMB. II. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Dec. 30, 1752.

Quid faciam Romæ? mentiri nescio —

JUVENAL.



THE *French* are very often happy in an Expression, which cannot be rendered with equal Delicacy in any other modern Language. Of this Sort is a Phrase I have somewhere met with, viz. *Les petites Morales*, which is used by them to signify those subordinate Points of Behaviour, which cannot be looked upon in the same Light with Concerns of an higher Moment, but are, however, so essential to our Conduct in Life, that they are thence denominated *lesser Morals*. A small Share of common Sense will point these out to every Man's Observation; but as the Infringement of them is frequent, and very often attended with serious Consequences, it properly comes within the Province of a public Writer to correct these lesser Deviations, and therefore I have set apart this Day to animadvert upon a Transgression of this Nature.

The Offence I mean is the notable Art of HUMBUGGING, which started up of late Years, and has made such an extensive Progress, that it is now enlarged into a general Fashion, and calls aloud for a CENSOR. And here it may not be improper to remind People of the true Definition of Wit, which consists in reconciling Ideas, between which there is no palpable Congruity, in a sudden lively Association. To this I will add, that Humour is the Talent of discerning the Oddities which constitute the great Variety of Characters this

King-

Kingdom is famous for, and exhibiting them in ridiculous Colours to the Eye of the World. Things being thus circumstanced, I would ask the Tribe of HUM-BUGGERS, how far a plausible Lie, with a grave Countenance, will give them a Pretension to either of the two Faculties above described? The Truth of it is, they are but pitiful Attendants on the Camp of false Wit; and if they would consider how easily it is to falsify, and how hard to do it with Pleasantry, they would, in my Opinion, desist from so unpolite an Art, than which I do not remember any thing more gross, more stupid, and more senseless. An Author of the first Magnitude (I think the late Dr. *Swift*) observes, that he never knew above one good Lie in his Life; and that one, I will venture to say, was told by himself, and we may believe was a Stroke of Humour, free from Scandal or Detraction, the distinguishing Characteristicks of our modern Adventurers in this Way.

As one of these elegant Gentlemen is over his Tea in a Morning, his Hand is applied with great Sagacity to his Forehead — “Let me see now, for an arch
 “Hum—something cursed high for the Day—Ay,
 “ay, I have it—A Suit is commenced in the spiritual Court against a certain Lord—It will be infolent though to meddle with such respectable Characters—Well, but there is Ill-nature in it, and so it
 “will do swimmingly—as how—Why—he’s married the finest Woman in the World—Her whole
 “Sex envy her, and Envy vents itself in Malice and
 “Detraction—that’s the Thing—it will spread among them—Immense by G—d.—” So away runs he, as quick as Lightning, to my Lady TATTLE-
 AID’s Toilet, with a Face as long as a *Dutch* Epigram; then the Hum begins—“I am extremely sorry for it,
 “cries the *Wag*—It’s a cruel Case—Pray, Sir,
 “what’s a cruel Case?—Why, have not you heard,
 “Ma’am?

“Ma’am? — My Lord— (hark in your Ear)—absolutely fact—two Wives — I’d lay all *Lombard-Street* to an Egg-shell that it’s true. Your Ladyship knows *Tom Wildfire*.—*Tom* went this Morning for a Licence to be married to Miss *Beverley*, the great Fortune, and he brings the News piping hot from the Commons.—” “Lard, says my Lady *Tattleaid*, “I don’t know how it was — I never liked that Match — (and casting her Eyes on the Glass with a conscious *Simper*) — What signifies all her Beauty now? — “Though she was never my Beauty — I don’t find “that those tall Women are so much admired in public Places — Mrs. *Needlework*, bid *John* come round “with the Coach to the Door, — and bring me my “Fan, Gloves, and Capuchin in an Instant.”

Thus the Affair is settled : away flies my Lady *Tattleaid*, on the Wings of Malice, to all Parts of the Town, and thus the agreeable News is wafted about. At *White’s* Bets are extremely high, a Wager being the only Test of Truth, which the ingenious Gentlemen of that Academy have been able to discover, after infinite Pains in the Search. A losing Gamester, who is obliged to drive into the City to dispose of a little *South Sea* Stock, gives the Hint there. The Gossips at *Garraway’s* have it in a Moment : At One it is buzz’d on *Change*, and the circulating Whisper in the Boxes interrupts the Play at Night. At my Lady *Trumpabout’s* Assembly, the Ladies are all in a Titter. “Is it come “to this? cries Miss *Sparkish*, I’ll brag a Guinea over--” “But is it really true, says Miss *Whiteteeth*, I shall be “very sorry for it—he! he! he! — Can one go “to hear it tried? — I’ll send to bespeak Places.”

Pleased with these Ideas, the Ladies retire home from the Rout, sink into a comfortable Repose, dream of Divorces, Separations, and unhappy Beauties, till the next Day the Cheat is discovered; the Illusion vanishes;

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the noble Lord proves to be above the Reach of so infamous a Calumny, and his Lady, superior to Envy, moves in her Sphere with Lustre, Grace, and Dignity; while the Droll, who first set the Thing on foot, enjoys the Joke in secret, and laughs at the Tale his Facetiousness propagated. And in this is contained all the Wit, and all the Humour, and all the Fun of all the *Humbuggers* of the Age.

I could wish that this Tribe had subsisted in the Days of *Horace*; because then we should have them, under some proper Appellation, delivered down to Posterity with the

*Ambubaiarum collegia, Pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones, hoc Genus omne:*

But I do not think that the polite Authors of *Greece* and *Rome* seem to have the faintest Idea of this egregious Turn. In all the Characters of *La Bruyere* there is no such Monster to be found; the Wits of King *Charles's* Time were absolutely ignorant of it. In the Reign of Queen ANNE, *which* (to use the Words of a fine Author) *notwithstanding the happy Days that have succeeded, every BRITON may yet remember*, I say, in the Reign of Queen ANNE, when Wit, Humour, Imagination, and every elegant Talent, were in their highest Perfection, nothing of this Sort arose. In short, it seems entirely reserved to grace the Annals of these latter Days; and I make no doubt but it will give a surprising Eclat to the Pages of some future Historian, to have it related in a pompous Stile, that in the Reign of his Majesty King *George the Second*, by the Grace of God, King of *Great-Britain, France and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, the never enough to be admired Art of *Humbugging* came into Vogue, and was the Amusement of Tea-Tables,

bles, the Delight of the Court, and the Study of Beaux and pretty Gentlemen, from whom it descended to all Ranks of People, and became the general Fashion of the Kingdom.

Instead of expatiating any further on this sprightly Absurdity, I shall close this Paper with a Passage from Lord *Shaftsbury*, whose Decision upon Wit and Manners, I believe, will not be contested.

“ 'Tis real Humanity and Kindness to hide strong Truths from tender Eyes; and to do this by pleasant Amusement, is easier and civilier, than by a harsh Denial, or remarkable Reserve. But to go about industriously to confound Men in a mysterious Manner, and to make Advantage, and draw Pleasure from that Perplexity they are thrown into by such uncertain Talk, is as unhandsome in a Way of Raillery, as when done with the greatest Seriousness, or in the most solemn Way of Deceit. It may be necessary, as well now as heretofore, for wise Men to speak in Parables, with a double Meaning, that the Enemy may be amused, and they only *who have Ears to hear, may hear*; but it is certainly a mean, impotent, and dull Sort of Wit which amuses all alike, and leaves the most sensible Man, and even a Friend, equally in Doubt, and at a Loss to understand what one's real Mind is upon any Subject. This is that gross Sort of Raillery which is so offensive in good Company; and indeed there is as much Difference between one Sort and another, as between fair Dealing and Hypocrisy, or between the genteelst Wit, and the most scurrilous Buffoonery. But by Freedom of Conversation this illiberal Kind of Wit will lose its Credit.”

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Dec. 30.

A Book is opened here by the Waiters, according to anniversary Custom, in order to take a List of all the choice Spirits of the Age; and therefore all, who have any smattering of Wit, Humour, Genius, &c. are desired to repair forthwith to this Place, where for so small a Price as a Crown, by Way of *Christmas-Box*, they may have their Names enrolled in the Volumes of Fame among Poets, and Demi-Poets; Critics and Demi-Critics, Country Fox-Hunters and Town Rakes, Beaux and pretty Fellows, &c.

Drury-Lane Theatre.

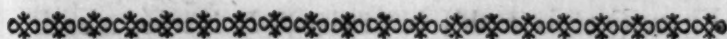
There has been such a prodigious squeezing of Hats here of late, that the Managers, as well to suppress the Destruction of Beavers, as to put a Stop to an unnatural and ungraceful Deportment, have been induced to issue out Orders from the Green Room against this Practice; and it is thereby strictly enjoined, that whoever has a Message to deliver on the Stage, or a Kicking to receive, shall perform it without Recourse to this modern Affectation, which occasions great Speculation among the Under-Graduates of each Theatre, and, we hear, that a Copy of this Order is sent to Mr. Lee at *Edinburgh*, whose Hats are said to be at present as flat as *Scotch Bonnets*.

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A Literary Bill of Mortality for the Year 1752.

Casualties among Books.		Casualties among Authors.	
Abortive	- - 7000	Bit by mad Dogs	- 500
Still born	- - 3000	Planet struck	- 900
Old Age	- - 0000	Bruised	- - 1000
Worms	- - 8000	Killed themselves	- 15
Consumption	- - 500	Starved	- - 1200
French Disease	- - 700	Fall from a Garret	} 2
Complication	- - 100	Window.	
Yellow Fever in a Jakes	200	Malignant Fever	- 80
Hard bound	- - 100	Mortification	- - 120
Trunk-makers	- 1000	Canker	- - 20
Pastry-Cooks	- - 1000	Surfeit	- - 0000
Sky-Rockets	- 10000	Executed	- - 37
Transportation	- 10000	Dog-Star Rage	- 300
	41600	Empyema *	- - 1
			4175



NUMB. 12. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Jan. 6, 1752.

The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,

The Ruling Passion conquers Reason still. POPE.

The following Letter is a Piece of Raillery upon Whim-fies, which have a real Existence; and it is written by a Gentleman of so elegant a Taste, that I persuade myself a Production of his cannot fail to con-

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tribute

* *Empyema.*] Alludes to the Indisposition of the *Inspector*; an Account of which was given in a Pamphlet, entitled *Libitina sine conspectu*.

tribute to the public Entertainment, and therefore I shall not, by a longer Preface, detain my Readers from the Perusal of it.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

THE Bill lately said to be before the Legislature for encouraging Industry (however extraordinary it might be in some Particulars) was, I do not doubt, extremely pleasing as to its general Purport to a Man of your Character. For my Part, I have ever beheld with Pleasure the Motto, with which a certain eminent Physician has long adorned his Chariot, *viz. Non sibi sed toti*, and am for promoting Industry in a more exalted Signification of the Word, than that in which it is most commonly used; I mean, as it tends to the Good of Mankind, without the least Tincture of private Advantage.

When very young, I remember to have read in some Author, that the *Turks* are obliged to exercise some Trade or Occupation, which may contribute to the public Emolument, and that even their Emperors have no Exemption from this Institution. It is true, a certain Sultan, a Kind of Wag, very artfully evaded the Force of the Law by the following Device. The Musti, it seems, had reprov'd him for being so unmindful of what their Prophet had expressly enjoined, as to spend all his Time in following Hawks and Hounds. The next Morning the wily Sultan sent his troublesome Monitor an handsome Present of wild Fowl and Venison, informing him at the same Time, that being convinced of the Justness of his Reproof, he had in Consequence thereof taken up the *Trade of a Hunter*.

Far from approving such a Mahometan Equivocation, I began to consider wherein I could be of the most general

neral Use to my Fellow Creatures, without the least Regard to any selfish Views. I found myself in Possession of an ample Patrimony, and consequently a Subsistence was out of the Question. As to Divinity, Law, the Navy, or Army, I was aware that they carry with them some glittering Toy, which more or less attracts the Hearts of even the most philosophic of their Followers. A *Mitre*, for Example, the *Great Seal*, a *Flag at the Main-top*, or a *Truncheon*, have their respective Charms, and no Doubt operate accordingly on the Conduct of their several Admirers.

To all these Allurements, I resolutely shut my Eyes, and determined to set a noble Example, void of any the least concomitant Self-Interest. Thus resolved to dedicate my Time and Studies to the Service of Man (including Woman) I made Choice of an Occupation of universal Consequence to the World, but of which none, except a few mercenary Pretenders, have ever made public Profession. Not to keep you any longer in Suspence, Mr. *Ranger*, the Profession I have taken up, and exercised for some Years, is that of a *Dentifricator*, or what the Vulgar call a *Cleaner of Teeth*. I have heard with Rapture of a certain *Worcestershire Squire*, who formerly applied himself with great Success, as well as Assiduity, to cutting and curing the Corns of all those he could persuade to make an Experiment of his Skill. Not long since a noble Peer was famous for thirsting after a few Ounces of the Blood of all who came near him, not from any Cruelty of Temper, but purely on account of the exquisite and laudable Pleasure he took in the Use of the Lancet. Even *Peter the Great*, the immortal Refiner of the *Russian* Empire, greatly delighted in drawing the Teeth of every one, who betrayed a Pain in those Parts, by holding his Handkerchief to his Mouth, by making wry Faces, or any such Indications. Of this I have been as-

fured by an Eye-witness of his Dexterity. To the common Soldiers he gave a Crown for every Tooth he deprived them of, which, indeed, encouraged so many poor Wretches, who were ignorant of the Value of their Grinders, to undergo the Operation of an Imperial Hand, that the Officers remonstrated to his Majesty, that if he continued to make such Depredations in the Mouths of the Soldiery, he might disband his Troops, as they would be fit for Service no longer than they could eat.

To a Person of Mr. *Ranger's* Sagacity, I need not remark how much my Profession of cleaning, beautifying, and preserving the Teeth, surpasses the inconsiderate Zeal of that great Man. Every one is sensible how much we surpass all other Nations in the Bravery of our Soldiers, and the Dexterity as well as Intrepidity of our Mariners; and yet it is well known, that all this depends on eating, and, of course, on the Goodness of their Teeth. And as to our Beaux and Belles, how much the Force of their Charms is assisted by a delicate Set of Teeth, is a Truth so evident in itself, as not to need the least Demonstration.

In Consequence of these Reflexions, I applied myself to study every Author who has wrote on this Subject. I went so far as to take an *Arabian* into my House to instruct me in his Language, that I might be able to consult the Writers of his Country in the Original, as well as the Authors of *Greece* and *Rome*. After this I travelled over all *Europe* to converse with such as profess this noble and delectable Operation. I have even put myself in their Hands, in order to acquire every Excellence, as well as avoid every Defect incidental to my Brother Operators.

Some Time since, Mr. *Ranger*, you favoured us with an Account of the Progress you had made in Physiognomy. You therefore will easily believe what I am going

N^o. 12. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 81

going to relate of my own Sagacity. By a curious and exact Observation of the various Marks on the Teeth in different Persons, from the continual Friction they undergo, as well from each other as from the Tongue and Lips, I am able to discover what Passions their several Owners are subject to, and how far they indulge them, particularly as to *Anger, Envy, or Love*. It's an old Remark, that Proverbs are a Kind of Test of national Wisdom, and are either literally or allegorically founded on Truths of no small Importance. Now, I need only instance a few of these pithy Sentences, to convince the most Incredulous what great Discoveries may be made by a skilful Contemplator in this Way. As for Instance, *Such a one has all his Eye-Teeth;—He shews his Teeth, but cannot bite;—A third has a soft Tooth in his Head;—This good Lady has a Colt's Tooth left yet;—Another has a liquorish Tooth, &c.* I have made many Observations of this Nature, and even at first Sight, I can discover whether a certain Mark be out of a young Lady's Mouth or not; in plain *English*, whether she be in a State of pure Virginity, or has really given it up; or in what Degree of Danger she is of so doing, by the Indications her Teeth contract from being frequently applied to the Sheets or Pillows. In some I have discovered, after their having been in Company with two Sister-Graces, (a certain Dutchess and Countess that shall be nameless,) whether their Teeth have been affected by the corrosive Qualities arising from Envy. or brightened by the Motion of the Lips, occasioned by the Smiles of a pleasing Admiration.

I have already taken up too much of your Time, and therefore decline giving you an Account of my Travels (for the narrow Considerations of Wife or Family cannot long detain me at Home) in Search of all Opportunities of improving myself in the Art of pre-

serving, and beautifying, those useful Implements the Teeth. It is true, I was lately very near abandoning my Profession, through the Treatment I met with from a certain great Prince in *Germany*, who pretending to want my Assistance, no sooner got my Finger in his Mouth, than, closing his Foreteeth, he held me fast in the greatest Pain imaginable; and at the same Time he spoiled, with one of his Grinders, the nicest Pair of Ruffles, which I had made up at *Versailles* on Occasion of the Rejoicings for the Birth of the Duke of *Burgundy*.

I am, Mr. *Ranger*, with all Readiness to rub your Gums, whenever you will please to favour me with your Commands,

Your very obedient Servant,

And constant Reader,

COURTLY NICE.

P.S. I have false Teeth for old Maids, and the best Powder for young ones; I also teach the whole Art of Ogling, the Exercise of the Fan, the newest Manner of taking Snuff, and, what is little understood in this Country, the *French* Fashion of blowing the Nose.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, Jan. 6.

During the last Week nothing capital has been presented at either House; Pantomime and Bal-lad have furnished the Entertainment of each Night, and the Galleries have resounded with that honest, hearty, loud Convulsion of Mirth, for which the *full Belly*

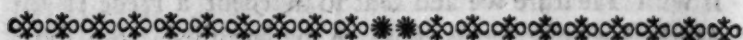
Belly of a sober Cit is generally remarkable; and it is with Pleasure we add that so indecent a Piece as the *London Cuckolds* seems now to be banished from both the Theatres.

Bedford Coffee-house.

A celebrated Wit of this Place entertained the Company last Night with the following Copy of Verses, which were sent to him from an ingenious Correspondent in the Country.

*Occasioned by the Sight of a Painting over the Seat
in Cheltenham Church-Yard.*

IN vain you lie, sad *Magdalene*,
O'er a Death's Head indulging Spleen;
Few Nymphs, that haunt this deathful Place,
Your penitential Footsteps trace;
Perhaps a Lady, now and then,
Who gives to God, what's loath'd by Men,
Then either quit this Scene, or wear
The Habit of a modern Fair;
Reform that pensive Look to gay,
And put that frightful Thing away.
Then if at length you lie reclin'd,
'Twill raise no Horror in the Mind;
All will your Attitude admire,
And to be *Magdalenes* aspire.



NUMB. 13. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Jan. 13, 1752.

*Majores nusquam rōnci, juvenesque senesque
Et pueri nasum Rhinacerotis habent.*

MARTIAL.



WHEN an Author first launches forth, a pleasing Prospect lies before him; his Spirits are enlivened with the Novelty of his Enterprize; his Imagination pictures to him Scenes of Success, and he thinks he has nothing to do, but to spread all his Sails, and glide away to the Realms of Fame. Were an Insurance-Office opened for Adventurers of this Nature, where, for a small Premium, the Event might be ascertained, he would hardly think it worth his while to intrench himself within those Safe-guards; so sure is he of reaching his wished for Haven. But how soon is the flattering Dream dissipated into Air! Like *Virgil's Æneas*, he no sooner leaves the Shore, and sees the Land gradually lessening to his Eye, than he finds himself embarked on a Sea of Troubles. Some secret Enemy, in whose Breast an unjust Prejudice has long been rankling, immediately begins to counterwork his Progress, and a Storm is raised against him. Calumny, Detraction, Scandal, and Malevolence blow a more violent Tempest, than the four Winds combined; the piercing Blasts of Enmity whistle round him, and his little Bark becomes the Sport of a troubled Element; now elevated as high as the very Heavens, and then at once let down to the profoundest Bottom of the Deep. Should he be hardy enough to think

think of weathering it out, he is beset by a Shoal of Monsters, known in those Seas by the Name of CRITICKS. These dangerous Animals of Prey are constantly prowling about the Main, upon the Look-out, if I may be allowed the Expression, for some Object of their Rage. Him they instantly surround, and all Endeavours to amuse them from their fell Purpose are in vain; Tubs have been thrown to Whales with Success, and we have read of *Arion*, who found Means, by the lenient Airs of his Harp, to soften into Attention a Group of Monsters, hungry, and ready to devour him; but no Persuasive is sufficient to appease the Rage of the CRITICKS, mentioned above; almost inevitable Ruin attends the Man, who unhappily falls in their Way; and if, by the Light of some propitious Star, he should steer his Course clear of them, they have been seen to goad and bite themselves with Spite and Desperation.

To descend from this long continued Allegory: A public Writer, who undertakes to instruct or entertain his Readers, has so many Difficulties to cope with, that instead of wondering at the Dearth of good Papers of late, I am surprized that any Advances are made towards it. The *Pangs of despised Wit* are, perhaps, equal to *those of despised Love*, and one would imagine them sufficient to extinguish an Author's honest Emulation, and to determine him to think a Post of inglorious Ease more eligible than that State of Warfare, he must be involved in as a Writer. It is to no purpose to plead in Bar to the Investives of the rigid Censors of the Age, a well-meant Endeavour to promote Chearfulness and Good-humour: An Acquaintance of mine, who delights in parodying Passages from Poets, says, with some Pleasantry, *Criticks have flinty Hearts; no Wit can move them; Authors must be unhappy.*

As

As these notable Refiners upon the Beauties of Writing stand in a conspicuous Light among the several Characters which do Honour to the present Age, it may not be improper upon this Occasion, to lay before the Reader a true Idea of the present State of MODERN CRITICISM, with some Account of its Parentage and Education.

ILL-NATURE is the Founder of the Family; in a Fit of petulant Delight this Personage was joined in Wedlock to the celebrated Dame, IGNORANCE. The Issue of this happy Marriage was ENVY, who, being of a consumptive Habit of Body, and no very amorous Disposition, was deterred for a long Time from any Thoughts of Matrimony; but at length meeting with MALICE, he took an immediate Fancy to her, and by a Sympathy of Soul this lovely Pair were led to a mutual Liking for each other. MALICE was an old Maid, of a lean shrivelled Habit of Body, and delighted greatly in Tea-table Chat. At first the Relations of ENVY were disgusted at the Match, as they imagined from the Lady's Looks, that there was not any probable Likelihood of their having Issue, by which it was apprehended the Family would be totally extinct. But Things are not always to be taken by Appearances; though the newly-married Couple lived together like Cats, constantly scratching and quarrelling, they still found softer Moments of Dalliance, and in about nine Months, CRITICISM was ushered into the World. The Tidings of this happy Occurrence were soon wasted towards *Grubstreet College*; Mother DULNESS raised her drowsy Head, pleased with the Account of the sprightly Dunce, and all her Votaries hailed the new-born Babe. In *Parnassus* the Effect was far different; *Apollo* started, and each amiable MUSE let fall a tender Tear: The tune-ful Lyre was laid aside, and ASTRÆA dropped her Scales.

That

That the Lineage of this egregious Youth may be carried in the Mind with more Facility, I shall here throw the whole Pedigree in one View before the Eye of the Reader.

ILL-NATURE———IGNORANCE

ENVY———MALICE

CRITICISM:

Like *Richard* the Third, the Infant was born with Teeth, and the Moment it perceived the first Ray of Light, it began to hiss. Several of the usual Play-things given to Children were immediately bought, but nothing could allay our young Hero's Cries, until a Cat-call was given into his Hands, of which, by a Kind of Instinct, he instantly found the Use, and he seemed to take a malicious Pleasure at the Shrillness of the Sound. In process of Time an Horn-book was procured for the young Gentleman, and at the first Sight of it he grew extremely peevish, and shortly after began to pull it to pieces. In this he was encouraged by his *Grandmother*, who alledged it would spoil the Child's Eyes, but it is confidently said that he at last took to it of himself, but that he applied at random, in a very irregular Manner; and I am credibly informed, that he could not be induced to pursue the Alphabet in its natural Order, but that the first Letters he became acquainted with, were *D, A, M, N*. It is a Question with many, whether he ever went further; but after some Pains in the Research, I have found from some secret Memoirs, that he really did learn to read the Title-Pages of Books and Pamphlets, in order the more effectually to abuse them.

Our Youth in his Countenance had a blended Resemblance to his Parents, with a very great Air of his Grandmother. From his *Grandfire* he derived a Disposition to all Kinds of Vice, and therefore the evil
Qua-

Qualities of his Father thrived in a Soil admirably fitted for their Reception. Pleasure he was an utter Stranger to, unless the Misfortunes of his Neighbours excited the mixed Sensations of that malignant Joy mentioned by *Ovid*.

Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores.

Nothing could ever rouse him to an Emulation of others, whom he perceived to excel, but he sat pining and self-tormented at the Idea of their Merit, and having a Volubility of Speech from his Mother, he vented his Spleen in Obloquy and scandalous Invektive. In these Qualities he made great Improvement, and each Day added some new Accomplishment, such as *Impudence, Pertness, Ill-manners, &c.*

Being now arrived at Maturity, he grew wondrous fond of Coffee-houses, and turned out a complete *Blood*. He was constantly seen poring over the *Magazines*, and if he ever met with a Production of Genius, he shewed great Perturbation of Mind, and was often heard to pronounce with some Vehemence; — *Piss!* — *Execrable!* — *Damned Stuff!* — *O G — d!* — He went to the Playhouse on the first Night of every new Piece; the Players dreaded the Sight of him in the Pit; there he talked of Actors whom he never saw; retailed Authors whom he never read; tore up Benches; grinned and chattered; hissed and clapped; yawned and slept. Having heard that *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry was esteemed among his best Performances, he bought at a Stall a certain curious Production entitled *Aristotle's Master-piece*, which gave him a mean Opinion of the Ancients; and thence he took Occasion to ridicule all Kind of Learning, and became a Delegate, of his own Choice, to direct the Taste of the Age; and if a young Author shewed any Traces of Elegance in a Composition, or discovered a Vein of Thinking, capable of fur-

further Improvements, he endeavoured to nip him in the Bud.

To conclude; CRITICISM has been upon Town for several Years, and still continues in the Practice of every bad Quality, deducible from a weak Head and a corrupt Heart; but as I intend to persevere in the Work I have undertaken, I will cut Matters short, and inform this Gentleman, and all his Followers, that after this I shall not suffer myself to be diverted from the Drift of this Design. I think I shall be able to offer some Compositions, not quite unworthy of the public Perusal; and if I do not point out any unknown Truths, I shall endeavour to place every Thing in a Point of View, that, I hope, will sometimes give it the Graces of Novelty.

I shall continue to prefix a Motto to each Lucubration from some celebrated Author of Antiquity, and this not out of any Affectation, but because from an early Taste for those excellent Writers, many of their Beauties have insinuated themselves into my Imagination, in so lively a Manner, that they recur on almost every Topic. This serves very often with the Classic Scholar, to place an entire Essay before his Eye at once; and to see a fine Passage start into a new Light, and carry a witty Allusion to a Subject, in Appearance foreign to it, must, in my Opinion, excite agreeable Ideas in the Fancy.

The mere *English* Reader will lose this Pleasure, but the rest of this Paper cannot suffer by it.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Jan. 13, 1752.

THE City-Caravan was stopt, on Sunday Night last, by a single Foot-pad, who made all the Pas-

Passengers step out one after another, and having rifled all their Pockets, he took (besides Money) from *Harry Lapelle*, a Book called the *Actor*; from *Jack Oakstick*, *Woodward's Letter to the Inspector*; and from *Nat. Pigtail*, Critic and Haberdasher, Five and Twenty Orders for the Play; which were to be distributed to such, as might be found willing to support a certain Actor in a new Part the Evening following.

Lloyd's Coffee-house, Lombard-Street.

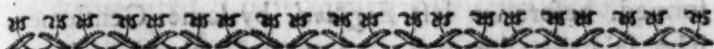
On *Wednesday* last, Mr. *Southwest*, the Broker, handed about a Policy of Insurance for 300*l*. on the Life of the next new Play, called the *Gamester*, for the Term of nine Days compleat; but none of the *Under Writers* thought proper to subscribe, on Account of the Largeness of the Sum; they being all of Opinion, that no Work of Genius can be worth a Tenth Part of the Money.

Covent-Garden.

Two new Tragedies have been offered to the Manager, but the Run of *Harlequin Sorcerer* renders it impossible to perform both, and therefore the contending Poets determined the Precedence by tossing up, when Fortune declared in Favour of the *Earl of Essex*, written by Mr. *Jones*, and the *Constantine* of Mr. *Francis* is deferred till next Season.

N. B. The Critics are desired not to decide in the same Manner, whether they shall damn this Piece or not.

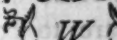
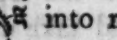
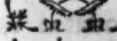
NUMB.



N^o.14. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Jan. 20, 1752.

Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

HORACE.

 ILDAIR the other Day put a Letter
 W  into my Hand, which, he informed me,
 he had just received from an Acquain-
 tance, who lately took a Trip to *Paris*.
As it exhibits a pretty lively Picture of an *Englsh-*
man, who has set up the Customs and Manners of
his own Country, as the indisputable Standard of
what is right, and therefore treats every thing he finds
different from them with Contempt, perhaps the Pub-
lic will not be displeased to peruse it. I shall present
it then as the Entertainment of this Day, not doubting
but that it will be relished at least by those Readers
who have had an Opportunity of observing the ri-
diculous Manner, in which our Countrymen spend their
Time, in that elegant Metropolis of the polite World.

Paris, Jan. 10, 1752.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE been in this strange Place about six Weeks,
and find myself in such a whimsical Situation, that
I may truly say, with *Petulant*, in the *Way of the World*,
I am like a Dog in a Dancing-School. Upon our first
Arrival here, we took a *Fiacre*, and drove to our Banker,
who lives up four Pair of Stairs. As he was our Coun-
tryman, we thought him the most proper Person to
direct us, and accordingly enquired whether there
were any good Lodgings to be let in the *Rue de*
Boucherie;

Boncherie; for you must know, *Harry*, we were informed, before we left *England*, by some Gentlemen, who said they knew *Paris* very well, that we should take up our Residence in that Part of the Town.

— But the Banker smiled at the Question, and told us, that the *English* Gentlemen had deserted that famous Street ever since the *Harlequin* at the *Italian* Comedy, in making Love to his Mistress, told her, among other Professions of his Passion, *that he loved her as violently as my Lord Anglois did the Rue de Boucherie*. He added, that he would take care to fix us in a proper Lodging, and conducted us to *Peyri Baigneur*, in the *Rue Dauphine*, who accommodated us with a very good Apartment. Our next Care was to equip ourselves in the Fashion of the Country. Accordingly we sent for a Taylor, and *Jack Commons*, who jabbars a little *French*, directed him to make us two Suits; which he brought us the next Morning at Ten o'Clock, and made compleat *Frenchmen* of us. But for my part, *Harry*, I was so damned uneasy in a full-dressed Coat, with hellish long Skirts, which I had never been used to, that I thought myself as much deprived of my Liberty, as if I had been in the *Bastile*; and I frequently sighed for my little loose Frock, which I look upon as an Emblem of our happy Constitution; for it lays a Man under no uneasy Restraint, but leaves it in his Power to do as he pleases. I must not forget to inform you, that we hired a *Swiss* Servant, whom they call here *Valet de Place*; and to him we entrusted the Management of every Thing, which saves us a great deal of Trouble; and I really believe the Fellow to be extremely honest, for I do not find that I spend more Money here than in *London*. As it is absolutely necessary to have a Coach in *Paris*, we engaged a *Remise* during our Stay; and indeed it was indispen-

fab'y

fably incumbent upon us to set up an Equipage, for we commenced Lords immediately upon entering the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. — Z—ds, *Harry*, these People think, that every Man who looks aukward, and throws away his Money, is an *English* Lord; nay, they are so liberal of this Title, that they call the *English* Taylors and Peruke-makers, who sometimes pay them a Visit, *des petits my Lords*. You may believe, my Friend, I was very desirous to see their Theatrical Entertainments. — I have indeed been at one or other of them every Night. They are d— strange, Sir, — Not the Thing, by any Means. — I do not, it is true, understand the Language, but their Manner is quite different from ours. — The Players seldom or ever throw out the Voice with any Vehemence, but speak in as natural a Manner, as if they were off the Stage — That would not be borne with us. You know, however, the *French* are pleased with it, as they know no better. The first Time I was at the Play-house, I imagined there had been a Riot the Night before; for I observed there were no Benches in the Pit: But, in this I was mistaken, for there never are any Seats in that Part of the House; the Reason is, I suppose, because a *Frenchman* could not sit still during the Performance. With Respect to the Manner of living, *Harry*, it is intolerable. By Heavens! I should have been starved, if I had not luckily got acquainted with an *Irish* Abbé of *Lombard College*, one Mr. M^r Manus, a very good Sort of a Man, though a Popish Priest. He has a cursed queer Way of talking indeed, his Accent being a Mixture of the Brogue and the *French* Cadence, and his Phrases generally literal Translations from the *French*. He is notwithstanding a d—d honest Fellow, and will get drunk with any of his Friends at a Minute's Warning. If it had not been for this Gentleman, who conducted me to a little Place, kept by

one *Kemp*, where I got a Leg of Mutton and Turnips, and Beef-stakes, I should have been obliged to set out Post for *England*. — 'Tis true, upon Honour — My Life was at Stake — I could by no Means live upon their *Soup and Bully*, and footy Kickshaws made of stinking Meat. Their Wines, it must be allowed, are pretty enough, when one is used to them; but at first they seem prodigious weak: They have not half the Body of our Wines in *England*: But, that is easily accounted for, the best Growths being always sent to us; at least *Venables* and *Tomkins* tell me so. In mentioning *Kemp's*, I should have told you of an ugly Scrape I had like to have fallen into. I got into Company with an Officer of the *Scotch* Troops in the *French* King's Service, and I began to hum him about Party Affairs; but, d—n me, he soon gave me to understand that I was on the wrong Side the Water for that Fun, and insisted, that I should give immediate Satisfaction. Gad, I reflected it would be confoundedly silly, to get pinked in a Popish Country, where they would not allow me a Christian Burial; and so I asked his Pardon, and the Affair was made up, by the Mediation of *Abbé M Manus*. This has cured me from attempting any Sport of that Kind while I stay here. You will be surprized, perhaps, that I give you no Account of the People. To tell you the Truth, my Friend, I do not know any of them. I went once to an Ordinary, and the Company were so remarkably civil to me, that I began to think they had a Design upon me; but my Friend, *Jack Commons*, who has studied the Law, and knows these Things, tells me, this excessive Politeness proceeds from their living under an arbitrary Government. I cannot help laughing at the immense Number of *Chevaliers de St. Louis*, which I meet every where. These Gentlemen are as numerous here, as Knights

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have been in the City of *London*, since the Year Forty-three. They wear a little enamelled Cross hanging to a red Ribbon, which is fixed in a Button-hole of the Coat; and most of them have a Streak of Dirt on their white Silk-Stockings, about an Inch above the Shoe, which, I suppose, is Part of the Order. As to the Government of this Country, I have not thought it worth my while to enquire about it, for I am satisfied with old *England*, and there will end my Days. I have had very few Amours since I left *England*, for I do not know how it is, I am d—d shy of the Women here, they are so devilish sprightly—I know three or four of them, whom my Barber recommended me to, but they are not of the first Class.

To conclude, dear *Harry*, Mr. *M^cManus* has carried me through all the Curiosities in and about *Paris*, and now my Time lies very heavy on my Hands; for as I have no Acquaintance, and am unwilling to enter into any Connexion with People in a strange Country, I am at a Loss what to do with myself in an Evening. The Day I contrive to pass away tolerably, in sauntering in the *Tuilleries* until Dinner, which brings all the *English* together at *Kemp's*; from thence we adjourn to *Procopé's*, until it is Time to go to the Play, which kills the Time to about half an Hour after Eight; but when the Actors dismiss us, we are perplexed to determine how we shall dispose of ourselves, and are, in the End, obliged, in our own Defence, to return to *Kemp's*, and play a Game at Whist. This Way of Life will not do with me, and in about a Fortnight you may expect to see me, when we will laugh over these strange Scenes at the *Shakespeare*.

I am sincerely yours, &c.

GEORGE BRITTON.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Jan. 20.

THE following satyrical Ballad on the reigning Taste of the Town has been handed about here this Week. It is said to be a *Jeu d'Esprit* of Mr. *Smart's*, whose Genius sometimes deigns to descend from Flights worthy of its Eagle-Wing, to the inferior Regions of Pleasantry, where it gaily amuses itself in Pursuit of elegant Trifles.

A NEW BALLAD.

I.

WHEN *Arthur* fill'd the *British* Throne-a,
Comedians were a Name unknown-a;
Punch's Train they did admire-a,
Pleas'd enough with Wood and Wire-a;
Paw, Paw, Paw, &c.
Doodle, Doodle, Doo, &c.

II.

But when *Shakespear* charm'd the Age-a,
The Sire and Sov'reign of the Stage-a;
Then the *English* had Discernment,
And good Writers met Preferment.
Paw, Paw, Paw, &c.

III.

But now your *Shakespears* and your *Johnsons*
Must give Way to Noise and Non(sense);
Sense and Taste no more are Friends-a;
The Palm from Man to Beasts descends-a,
Paw, Paw, Paw, &c.

'Stead

IV.

'Stead of Tragi-comic choice Tricks,
 'Tis "*Walk in and see the Ostrich;*"
 Modern Wits must give the Wall-*a*
 To the *Tyger* from *Bengal-a*.

Paw, Paw, Paw, &c.

V.

Now *Harlequin* full well contents-*a*
 The motly Race he represents-*a* ;
 Now all Genius must withdraw, Sir,
 And give Place to Wire and Straw, Sir.

Paw, Paw, Paw, &c.

VI.

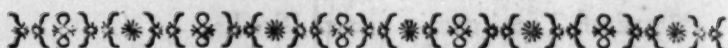
Manly Judgment, Wit and Reason,
 To our Critics Ears are Treason ;
 And *Rich's* Lion fights with *Garrick*,
 As *Dun Cow* with *Guy* at *Warwick*.

Paw, Paw, Paw, &c.

VII.

Thus Life's a Stage ; your aged Boys, Sir,
 Cry once more for Children's Toys, Sir ;
 The present is, as was the past-*a* ;
 Babes at first, and Babes at last-*a*.

Paw, Paw, Paw, &c.



NUMB. 15. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Jan. 27, 1752.

— *Ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ saturi, qui diæ Poemata narrent.*

PERSIUS.



THE Club, of which I am a Member, and of which I have already given some Account in this Paper, is not a Confederacy in Riot and Debauchery, but was instituted with a View of enjoying a pleasing Converse, rather than of contending with each other for the Renown of the most potent Constitution, or the mo^t capacious Swallow. Accordingly our Discourse generally turns upon some Topic, that may serve to disclose the Humours of Mankind, or carry our Taste to a greater Degree of Refinement in the polite Arts.

An Evening of this sort I was sure to enjoy at our last Meeting, as the Chair was to be filled by Mr. *Candid*, whom I have formerly described as a very odd Critic, good Nature and Knowledge being Peculiarities remarkable in his Character. As soon as the mutual Civilities were exchanged between the Company, this Gentleman acquainted us with an Occurrence, which is really of a very extraordinary Nature. As he was walking in the *Piazas* at *Covent-Garden*, he perceived a Man extremely busy in pasting up against the Walls, Advertisements of so singular a Purport, that he was induced

induced to beg one of them, which was read out to the Club, and was in Substance as follows :

“ Lately launched at *Deptford*, a Ship called the
 “ *Pantomime*, n^o w lying at *Iron-gate*, whereof is Owner
 “ *John Lun*, Burthen seven hundred Tons, mounts four
 “ and thirty Guns, and bound directly for the *South-*
 “ *Seas*, in quest of Monsters of all Sorts ; to cruize for
 “ some Time in those Parts, and thence to bear away
 “ to the unknown World, to touch upon the Coasts of
 “ *Asia* and *Africa*, and return home North about, in
 “ order to stock our Theatres with the wildest Exotics
 “ that can be met with. Good Encouragement will be
 “ given to all Seafaring Men, who will ship themselves
 “ on board the *Pantomime* above mentioned ; and, as a
 “ Corps of Marines will be requisite, disappointed For-
 “ tune-Hunters, broken Gamesters, Hen-peck'd Huf-
 “ bands, Under-actors, &c. shall be received, and en-
 “ ter into Commission forthwith.”

“ *N. B.* Apply to any of the Brokers on Change, at
 “ *Sam's* Coffee house, *George's Temple-Bar*, the *Bedford*,
 “ or the Stage-Door of the Theatre in *Covent-Garden*.

This Piece of Intelligence gave no small Astonish-
 ment to the rest of the Company ; but our Chairman de-
 clared, he had seen so many strange Turns in Life,
 that he did not doubt but it would be absolutely carried
 into Execution ; and added, that it would certainly draw
 prodigious Houses, to have it mentioned in the Play-
 Bills, that the principal Parts, in a new Entertainment,
 will be performed by a wonderful *Armadillo* from *Brasil*,
 a *Serpent* from the River *Oronoque*, the famous *Lanthorn-*
Fly from *Peru*, a *Mermaid* from the *Ladrones Islands*, a
 surprising *Camel*, a *Rhinoceros*, and many horrible Ani-
 mals, being their first Appearance on the *English Stage*.

Mr. *Candid* proceeded to observe, that poor *Shakespear*,
 who used to flourish, like the Thorn at *Glastonbury*, in

the Depth of Winter, must now entirely be destroyed but however, to prevent, as far as in him lay, this threatening Mischief, he informed us, that he has drawn up, with no small Pains, a Pamphlet entitled, *A modest Proposal against abolishing Nature, and Shakespear, at this Juncture*, addressed to *David Garrick, Esq;* with whom he hoped it would have due Weight, as all his Performances have displayed a true Relish for our great Poet's masterly Touches, and as the Course of his Management has proved him to be a cordial Friend to Genius and Letters.

"And now, since I have mentioned Mr. Garrick," continued he, "I had rather see him come out from the Murder of *Duncan* in the Character of *Macbeth*, with the Daggers in his Hands, than behold a Fountain of Tin, playing in Jetteaus, a real Cascade, or a Country-dance by all the Monsters of the Creation.—" "I may be out in my Taste, but, there are Touches of Nature in the Play just mentioned, which I shall always reflect upon with Pleasure; though I cannot help wondering, that Garrick, who always strikes out the brightest Ideas, should attach himself to the common Reading of a Line in the Part of *Macbeth*, when so noble a Meaning is to be extracted from the same Passage. The Thing, I mean, is, when he looks at his Hands, and breaks out into the following Speech.

*With all great Neptune's Ocean wash this Blood
Clean from my Hand? No;—this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Sea incarnadine,
Making the Green one Red.*

"The last line is generally pronounced, as if *Shakespear* meant, the GREEN-ONE, which, after the pompous Expression of the *Multitudinous Sea*, would render it liable to the Imputation of an Anticlimax; whereas,

" if

“ if it is understood, as *making the Green*,—ONE RED,
 “ i. e. the Colour of the Sea, which is of itself green,
 “ *one intire universal Red*, it would close the Passage
 “ with a Dignity responsive to what precedes, and ade-
 “ quate to the Vastness of *Shakespear's* Conception, as it
 “ not only keeps up the Image impressed upon the Mind,
 “ by the Term MULTITUDINOUS Sea, but also height-
 “ ens the Horror of *Macbeth's* Crime ; the Blood he has
 “ spilt being sufficient to convert the natural Colour of
 “ the whole Ocean into — ONE RED.”

This Interpretation may, perhaps, not appear *Ortho-*
dox to those who are bigotted to *Play-house Tradition* ;
 but by our whole Club it was thought extremely just,
 and Mr. *Plastick*, the *Shaftsburian* Philosopher, received
 it with an Air of Enthusiasm ; declaring, that it sug-
 gested an Idea, which expanded the Imagination, the
 more it dwelt upon it. After this, he offered some
 Doubts, which arose in his Mind, concerning a Passage
 in the same Play, of which he conceived the Meaning,
 though he did not see the Propriety and Consistence of
 the Figures. The Lines hinted at are in *Macbeth's*
 Soliloquy concerning the Deed he was to perpetrate.

————— *I have no Spur*
To prick the Sides of my Intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on th' other. ———

Mr. *Candid* immediately reassumed the Discourse. “ The
 “ first Thing to be observed, said he, is the Rapidity
 “ of *Shakespear's* Imagination, and the quick Succes-
 “ sion of Ideas, which it supplied him with. The me-
 “ taphorical Expression in the Verse,—*I have no Spur*
 “ *to prick the Sides of my Intent*,—gave Occasion to
 “ the Figure following, in the succeeding Line—*But*

"VAULTING AMBITION, *which o'er-leaps itself, and falls on th' other.*—The Allusion is to a *managed Horse*, and AMBITION is represented as a Person, who endeavouring to vault into the Seat, by the Violence of his Effort, overleaps himself, and falls quite on the other Side."

The *Shaftsburian* returned Thanks for the Light thrown upon this Place, and observed, that the Interpretation is perfectly applicable to the Circumstances and Conduct of *Macbeth*; when Mr. *Allcash*, the Citizen, interposed, and told us, that, for his Part, he did not mind your Plays much,—that he went to see *Garrick* at *Goodman's-Fields*, and could not help laughing to see the People cry at *King Lear*, when he knew it was all a Play, and paid his Money for it. This contributed to ruffle the Temper of Mr. *Plastick*, who instantly harangued upon the *Public Sense*, the *Moral Sense*, and the *Internal Sense*; but Mr. *Allcash* was not to be beat out of his Way, and, instead of paying any Deference to this Doctrine, he desired an Explanation of a Line in *Othello*, where *Iago* says, *Who steals my Purse steals Trash, 'tis something, nothing.* "Is there not, *said he*, some Mistake, in calling Money *Trash*, and *something nothing*?"

The Chairman smiled at this Observation, which he promised to consider at his Leisure, and for the present, proceeded to give a Correction of a Mistake in *Othello*, in the fifth Act of which *Iago* says to *Roderigo*,

*I have rubb'd this Gnat almost to the Sense,
And he grows angry.*

The common Editions give us the Lines in this Manner, and Mr. *Warburton* has done the same. *Theobald* is the only Editor who saw the Absurdity. To rub a Gnat,

Gnat, as he observes, though ever so gently, would rub it out of all Sense, and would effectually kill it. Yet, though he perceived the Error, it seems, he knew not how to mend it. The Quarto Editions, Mr. *Candid*, told us, instead of *Gnat*, read *Quat*, or *Quot*; “but *Theobald*, continued he, not knowing the Meaning of “the Word, alters it to *Knot*, the Name of a Bird, “and has a long Note to justify the Correction. But “the old Books are perfectly right, a *Quat*, or *Quot*, “being a small Heat or Pimple, which, by itching, “provokes us to scratch it, and when rubbed to the “Quick or Sense, it becomes hot and angry. The “Word has not perhaps the Authority of any contemporary Writer, but must certainly be *Shakespeare's*; as “it is still used in *Warwickshire*, the native Country of “the old Bard; and in *Northamptonshire*, where I passed “a good many Months, a few Years since, it still carries “with it the Meaning already assigned to it.”

Our Chairman ceased here, and I apprehend, that the communicating this Remark will be agreeable to all the Admirers of *Shakespeare*; and I am apt to think, that many Passages of the Poet, seemingly corrupted, are to be illustrated, not from Books, but from the Customs and Dialect of the People; many of the Terms, which appear quite antiquated and obsolete, being, as I am informed, still used in the Northern Parts of the Kingdom.

Our Researches into Literature ended here, and the Company immediately withdrew, like satisfied Guests. If my Readers should rise from the Perusal of this Lucubration with the same Relish, I shall have gained the End proposed by this Account of our Transactions.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter from Dublin.

Dear CHARLES,

YOU will undoubtedly be informed by the public Papers, long before this can reach your Hands, of the Conversion of that excellent Actress, Mrs. *Woffington*, who is at present highly admired here for her admirable Performances. Various are the Conjectures concerning the Motives, which induced her to renounce the Errors of the Church of *Rome*; but the most probable Opinion is, that some eminent Lawyers advised her to this Step, in order to qualify herself to wear a Sword in the Characters of Sir *Harry Wildair* and *Lothario*; which she could not safely attempt as a Papist, it being highly penal in this Kingdom for any one of the *Romish* Communion to carry Arms:

Bedford Coffee-house, Jan. 27, 1753.

Wit and Humour at a stand——

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

The Run of Pantomimes not over yet.

O Shakespear! O Johnson!

Rest, rest, perturbed Spirits.

NUMB.



NUMB. 16. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Feb. 3, 1752.

———*Dabiturque Licentia sumpta pudenter.*

HOR.

Y Lucubration of last *Saturday* contained an
M Account of the Transactions of our Club;
and as an Incident offered, after it broke
up, which gave Rise to the Speculation of
this Day, I beg that this Paper may be received as
a Sequel to it.

The Majority of our worthy Members returned home, rather sooner than is usual with them; at length, Mr. *Candid* and myself were the only Two remaining. As we drew nearer to the Fire, and to each other, our Hearts began to throw off all Reserve; and the *Conversation*, which before was vague and upon general Topics of Literature, became gradually more confined, and at length it centered wholly on ourselves. Mr. *Candid*, amongst other Particulars, began to congratulate with me on my Address and Reputation as a Writer, and the Credit he was pleased to say I had acquired, in conducting the Paper which bears my Name. Your Reputation, Mr. *Ranger*, says he, is at present in its early Bloom; the Aspect of the Public shines on you, with a cheering Influence and Warmth. But you are not to imagine, it will be always thus. The Sky may be overcast, and the enlivening Radiance intercepted; a chilling Frost may unexpectedly succeed, and nip all your Blossoms in the Bud. To drop the Metaphor,

continued he, the Countenance and Encouragement of the Public may be withdrawn, and at a Time when you are exerting all your Talents to deserve and secure it. Popular Favour, and popular Prejudice, are the most capricious Things imaginable. Disgust will often arise, where no Satiety has been given; and mutual Confidence and good Liking will unaccountably degenerate to Coldness, Suspicion, and Indifference. Yet, it may be difficult to say, from whence this Alteration is occasioned; or, whether it is owing to the Pretensions of the Writer, or the Reader; but in this Case perhaps, as in most others, there may be Faults on both Sides. Exorbitant Claims are not so easily adjusted; especially where the Parties are equally unwilling to recede from their presumptive Rights. The Author is often unreasonable in his Demands for Fame; and the Public as hard to be gratified in their Expectation of Pleasure. You are, at present, considered as a new Writer; the Delicacies you regale the Town with, are a Dish unthought of by your Fellow-Caterers for the general Entertainment. But these in Time will become familiar to our Taste; your Wit will then be censured to have lost its Poignancy, and your Humour its Relish. I was going to make a suitable Reply to so obliging an Encomium, when my Friend prevented me, by observing that the Evening was now far advanced; and that it became us, as *Originals*, not to prolong our Computations to the modern Midnight Hours of Conversation.

In retiring to my Chambers, I could not forbear ruminating on the Sentiments of my penetrating Acquaintance; and resolved to throw together a few Reflections upon what may be term'd *Novelty* in Writing.

I think then that judicious Imitation either of antient or modern Standards ought not to be stigmatised as Larceny in an Author. He is certainly at Liberty to
draw

draw from any excellent Model, whom he chuses to copy; and that without incurring the ignominious Appellations of a Plagiary or Transcriber. Universal Custom will justify the Practice. All the imitative Arts may be more particularly termed so, as the several Masters have frequently work'd after a Plan, that was first sketched out by some eminent Example. The same Design, diversified indeed with newer Decorations, as Genius or Invention prompted, may be traced in the different Performances of subsequent Artists; sometimes extended by the Addition of Circumstances, which naturally grew out of the Work; or contracted, by pruning the luxuriant Branches, and retrenching what appeared superfluous and unnecessary.

This general and distant Imitation, it will be readily owned, is allowable and just; is what cannot perhaps be easily avoided, where the Subject is treated with Propriety, and according to the Rules of Art. Thus *Virgil* followed *Homer*; thus *Addison* will always be regarded as the Pattern either of grave, or of humourous Speculation; and *Fielding* will ever be a faithful Guide to the Adventurer in comic Romance.

But there is another Kind of Imitation, which is more direct and literal; and which consists in adopting the Sentiments and Phrase of others. Of this the Legality is yet a Question, and the Practice is generally judged to denote Poverty of Thought, and Defect of Imagination in the Writer. The Censure is perhaps too rigid, or at least may be moderated by some qualifying Considerations that suggest themselves to our impartial Attention.

The Transfusion of Wit, from one Language to another, when done with Elegance and Ease, has been seldom turned to the Disparagement of the Author who has Abilities to do it, when the Spirit is not suffered
to

to evaporate, but retains all the Sprightliness and Vigour which it possess'd in the Original. The Sentence which I have placed at the Head of this Paper is an Indulgence to an Author, either for reviving obsolete and antiquated Expressions, or for the Importation of new ones, if the Liberty be used with Modesty and Discretion. What *Horace* has thus observed with regard to Words only, may by Parity of Reason be applied to Sentiment and Thought.

If the Language is enriched by the Addition of a single Term or Phrase, our Stock of Knowledge is made still more exuberant, by introducing a Succession of new Ideas; in Proportion as the Value of an Ingot is superior to a single Coin. To discover a new uncommon Vein of Thinking upon ordinary and beaten Topics, requires that creative Power of Imagination, which Nature has imparted only to her Favourites, and with a frugal sparing Hand. Authors of inferior Genius have easier Methods assigned them in their Pursuit of Fame. It must be their Merit to select the most agreeable and pleasing Imagery, to give delicate and graceful Turns to obvious and common Thoughts; and by this Means to recommend what is grown familiar to our Imagination, by the Novelty and Advantage of its Dress. A Statue which we have ceased to look on with the Eyes of Admiration, when removed to another Point of View, shall strike us with fresh Pleasure and Delight; a Pleasure which results entirely from the Novelty and Change of its Position.

There is a Couplet in *Pope*, which I beg Leave to produce, as applicable to the Sentiments advanced.

*True Wit is Nature to Advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.*

And

And this very Sentiment, which I mention only as relative to the Subject, and which, on any other Occasion, I should have industriously concealed, our ingenious Poet has taken from a Remark of *Boileau*. Writers who argue with Precision will often unavoidably fall into a Coincidence of Thought: Nature and Truth are invariable; and when several Pictures are taken of the same Object, if they are just Copies of the Original, they will necessarily have a Likeness to each other. I might add likewise, how difficult it is to offer what has not yet been said by any one, on Subjects that appear exhausted.

An humourous Acquaintance, who often talks to me on this head, lays it down as an indisputable Principle, that Composition is only the Art of Stealing wisely: And indeed, as Matters are usually managed by our worthy Fraternity of Authors, if we strike out the last Word, his Definition is perfectly unexceptionable. I make then no Scruple to declare, that I look on all the Wit, and all the Humour in antient or modern Languages, as good and lawful Prize; and that I shall freely convert them to my own Use, and the Public Emolument: But then I will take care to do it in such a Manner as shall reflect no Disgrace to the Author from whom I borrow it; and that, if he comes at any Time either in Person, or by his Attorney, to demand his Property, he shall find it employed in the very Way which he himself would chuse.

Having said this, I give public Notice of this my Intention to Mr. *Town* and all his Adherents, and I advise them withal to keep a good Look-out, in order to detect and expose me.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Feb. 3.

A New Sect of Philosophers has lately started up in this Place, and they are properly called the *My-fists*, each Person having an Appearance of profound Erudition, though nothing is ever known to escape from any of them. At the head of them is Mr. *Wise-would*, remarkable for a dark involved Countenance, and very mysterious Elocution. If you ask his Judgment upon any Thing relating to the Arts and Sciences, of which he affects to be an Admirer, he immediately contracts his Brow, looks wise, fixes his Eye, and gravely answers—"Those are abstract Ideas—I wrote an Essay upon that Subject once—I shewed it to a Man of Judgment, and he agreed with me in the Thing"—Mr. *Wise-would* is never more explicit; if he has any Knowledge we recommend to his Reflection the following Sentiment of Mr. *Pope*.

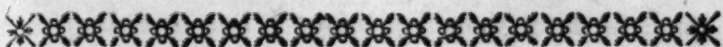
The worst of Avarice is that of Sense.

George's, Temple-bar, Feb. 3.

The first Book of the *Hilliad* was published this Week, and it is universally agreed that Mr. *Smart* has favoured the Public with a very beautiful Piece of Mock-Epic-Poesy, in which it is hard to determine which should be most admired, the Elegance and Strength of his Imagination in the more serious Parts of the Poem, or the rich Vein of Humour which enlivens the more ludicrous Passages. In short, by this Stroke of Genius *his Inspectorship* will be, as Mr. *Pope* expresses it,

*Sacred to Ridicule his whole Life long,
And the sad Burthen of a merry Song.*

NUMB.



NUMB. 17. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Feb. 10, 1752.

— — *Vario multum diversu palato.*

HOR.

SINCE my first entering upon the Province
of a periodical Writer, I have been very
inquisitive concerning myself, and, while
I have been endeavouring to glean Characters and other Materials for the Embellishment of my Paper, I have made it my Business to collect all the Intelligence I could in relation to Mr. *Ranger*. With this View, I have spent Two-pence in every Coffee-house within the Bills of Mortality, and I have some Time past stood listening to the Buzz of Fame around me; as the Lion is said, when he has fill'd the Forest with Terror, to stop short in his Career, in order to observe the Effects of that Alarm, which his Roaring has occasioned among the Tenants of the Wood. Some, I find, are pleased that a Satyrist is stalking abroad; others afraid of coming under his Lash; and different Reports prevail in different Quarters. In one Part of the Town I am a black Man, in another a fair one; now tall, now short; now fat, now lean; *English*, *Scotch*, and *Irish* by Turns. At Sam's Coffee-house, in the City, I have a Place in the Custom-house; at Batson's I am a Physician without Practice. From thence my Consequence grows less by Degrees, and dwindles all along *Cheapside* and *Fleetstreet*; insomuch that my Spirits would subside to a very low Ebb, did not my Fame again start up at the Coffee-houses about
the

the *Temple*, where I am represented in various Lights; and no later than Yesterday, I over-heard a sober-looking Man saying to his Friend, "I am not fond of giving any Body an ill Word, but I believe he is an Attorney." From *Temple-Bar* Westward my Reputation gathers Strength and Lustre, and by the Time it reaches the *Bedford*, "I am a damned fine Fellow, that have seen a great deal of the World, KILLED my Man, debauched my Girl, intrigued with a Countess, cuckolded an Alderman, and an excellent Bottle-Companion; a Wit, a Blood, a Mimic, and what not? Were I a Dupe to Popularity, I should certainly derive a very exquisite Pleasure from these various Descriptions, as I flatter myself that a Person must have some Degree of Importance, before he can thus become the Topic of public Conversation. There is another Circumstance which does not a little administer to my Pleasure; and that is the Variety of unknown Correspondents, from whom I am frequently honoured with Epistles in this my public Capacity. Some of these Gentlemen are so obliging as to pay their Compliments to my *excellent Talents*; but all such Tokens of Civility, I beg Leave to suppress; nor shall I take this Opportunity to write in Terms of Adulation, under an imagined Character to myself; though I know it is the Practice of many Brother Authors, and though I am not insensible of the delectable Sounds, "Dear *Ranger*, your Predecessor the *Tatler*, &c." or "your Brother Essayist Mr. *Addison*, &c." or, "the Sublimity of your Genius, the Delicacy of your Wit, the irresistible Poignancy of your Humour, &c.—" "Eternal Admirer and constant Reader." Something in this Stile would, I must own, play agreeably about the Heartstrings, and give a Lustre to my Reputation; but I shall at present have the Self-denial to resist this flat-

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flattering Temptation, and I shall fill up the Remainder of my Paper, with a few short, but real Epistles, which came to hand since my last.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

SIR,

If your News be true, it is the most entertaining I have ever met with, and I like your Fancy much. But pray who is Mr. *Town*? and what Sort of a Man is *Quinbus Flestrin*? I wish you would so describe 'em both that I may know 'em, when I see 'em. If you comply with this, you will oblige,

Newgate-Street, Feb. 4.

Yours, &c.

JOHN SAVEALL.

I shall give my Correspondent a fuller Description of Mr. *Town* in the Words of *Dryden*, "Legion's his Name, a People in a Man;" and with regard to *Quinbus Flestrin*, *Charles* at the *Bedford* will shew him to the Curious any Evening between the Hours of Six and Ten.

Dear Mr. RANGER,

Several People have taken Offence at your Writings, imagining they contain oblique Strokes upon particular Characters, and I have been kicked three Times already upon a Supposition that I am the Author. Pray, Dear Sir, be so good as to take the Honour to yourself, and you will very much oblige,

Fleetstreet, Feb. 2.

The Injured,

THOMAS LYRIC.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

SIR,

I am of that Sect of Philosophers, who hold the Tenets of *Pythagoras*, and since my Arrival in Town
I have

I have met with an incontestable Proof of their Validity. I went the other Night to see Mr. *Garrick*, in the Character of *Richard the Third*, and I am sure he was possessed of the very Soul of *Richard*. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, does not this confirm the Doctrine of Transmigration? Your Opinion on this Head will oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

*****.

If this Gentleman will see Mr. *Garrick* this Evening in the Character of *Macbeth*, he will think him possessed of another Soul, and indeed he will imagine the same almost all the Nights on which this Gentleman performs. —Having thus acquitted myself to my Correspondents, I think proper, in order to show how glad I shall be of any future Contributions, to put out the following Declaration.

If any Gentlemen Writers, or others, have a Mind to serve the Cause of Wit, and pull down the Empire of Dullness; if any *Templers* prefer *Shakespear* to Lord *Coke*; if any Attorney's Clerks pen a Stanza instead of engrossing; if any Wife have too little Husband, or any Husband too much Wife; if any old Maid is angry with the Men, or any Man justly incensed against Coquettes; if any Nobleman is troubled with an Itch of Scribbling, or any Person of Genius has a mind to try his Hand in secret; in short, if any People whatever have a Smattering of Wit, Humour, or Raillery, let them repair to Mr. *William Faden*, Printer, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleetstreet*, and they shall have present Relief and Entertainment; and immediately upon their Appearance in the *Gray's Inn-Journal* they will commence Authors of the first Magnitude.

Vivat Rex.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office, Feb. 10.

I Shall this Day give a farther Account of the Seminaries in this Metropolis.

Batson's in Cornhill.

This Place is the grand Dispensatory of Life and Death, and upon any Emergence, there are always fifty or sixty Physicians, reading the News Papers, and waiting for a Call; so that in Case of a Goal-Distemper, a City Feast, or a good bleak North-east Wind, Redress is to be had by sending to this Academy. From the Care of Health, a Transition is frequently made to the *Stamina* or Life of Books, Plays, Pamphlets, &c. and *Hippocrates* and *Galen*, *Aristotle* and *Bosſu*, are promiscuously quoted by the Gentlemen of the Faculty. And here, at any Time, may be had a Receipt for a *Bolus*, or an Epic Poem; for an *Elixir Salutis*, or a Tragedy-Bowl of Poison; and it is agreed by them all, that *Mercury* should interfere but seldom, either in Life or on the Stage;

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus, &c.

Grecian Coffee-house.

Though we are all Volunteers in Literature, never was an Army under juster Regulation, or so strictly observant of Discipline. The General has made a judicious Choice of Officers. Captain *Quibble* commands the light Body of *Puns*; the Cavalry of *Horſe-laughs* is given to Brigadier *Lungs*; the main Body of *Bulls* is directed by Lieutenant General *Manerwell*, and Major *Sly* is promoted to the Regiment of *Double Entendres*;

tendres; there are besides several Faggots, and False-musters, which the General thinks proper to connive at.

John's Coffee-house, Sweeting's-Alley.

Since the Death of the venerable Mrs. *Shipton*, of precise Memory, our Affairs have been conducted with great Regularity under the judicious Management of *Robin*. The upper Apartment is frequented by all-seeing Politicians, and commercial Sages, as well as certain choice Spirits, who, having a peculiar Taste in Dress, are pleased with the Opportunity of exhibiting their Persons to Advantage, in gracefully tripping up Stairs, while the more humble, whose Genius does not exceed the Smartness of a *Cut Bob*, are content to pore over the daily Intelligence in the lower Regions, to the no small Detriment of their Eyes.

Sam's Coffee-house, Change-Alley.

This Place is a Nursery of Critics, Bucks, Bloods, Politicians, Jews, Stock-Jobbers, &c. and Major is highly alert in handing Books, Poems, and Tracts of all Sorts to the Students, according to their respective Inclinations to the Perusal of Pamphlets, or the deeper Researches into Systems of Philosophy. In short, this Place, like *George's* at *Temple-Bar*, is a Seminary, from which the Town will be annually supplied with every Species of Genius.

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NUMB. 18. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Feb. 17, 1752.

— — Conclamant ore Sophistæ. Juv.

Y Readers are by this Time sufficiently acquainted with many little Societies in this Town: I shall this Day present them an Account of a very extraordinary College, called the *Robin Hood Society*, which I shall give in the Room of any other Essay or News.

Robin Hood Society, Feb. 12, 1753.

A Society, for free and candid Enquiry, meets at this House every *Monday* throughout the Year, and this Day the Debates were carried on with the usual Discernment and good Sense.

About Seven o'Clock in the Evening the President, *Timothy Meek*, seated himself in his Chair, and with great Sedateness and Composure continued in it for about five Minutes; then rising slowly began with the customary Ceremony.

President. Pray, Gentlemen, be silent.

A Member of the Club. Here, Waiter, hand some Porter.

President. Accommodate the Gentlemen, and let us begin. — Pray, Gentlemen, be silent. — The Question, Gentlemen, is, — *Whether the Scripture Revelation would not, like that glorious Luminary the Sun, pervade and penetrate all Bodies, if it were of the same divine Original?*

— The Question, Gentlemen, is signed, *Jenkins*. — Is Mr. *Jenkins* here? — If he is, I wish he would answer,

answer, for I have a very bad Cold——no body appearing to it, it must go from me, as if it were mine. — Pray, Gentlemen, be silent——The Affirmatives in this Question is, to consider the Nature of that glorious Luminary the Sun, and also — Pray be silent Gentlemen — The Nature of the Gospel Exhibition; and they is to ponderate how far they agrees, and the Negatives is to consider the same, and by this Collision, it is possible, the Truth may be bolted out. — Pray be silent Gentlemen, — Hem! — Do you chuse to speak, Sir?

Oliver Cantwell. In handling this Argument, Mr. *President*, I shall beg Leave to set out with what may seem not very apposite to the Purpose, but it will lead into many Reflections, which will appear not wholly foreign to the Point. King *James I.* was the worst Monarch that ever sat in the Throne of these Realms; he was a pedantick, grammatical, pragmatical, tyrannical King, and his Son *Charles* was deservedly brought to the Block by that great Man *Oliver Cromwell*. The Seeds of Popery were sown in all the *Stuart* Race; the Jesuits know this perfectly well, and if there is one here at present, let him rise and contradict me if he can.

President. Time, Sir; do you chuse to speak, Sir? — Does any body on this Row chuse to speak. Mr *Mac Gregor*, do you chuse it?

Mr. Mac Gregor. Read the Question, Sir, (*Question read*) I cannot conceive why the Member who spoke last, should go out of his Way to abuse the House of *Stuart*, but I shall not follow him through all the Puddle and Mire it would lead me, were I inclined to pursue him — Touching this Question, Sir, there are three Things to be considered; the first is the Theory of Vision; Secondly, the Motion of the Sun and planetary System;

System; Thirdly, the Operations of the human Mind, with our Ideas simple, complex, abstract and concrete—With Regard, Sir, to the first, *Barclay* has the best Account, and every one knows, that the Sun was struck out of Chaos by the creative Mandate of the Almeety Fiat; and finally it is certain, that Memory depends on our earliest Associations of Ideas, which naturally evinces Deism, and utterly discoontenances the Cause of Christianity, which *certainly is not founded on Argument*. Mr. *Locke*, in his Chapter of innate Ideas —

President. Your five Minutes are out Sir; Time Sir; do you chuse to speak? Does any Gentleman on this Row chuse to speak?

Mr. Wiseacre. — *Rises with his Eyes shut; opens them*. Read the Question, Sir, (*Question read*) *shuts his Eyes; pauses; opens his Eyes*; — No, nothing at all; — I pass, Sir.

President. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh; — pray be silent, Gentlemen; do you chuse to speak, Doctor?

Doctor Talmud. — Mr. *President*, — I am sorry Rancour and Ill-nature, Mr. *President*, — prevail in this Assembly. — Pray, Gentlemen, — let us, Gentlemen, be free from Malice. — Do, Gentlemen, for God's Sake, — let us be polite, — and good *boomoured* and *boomane*, Gentlemen, — let us discuss every Thing with Decency. But, hem! — I must observe, Mr. *President*, that the Objections to Revelation arise from an Ignorance of the original Language, in which it was *commoonicated*. For Instance, the Passage relating to *Jeptba's* Vow has been a great Fund of Raillery; but when we take the full Force of the *Hebrew* Passage, *Eama, Jacabasa, Irraurisla, Diarba, Diota*, I apprehend the Difficulty disappears. I am glad to have this *Opportunity* of correcting this Mistake, which Gentlemen have gone into in opposing Revelation to *natooral* Religion.

The Light of the Scriptures, *Mr. President*, leads to the Improvement of *natooral* Religion, and like the Radiance of the Sun, *boomanely* speaking, does pervade all Bodies that are not impervious.

President. I am sorry, Doctor, your Time is elapsed.

Doctor addressing himself to his next Neighbour. — The Sun does pervade all Bodies that are not impervious.

Mr. Shallow. — I could wish, Sir, that I had known of this Question — I could have read something about it; — but it escapes my Memory at present, — if I had Time, I could have read about it. *Chubb* says a great deal in his Book, but I own I don't recollect it; and *Mandevill* too, but I wish I had known it before; I must beg to read some Notes, I have put together since the Debate, though I could wish I had Time to read about it.

President. Time, Sir, — do you chuse to speak, Sir?

Mr. Broadbrim. — Esteemed Friend, I have found out a Truth, which I never told any body, in my Life, and I will now tell it to this Company. — We consist therefore then of three Species.

President. — — Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh. Pray Gentlemen.

Mr. Broadbrim. — We consist, as I said, of three Species; the Flesh, the Spirit, and God's Grace; and this I never told any body in my Life before and I now tell it in the Name of Charity to this good Assembly.

Mr. Sneerwell. — *Mr. President*, I have little to offer at present; only I must observe, that we are all greatly obliged to the worthy Member who spoke last, for his Information. He tells us we are of three Species; the Flesh, the Spirit, and God's Grace. — The former

former of these he possesses very amply, *viz.* the Flesh, but as to the Spirit, and God's Grace, he seems destitute of both, for, I believe, if he had any Share of either, he would not have spoke as he has done.

Orator Bronze. — I am pleased to see this Assembly; — You're a Twig from me; a Chip of the Old Block at *Clare-market*; — I am the Old Block, invincible; — *Coup de Grace* as yet unanswered; — We are Brother Rationalists; — Logicians upon Fundamentals; — I love ye all; — I love *Mankande* in general — Give me some of that Porter.

President. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh; — Gentlemen, I have a very bad Cold.

Orator Bronze. — I am glad to see you joyous; — the Deity is a joyous Being.

President. — Time, Sir.

Orator Bronze. Do you know who you stop? — I'll never come here again — no the Devil a bit.

President. Is there any Gentleman come in since this Debate, that chuses to speak? — Pray, Gentlemen, be silent, — you'll please to take my Watch that I mayn't transgress my Time. —

The Affirmatives in this Question has endeavoured to invalidate the Gospel Exhibition; but as one Gentleman has observed, many Mistakes arises from the Ignorance of the *Hebrew*; and to be sure, we does lie under that Disadvantage, which is however in some Sort removed by the Notes in *Stackhouse's Bible*. There is a Writer, *Mounseer Du Pin*, who, though of the *Romish* Communion, may be allowed sometimes to speak Truth, though his Arguments often militates against himself, and I does upon the whole apprehend, that Revelation, or the Gospel Exhibition, like that glorious Luminary the Sun, is of Divine Original. (*Time, Sir.*)

The Questions, Gentlemen, (pray, Gentlemen, be silent) — for the next Night is.

Whether ADAM and EVE had the Veneral Disease, as we derive Corruption from them?

Signed Wagstaff.

Whether the greater Number of Cuckolds in *England*, than in *Ireland*, is owing to the Men, or the Women?

Signed Horner:

Whether Angels look best in a Morning, or an Evening?

Signed Metaphysick.

Whether such an Assembly as this, would be tolerated in any other Christian Country?

Signed Wagbucket.

Gentlemen, I wish ye all good Night.

ADJOURNED.



NUMB. 19. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Feb. 25, 1752.

Vin tu

Curtis Judæis oppedere?

HOR.

Y last Saturday's Lucubration gave an Account of one of the most remarkable Academies in *Europe*; I shall devote the entire Paper of this Day, to another very celebrated Seminary, situated in *Change-Alley*, of which, I apprehend, the Reader will be able to form some Idea, from a Perusal of the following Scene, which was taken from the Life, and is the Opening of a Farce intended to be worked up, for the Winter Season, into two Acts.

The

The Temple of LAVERNA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain draws and discovers a Group of circumcised exotick Figures, all having Selfishness, and a thorough Contempt of what ideal Moralists call Benevolence, strongly depicted in their Countenances. After a considerable Silence, a Broker addresses himself to his Friend.

1st Broker. *Moses*, what Turn do you imagine Things will take to-day?

2^d Broker. Nay, that you know is impossible to determine, until *Caiphas* comes: he is the Axis upon which the Wheel turns.

1st Broker. True; but, prithee, — does he not make it later to day than usual?

2^d Broker. Yes — you must know, he has been all this Morning closetted with the GREAT MAN; there is a grand Council held this Day upon Affairs of the greatest Importance to our Nation — we shall soon be upon a Footing with the best of them — but mum for that. — *Caiphas* brings all this about — they dare not refuse him any Thing.

1st Broker. No, no; but — does it not give you Pleasure, my Friend, to see *Great Britain* obliged to solicit the Assistance of our Nation? — though, to be plain with you, I am not quite satisfied with *Caiphas's* Conduct; I like not his seeming Apostacy. —

2^d Broker. Go to, go to; can you be ignorant, *Aaron*, that our Law admits of temporizing? — Great Ends are answered by it — and notwithstanding Appearances, *Caiphas* is, in the main, as true an *Israelite*, as ever dwelt in *Jerusalem*.

1st Broker. I hope it will prove so, — but would he were come to fix Things one Way or other.

2^d Broker. Why, what have you to do?

1st Broker. Nay, I have only some Annuities to sell by Commission; so, high or low, my Brokerage will be the same, — O ! here he comes at last.

Enter Caiphas; the Brokers immediately make a Circle, and, with their Hats off, cringe to him in the most servile Manner.

All. — Good morrow to you, Sir ; we were afraid you might be indisposed, not coming at your usual Hour — we hope nothing is amiss — do you buy or sell to-day, Sir ? —

Caiphas. I don't know yet ; I have not determined what I shall do.

1st Broker. What have the great ones resolved upon, pray Sir ? — Is it all settled ? Shall we have a fixed Place of Residence at last ? Have we baffled the Prophecies of the Galileans ? Have we, Sir ?

Caiphas. Hold your Tongue, you Blockhead. — The B — ps are for us — but Things an't quite ripe yet. —

2^d Broker. We were told, Sir, that you intend to offer yourself a Candidate for *Middlesex* ; I hope it is true, — every body is surprized that a Gentleman of your Fortune does not get into Parliament.

Caiphas. No, my Friends, I am not ambitious of Things of that Kind ; had I desired Honours, no one could more readily obtain them ; I was offered an *Irish Peerage*, but I declined it — no, no — I don't think of these Things — my Son indeed will be a great Man ; him you possibly may see a Duke — But, come, let us have no more Talk, but to Business — let

— let me sit down, that I may give you the proper Instructions.

Enter a French Gentleman with his Friend.

Friend. Sir, I have brought you to a Place, which is the greatest Curiosity in this Kingdom, and not to be paralleled in all the rest of the Globe.

Frenchman. Comment, dis leetle Caffee?

Friend. Yes, Sir, mean as it may appear to you, I will venture to say, there are more Millions Sterling transferred here in a Year, than can be well enumerated in French Livres.

Frenchman. Mon Dieu, it is ver extraordinaire dat.

Friend. In a Word, Sir, this is the great Scene of Stockjobbing.

Frenchman. Ah! les Actions, I understand de Actions.

Friend. — Come a little this Way — do you see that Jew there — Hark in your Ear — the very Atlas of the State. — Our Ministers have Recourse to him in all their Distresses, and are never able to carry any Point, I mean in the Money-way, but when he co-operates with them; insomuch that we are taught to look upon this Gentleman as the Support of our Constitution in Church and State.

Frenchman. — Marblieu! A Juif de Support of de Religion! — Quel Paradoxe?

Friend. However inconsistent this may appear, it is most indisputably true.

Frenchman. Mais, Monsieur, in France dere is de Action as well as in England, but you never hear dat de Ministre take de Juifs into his Confidence.

Friend. Dear Sir, you are never to mention France with England. France is an enslaved Country, and we are a free People.

Frenchman. By Gar, you are *ver free* People; I have great many Marks of your Freedom on my Body; de Populace in *France*, *assurance* — it have not de liberti to make black blue de Skin of de Gentlemen, comme en Angleterre.

Friend. But, Sir, if you consider the Nature of the two Governments, you must certainly give ours the Preference.

Frenchman. Ouy, ouy, in de *Speculation* it is very different, *mais quelle difference in de pratique?*

Friend. Your King obliges his Parliament to register his Edicts. —

Frenchman. — And your *Ministers*, fat is dey do? *n'est il pas le même?*

Friend. In *France* a Man does not enjoy Liberty of Conscience with Respect to Religion.

Frenchman. Religion! de Englis Religion, how you call it? —

Friend. We have reformed the Errors that crept into Religion, and we are Protestants.

Frenchman. C'est à dire, you are not Papist — your Religion den is negative.

Friend. The People of *England* give their Assent to the Laws, by which they are governed.

Frenchman. Mais, *Monsieur Walpole* *savoit bien leur prix.*

Friend. Well, I find we're not likely to settle this Point, so we will adjourn the Debate.

Frenchman. Ah! de tout mon cœur; mais *Monsieur*, fat is de People say, dat make ver great Noise?

Friend. O Sir, that is a Jargon only understood by the Initiated.

Frenchman. O mon Dieu! les *Anglois* sont de drolles — allons, *Monsieur*, *J'en ay veu assez.* —

Exeunt Frenchman and Friend.

Enter

Enter an Irish Gentleman with his Friend.

Irishman. Now, but is this the Stocks Place?

Friend. Yes, Sir, almost every Thing relating to the Funds is transacted here.

Irishman. But, my dear, where are the Stocks? the Devil a Stock I see.

Friend. The Stockjobbers attend in this Place, when they have any Business, whether to sell or buy.

Irishman. Ow! but I don't understand that now, my dear! — be plazed to explain it.

Friend. Suppose you have a Mind to become a Proprietor in the Funds, you employ a Broker, and he finds out a Person, who is willing to dispose of the Sum you want.

Irishman. And when we come together, how will he give me the Stock?

Friend. The Broker will carry you to the proper Office in order to have it transferred.

Irishman. Ow! then I won't have it here.

Friend. No, Sir, the Bargain only is made here.

Irishman. By my Troth, you may talk of it for ever, but I never will comprehend it.

Enter a young Gentleman, from the other End of the Town.

Young Gentleman. Waiter, is Mr. Judas the Broker here?

Judas. Here; who calls me?

Young Gentleman. Is your Name Judas?

Judas. Yes, Sir, at your Service.

One Stockjobber asks another. Do you know him?

The other answers. No, but by the Feather in his Hat, he's a Seller; I have known the Alley these thirty Years, and never remember a Man with a Feather in his Hat a Purchaser.

Young Gentleman. Mr. *Squanderstock* recommended me to you; I have Occasion for a Thousand Pounds, and want to dispose of as much *South-Sea* Stock as will produce it.

Judas. Sir, I shall be glad to sell it for you — may I beg the Favour of your Name?

Young Gentleman. My Name is CRAFTY?

Judas. I believe I can sell for you, Sir, shall you be this Way To-morrow?

Young Gentleman. To-morrow! — can't I have it now.

Judas. No, Sir, this is no Transfer-Day.

Young Gentleman. Z — ds, I would not come To-morrow for the Money; I am obliged to be at the Review; Pox of that old Prig, my Father, if it had not been for him, I should have nothing to do with these d — ned Stocks.

A By-Stander. That I am sure is true.

Young Gentleman. I'll find some other Way d — mn me; I'll give my Footman a Power of Attorney to transfer for me; d — mn me, to come into the City among a Parcel of Scoundrels, d — mn me.

[Exit murmuring.

A Stockjobler. I think, he said his Name is *Crafty*; he must be Son to *Ebeneazor Crafty*; he died a Year ago, and died very well.

Irishman. Arrah, my dear, did he die a Catholic?

Friend. No, Sir; DYING WELL has no Relation either to Religion or Morality, and only means, a Man died in good Circumstances,—

Irishman

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Irishman. Ow! but is that all; Faith, I thought it might have been some Protestant, who sent for a Priest on his Death-bed; come, come, I've seen enough of this, and by *Jasus*, I never desire to see it again.

[*Exeunt Irishman and Friend, the Irishman making the Sign of the Cross privately under his Coat.*]

Enter a Clergyman, and makes up to Caiphas, with his Hat under his Arm.

Clergyman. Shall I beg a Word with you, Sir?

Caiphas. Your Business, Sir?

Clergyman. I am a Candidate for a Living in this Neighbourhood, and make bold to request your Interest.

Caiphas. I know the Affair —— I don't yet know what I shall do in the Matter. Who is your Patron?

Clergyman. Mr. *Worthless*.

Caiphas. My Friend *Worthless*! the Living is yours; depend upon it; I am a little in a Hurry at present; but rely upon me, the Thing is done.

[*Parson bows submissively;—Exit Caiphas; upon which they all rise in Confusion, and so the Scene ends.*]



NUMB. 20. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, March 3, 1752.

*Ut Pictura Poësis erit, similisque Poësi
Sis Pictura; refert par æmula quæque sororum.*

FRESNOY's *Art of Painting*:

POETRY and Painting have been accounted Sister-Arts by Men of Taste in all Ages, and accordingly we find them both, in the Writings of all good Criticks, from Aristotle and Horace, down to Dryden and the Abbé du Bos, mutually borrowing Side-lights, and reflecting Lustre upon each other. They justly have the Precedence among the Arts of Imitation and Design, as they convey their Ideas by Signs more fixed and determinate than any of the others, and boast a more unbounded Scope to cull and select from all Nature, in order to adorn and embellish the favourite Piece.

I am aware that it may be said, Statuary has very near the same Advantage; and, that the Artist in this Way may observe the Knitting of a Joint in one, the Turn of a Neck in another, the Form of the Head in a Third, the Shape and Rounding of a Limb in a Fourth; and that, in short, from a Survey of sundry Objects, a complete and perfect Whole may be executed. But it must be remembered, at the same Time, that Statuary has not so ample a Field to range in, as the two first-mentioned, and is therefore greatly inferior to both.

Painting, in one particular Instance, seems to gain the Ascendant over Poetry, being universally understood

stood in every Clime and every Age, whereas the latter is confined to much narrower Limits, both in Time and Place. A *Raphael* painted, and a *Vida* wrote at the same Period; and how confined is the Reputation of the latter, when compared to the extensive Renown which has attended the Name of the first, through every Age and Country? The *Æra* may arrive, when, through the Instability of the *English* Language, the Stile of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones* shall be obliterated, when the Characters shall be unintelligible, and the Humour lose its Relish; but the many Personages, which the Manners-painting Hand of *Hogarth* has called forth into mimic Life, will not fade so soon, from the Canvass; and that admirable *Picturesque Comedy*, the *March to Finchley*, will perhaps divert Posterity as long as the *Foundling-Hospital* shall do honour to the *British* Nation. A Picture speaks the Language of every Nation, and is universally felt and understood in many different Countries at the same Time, in this Instance partaking the Advantages of Musick, which is however subject to many Restrictions, to which the Art of Painting is entirely a Stranger. The Caprice and Whim of different Nations prevent the Power of Harmony from becoming so universal in its Influence; for the primary Beauty of it, consisting in an Imitation of the Sounds appropriated to our several Passions, and those Sounds varying according to the Habits and Dialect of every different People, it follows of Course, that the Musick of any one Country must undergo many Changes and Variations, before it can be adapted to the Ear of a Man, who has resided for any Time in another Kingdom.

This Inconvenience the Art of Painting is not subject to, and in this Respect has the Advantage over Poetry, though in almost every other Point, it is obliged
to

to yield the Pre-eminence. It has been long since observed, that Truth is agreeable to the Understanding, and fine Imagery to the Fancy; but neither of them, we find, affords so intense a Pleasure, as when the Passions are agitated and worked into a Ferment. We then attach ourselves strongly to the Object, which excites these Emotions; we are pleased to be awakened from a State of still Life; and it is a Gratification to our moral Sense, to find our Hearts sensible and alive to those Sensations, which are the Ornament of our Nature. This being the Case, I believe, it may be asserted without incurring the Danger of a Controversy, that Poetry boasts this Power over the Passions beyond any other Art, at the same Time that it is a Vehicle for Instruction, and derives much of its Beauty from the Scenes of picturesque Imagination. Painting indeed partakes sufficiently of these Qualities, to entitle her to the Name of Sister, has many Features like, and in the Execution of her Designs is mostly directed by the same Rules. Both must have Unity of Action and Unity of Character, and both have a Latitude to introduce subordinate Personages, concerned in the main Business, and to exhibit them in proper Attitudes. A Metaphor may be as bold in Painting as in Poetry; an Allegory may be as instructive and pleasing to the Fancy upon Canvass, as in the written Page; what the Critics call Machinery, may be displayed in as elegant Strokes with the Pencil as with the Pen; the Fairy-way of Writing, mentioned by *Dryden*, may be made Use of in Colours, and the Fancy of the Artist, like a new Creation, may start to the Eye an whole Race of imaginary Beings. Some of the finest Passages in Epic and Dramatic Poesy, are those, where a Conflict is marked between several warring Passions; Painting throws these immediately before the Eye, and in Tints
art-

artfully blended, the nice Assemblage is delineated in the most striking Manner. A further Instance of the Congruity between these two Arts, is, that when a Poet has been lavish in a Description, the best Method of examining the Justness of it is, to consider what Kind of Figure it would make upon Canvass; and on the other Hand, the Descriptions, which we find in the Poets, may serve to supply Hints and Instruction to the Painter of Taste and Poetick Imagination. Add to this, that, as the chief Beauty of Poetick Diction does not consist in a Profusion of Ornaments, high Metaphors, and a Flourish of Words, so in the other, Colours too rich and glowing are disapproved, and the Excellence of both Arts, is seen in regular Designs, and a just Imitation of Nature.

The Ancients were enthusiastick Admirers of all the imitative Arts, particularly Painting, and upon all Occasions, we find them expressing a Taste for the Productions of the famous Artists. Accordingly their Poets seize every Opportunity of describing a Picture, a Piece of Sculpture, or any of the Works of the Loom. *Ovid* never omits it, where it naturally grows out of his Subject, and *Virgil* never seems more delighted than when he is laying before our Eyes the Shield of *Æneas*, or, like a skilful Virtuoso, pointing out to our Observation, the Beauties of a fine Painting:

*Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem
Miratur*—————

The Pleasure in this Case is *redoubled* upon the Mind, springing from a twofold Source; for the Delight we take in all poetick Description, is chiefly owing to the natural Love we have for Imitation, which affords an
Op-

Opportunity of comparing the Transcript with the original Object; and, when we peruse the Description of a Picture, we admire not only the Poet's Representation of it, but the Talent of the Artist, who has thus contrived to delineate by his Pencil so exact a Resemblance of Things, which have their Existence in Nature; and thus the Mind has two Arts to examine at once, and dwells between them both in a Suspense of Pleasure.

I have always admired the Description in the first *Aeneid* of that exquisite Piece of Painting of the Wars at *Troy*; and I think, the Poet's Account of it may suggest to us some Notion of the sublime Ideas he entertained of the Sister-Art of Poetry. All the Figures, which he mentions, are bold and animated; every Thing is in Motion, and, if I may be allowed to apply a Line of Mr. *Pope's*,

All Matter quick and bursting into Life.

What an Image have we of the *Trojans* repelling the Enemy, and of *Achilles*, with his nodding Plume, thundering at their Heels in his Turn? You think you hear the Sounding of his Carr, and you imagine you see him with his Arm aloft in Act to strike.

Hac fugerent Danai, premeret Trojana juventus;

Hac Phryges, INSTARET CURRU CRISTATUS ACHILLES.

The Situation of *Troilus* has been often admired, and the Procession of the *Trojan* Nymphs will always excite the tenderest Sentiments, and, I dare affirm, a finer Groupe was never imagined. Their dejected Looks, their dishevelled Hair, and the beating of their Breasts, are all striking Circumstances.

Interea

*Inter ea ad Templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
Crimibus Iliades passis, peplumque ferebant
Suppliciter tristes, & tunc Pectora Palmis.*

Priam raising his unnerved Arms, and imploring the Body of his Son *Hector* from *Achilles*, who dragged the Corps thrice round the Walls of *Troy*, must also afford great Room for the Expression of several Passions all at once struggling in the Soul; and upon the whole, I persuade myself, that if such a Painting as this Great Poet has here described were handed down to us, it would be the most valuable Piece of all Antiquity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE:

Batson's Coffee-house, March 3.

THE new Tragedy of the *Gamester*, which was exhibited at *Drury-Lane* in the Beginning of the last Month, and in which Mr. Garrick supported the principal Character with all those exquisite Feelings, which the extreme Sensibility and Quickness of his Imagination have made him Master of, became the Subject of our Discussions a few Nights since. The Dispute was carried on with such Warmth and Opposition of Sentiment, that it occasioned the following Epigram.

In a Coffee-house Ring, where the Chat ran on Plays,
A Clergyman spoke of the *Gamester* with Praise.

I could wish, said the Parson, poor *Beverley's* Life

Had been sav'd for the Sake of the Sister and Wife.

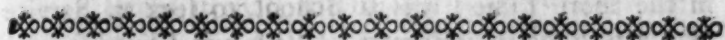
How,

How, quoth a Physician, should *Beverley* live?
 That *Lewson* escap'd I can hardly forgive.
 With Errors like these can a Scholar be bamm'd?
 I speak from the *Greek* Sir, the Play should be damn'd.
 Thus each in his Way was his Duty fulfilling;
 The DIVINE was for *saving*, the DOCTOR for *killing*.

Since our last arrived a Mail from *Parnassus*, which, among other Things, brought an Advertisement from *Boccalini*, importing that, when the New Tragedy of the *Earl of Essex*, written by Mr. *Henry Jones*, and lately presented at the Theatre Royal in *Covent-Garden*, arrived in those Regions, in a Packet sent thither from *Robert Doddsley's* in *Pallmall*, the *Comic Muse* was extremely merry upon the Circumstance of the Author's being an *Irish* Bricklayer, but she was soon interrupted in her Pleasantry by *Amphion*, who reminded her that poetick Harmony and Building were long since co-existent; and he added, that he hoped to see the Author of that Piece an *Inigo Jones* in Poetry.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Consumers of Cards are desired to meet To-morrow Evening, being *Sunday*, at the following Places; *White's Chocolate-house*, *St. James's Coffee-house*, the *Shakespeare's-Head*, *Bedford-Arms*, the *King's-Arms*, the *St. Alban's*, and the following Routs, the *Countess of Midnight's*, *Lady Shuffe's*, *Lord Lastlake's*, *'Squire Fiddle-faddle's*, and at almost every polite House in Town.



NUMB. 21. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, March 10, 1752.

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem

Testa diu. —————.

HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

PROMPTED by the Esteem I have for
P your entertaining and instructive Writings,
I venture to convey my Sentiments to you
in Relation to some Miscarriages in Life,
which proceed rather from Ignorance and the want of
Education, than any natural Propensity to Evil; and I
am the more induced to this, as my own Life will afford
ample Room for Reflection.

Without any further Detail, you must know then,
Mr. Ranger, that I am the Son of a Tradesman in the
West of England, long since deceased; the Lowness of
my Father's Circumstances would but barely suffice for
the Maintenance of a numerous Family, and you will
therefore suggest to yourself, that my Education could
not be better than what is afforded in the Generality of
Country-Village Schools. In vain did my Father sol-
licit the Assistance of a rich Relation of his at *Bristol*;
in vain did he represent the promising Genius of his Son,
if put under proper Culture. Deaf to the Ties of Af-
finity, though possessed of an Estate of fifteen hundred
per Annum, and a large personal Fortune, without the
Charge of a Family, and any Likelihood of having
any

any, he would afford him no Assistance; and I was therefore obliged, after having gleaned up all I could in the short Time I was at School, to seek a Service with a neighbouring Farmer. With him I lived several Years driving Plough, and employed in other Sort of Husbandry, when News arriv'd of the Death of the Relation I mentioned, and of his having left me all his real Estate, with six Thousand Pounds in Money, and three Thousand Pounds to each of my four Sisters. When I tell you that from my Education, and the Nature of my Servitude, I contracted a very strong Byass to low Company, you will imagine, I must make but a very indifferent Figure in my new Station. I was then two and twenty, and had never been accustomed to any Kind of Intemperance; and if my former Situation had enabled me to have been reckoned Company for the Gentlemen of the Place, I might still have continued a sober Man; but unhappily for me, the Circumstance of my having been a Servant, made me, notwithstanding the Largeness of my Fortune, shunned and despised, and I was constrained to herd with my former Companions, and others of better Substance, but abandoned Morals, with whom I soon acquired an Habit of Idleness and Debauchery, by which, in a few Years, I found my ready Money exhausted. To gratify the Extravagance of my Passions, which were now become violent and unruly, I was advised to take up some Money upon Part of my Estate, and to this Purpose I applied to a neighbouring Lawyer, who soon procured it for me. As the Meanness of my Education had hindered me from knowing any Thing of Law Affairs, I got my two Companions to overlook the Mortgage Deed, and with their Advice signed it, and they also set their Hands as Witnesses.

Being

Being now in Possession of seven Thousand Pounds, I was advised by these my two Friends to see the World, as they called it, and accordingly I set out soon after with them for *London*, leaving the aforefaid Lawyer to receive all my Rents in the Country. You will naturally imagine, Mr. *Ranger*, that in Town I tasted all the Pleasures it could give me; I saw every Thing, but still in the worst Company, and was continually surrounded by a Set of Sharpers, till having squandered away all my Money, and got considerably in Debt, I was arrested and sent to the *Fleet*. In this Situation I directed my Lawyer to remit me some Money, and the Arrest gave me no Concern, as I made no Doubt of being quickly at Liberty; but judge, Sir, my Surprize, when I was informed, that the Lawyer was in Possession of my whole Estate, by an absolute Surrender from me, which I had through Ignorance signed instead of a Mortgage deed, and that my two Friends, who had left me just before I was arrested, appeared for the Attorney to witness the whole Transaction. The Bitterness of this Calamity, and the Conscience of a mispent Life, filled me with the severest Grief, and would have entirely extinguished the Use of what little Reason I had, but for the Charity of a Fellow-Prisoner, who, touched with a Sense of my Misfortunes, not only did every Thing to alleviate them, but infused such a Portion of Knowledge and Philosophy into my Mind, during our long Imprisonment, as must for ever render me sensible of his Kindness. Let me finish the Account of my Life, when I have told you, that I was freed from my Imprisonment by the last Act of Grace, and that, with a moderate Sustenance, procured by honest Industry, I find myself more happy and contented now, than when possessed of Affluence, and a Mind immersed in Ignorance and Folly.

As

As my Sisters received no better Education than myself, I should tell you, that notwithstanding their Fortune, they are all come to Infamy and Poverty. The Eldest, soon after our Relation's Death, married a Labourer to the Farmer she had lived with in the Station of Maid-Servant, and they have run through all they had. The second was debauched by the Son of the Gentleman, at whose House she had hired herself, and is now in one of the Houses of bad Fame in *Covent-Garden*; the third married a Footman, and died about two Years ago, after having lived in great Distress; and the fourth, with Shame I speak it, is now Mistress to the Earl of*****.

From this Account of myself and my Family, I shall only draw one Inference, that if the Relation, who left us so liberally at his Death, had but given us a good Education, and behaved to us in his Life-time agreeably to the Estate he intended to leave us, the Misfortune we have met with, might, in all human Probability, have been avoided; and being connected by Marriage, or otherways, with Families of Credit and Reputation, we might now remain in Affluence, and enjoy a Name un sullied by Vice and Infamy. I am,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

The preceding Story is told by my Correspondent, in so interesting a Manner, that I could not withhold it from the Publick this Day, and I not only agree with him in his Remark, that his Misfortunes would all have been prevented by a proper Education, but I will add, that a Mind, which supported itself so well under

under Affliction, and that can look back to former Scenes of Life with so much Sensibility, would have imbibed such Impressions from an early Improvement, as might have rendered him an Ornament to any Family. If many of those, who find any striking Incidents in the Series of their Lives, would thus communicate them to the Public, it would be a very great Service to Society, as it would serve to detect the Ways of the World, and might put the Unwary upon their Guard against ill-designing Men. There is something extremely affecting in the Ruin of my Correspondent's four Sisters, but I am, however, highly pleased that he now enjoys a Tranquillity of Mind, and that, to alleviate Calamity, his Resources are in Virtue and honest Industry. I must observe, that the Inattention of the old Gentleman, who died at *Bristol*, to the Manners and Morals of his Relations, shewed something in him highly illiberal, not to give it a worse Epithet; and it is owing to this Indifference to the Improvement of the rising Generation, that we frequently see Estates in the Hands of those who are a Disgrace to Riches; and while this continues to be the Case, it is not to be wondered, that we meet with so many Boobies of Fashion, inelegant in their Behaviour, loose in their Morals, and fit to ride behind the Equipage, in which their Pride now lolls at Ease.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Opera-House in the Hay-market, March 6.

LAST Night the Votaries of Folly assembled here, for the fourth Time this Season, the Curtain was drawn exactly at Ten, and, in about six Minutes, the Side-boards were entirely stripped of the Sweetmeats
by

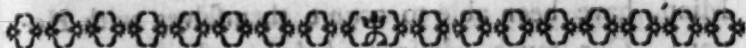
by some Ladies of the City, who were determined to have as much as they could for their Money, and very prudently considered, that they might have Occasion to quiet their Husbands, at their Return, with a Sugar-Plumb. The Night was spent in the most agreeable Conversation, such as, "Do you know me?—Yes I do—No you don't,—nay, but I do—He—he—he—Ha—ha—ha—" and several other lively Strokes of Humour. While the more industrious Part of the Company were pursuing the laudable Occupation of Gaming, which is at present the grand Business of the Nation, some Gentlemen, to heighten the Diversion, introduced a very considerable Number of *masqueraded Shillings*, which were so well disguised, that they passed among the Company for Guineas. Information was given of this humorous Frolick to Mr. *Justice Fielding*, who immediately went to enquire into the Affair; but as Gaming reduces all Mankind to a Level, he could not fix upon any one in Particular, and was therefore obliged to withdraw, allowing that they were all Gentlemen of Honour by their Profession.

Sam's Coffee-house.

Mr. *Wood*, the Master of this House, continues indefatigable in his Business, and attends the Gentlemen of the Academy with the utmost Alacrity. He stirs a Fire, or hands Coffee with great Promptitude, and he is almost constantly crying out, "Call Coffee Sir?—Coffee you shall have—*The Gray's-Inn Journal*?—All four in "Hand"—It is confidently said here, that *Mary Squires*, the Gypsy, now under Sentence of Death for risting *Elizabeth Canning*, can corroborate her *alibi Defence* by three hundred Witnesses, who are ready to depose that she was at *Abbotsbury* on the Day charged in the Indictment. *Elizabeth Canning* also, who is now sup-

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supposed to have worked a Miracle by fasting six and twenty Days, has at least as many to prove her being at *Enfield-Wash*. The Minds of Men are so heated on this Occasion, that it is imagined *Whig* and *Tory* will never be heard of again.



NUMB. 22. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, March 17, 1752.

— — *Pauci, quos æquus amavit*

Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,

Diis geniti potuere. — — —

VIRG.

THE Laurel, which has been so much
 T sought by the Writers of every Age, is
 not unlike the Golden Branch mentioned
 in the sixth *Aeneid*; if a Man is born to
 share the Prize, it is easily obtained; but if there be
 not derived from Heaven a Superiority of Genius,
 fruitless is the Endeavour of the unborn Poet, who
 thinks to arrive at the Heights of Fame by painful Vigils
 and the Dint of Labour and Application. A Medio-
 crity in Poetry will never be allowed: *Horace* tells us
 that the Suffrages of both Gods and Men are against it,
 and that a Writer of this Cast must never expect to see
 his Name on the Bookseller's Rubrick-Post. Poetry
 requires warm and glowing Colours; the Language
 of it must be elevated above the Diction of Prose; the
 Expressions should be more animated, and the Imagi-
 nation of the Reader more immediately struck at, than
 in any other kind of Writing; and whoever has not
 Energy

Energy of Genius to cultivate these Qualities, will be always sure to be neglected as a cold and spiritless Author.

Of all the different Species of Poetry, the Dramatic is the most difficult to succeed in, and, as it is expressed in the Words of my Motto, those few only, whom Heaven has peculiarly favoured with an Elevation of Mind, have been able to acquit themselves with Honour. Our much admired *Shakespear* stands yet unrivalled; he seized the Laurel with a Master-Hand at one Grasp; *Johnson*, by slower Degrees, though eager in Pursuit; *avidusque refringit cunctantem*; and *Otway* seems to have gained it with Facility.

I am pleased to find, that an Author justly celebrated among the foremost Successors of these immortal Genius's, has added another Wreath to that Garland, which the Muses long since wove for him; and, in my Opinion, the Public is greatly indebted to him for his *new Tragedy* of the *Brothers*, which was lately acted for the first Time at *Drury-Lane*. At the same Time that I advance this, I must observe, that the Subject of it is not perhaps as interesting to a *British* Audience, as a more domestick Story; and the Generality of People not being acquainted with the History of that Monarchy, it thence results that the Distress of the King of *Macedon* does not engage our Passions so forcibly as might be expected. It may be added, that the *Macedonians* are supposed, at that Point of Time, to be at Variance with the *Roman* Empire, for which we have contracted a kind of reverential Esteem; and on this Account those sublime Sentiments, which *Philip* utters in the Scene with the Ambassadors, against that Republick, are not received with a sufficient Degree of Warmth. But if it be considered, that the *Macedonian* Monarchy, though it dwindled by insensible Degrees, and was at last swallowed up
by

by the *Roman* Empire, was at one Time the most flourishing in *Europe*, I apprehend no Man can be entirely unconcerned in the Fall of so brave a People. I do not doubt but the Mention of *Cressi* and *Poitiers* would have a more powerful Influence on the Passions of *Englismen*, than *Thrasymene* and *Cannæ*; but for my Part, my Breast glowed to hear of those memorable Battles, which had like to have been so fatal to the *Roman* Republick; nor do I remember a grander Sentiment than that of *Philip*, when the Flight of *Hannibal* at *Capua* is urged by the Embassy of *Rome*. His Answer is, *Ay, there indeed I was not with him.* The Scene which succeeds this, is full of as tender Emotions as I have ever felt in any Theatre; the Anguish of the Father, to find a Discord subsisting between his Children, and the Remonstrance with which he endeavours to sooth them, must soften the Mind of every Hearer.

Why do I sigh? Do ye not know, my Son?

And if you do, Oh! let me sigh no more!

Let these white Hairs put in a Claim to Peace.

Perhaps no Characters can be better marked than those of *Philip*, *Perseus*, and *Demetrius*; for the two last of which we are finely prepared by the following Lines.

——— *They both are bright; but one
Benignly bright, as Stars to Mariners;
And one a Comet with malignant Blaze
Denouncing Ruin.*

The Art of most Writers for the Stage is to exhibit one Character, and that perhaps without any distinguishing Qualities to separate it from other Heroes; but in this Play we are entertained with three of a different

H

Cast,

Cast, and each strongly marked. *Philip* is distinguished by a Warmth of Temper, an Haughtiness of Soul, and a Tenderness for his Children, that runs over in the most affecting Manner. *Perseus* is a different Villain from any we have seen on the Stage; Policy and Bravery are so blended in him, that we see their mixed Effects in every Scene; and *Demetrius* is of so amiable a Disposition, that an Audience must be naturally inclined to love him, and for his Sake to dread the restless turbulent Spirit of *Perseus*, whose Contempt of *Demetrius* vents itself in a sneering artful Strain.

*You that admire the Romans, break the Bridge
With Cocles, or with Curtius leap the Gulph:
And league not with the Vices of our Foes.
I hear, Sir, you take Wing and mount in Metre;
Terence has own'd your Aid; Terence there the Slave.*

The Invocation, which is uttered by the same Personage, is carried on in a masterly Manner, filling the Mind with a Train of awful Ideas, and rising in a Climax of Horror to the last Line.

*Hear, from thy Ebon Throne, profoundest Night,
Thou and thy gloomy Daughters all, that smile
On Deeds of Horror, and on Frauds of Hell;
That keep the Door of black Conspiracy,
And snuff the grateful Scent of human Blood;
From Acheron's sulphureous Banks arise,
And bursting through the Barriers of this World,
Stand in dread Contrast to the Golden Sun,
And spread around your pestilential Blasts,
That wither every Virtue in the Bud;
While I transport ye, &c.*

It will be unnecessary to remind my Readers of the Trial-Scene, which must inevitably fire the intelligent Mind with a classic Warmth. I cannot help thinking that the Author, in this Passage, has given a just Idea of the two different Kinds of Eloquence, which prevailed in *Greece* and *Rome*.

Perseus enters immediately into the Matter; his Sentences are strong and nervous; and, sure of convincing the Understanding by the Clearness of his Diction, he does not condescend to address the Imagination. It is true, he at one Time sheds Tears, but that is only to obviate the Power of Eloquence, which he is aware might be used by his Brother, who having imbibed the Art of *Roman* Oratory, sets out in the most insinuating Manner; tries the Avenues to the Passions, and endeavours to win his Hearers by Persuasion. I am sensible that this Beauty may escape the Multitude, but, even without this secondary Pleasure, the Scene cannot fail of striking every Imagination.

The Distress of *Demetrius* in the fourth and fifth Act bears hard upon our Affections, and it must be a Torture to every compassionate Heart, to see him undone by the Artifices of Villainy. His Speech, when discovered in Gaol, has many affecting Strokes.

*Ye Dungeons deep, ye subterranean Carves,
Guilt's first sad Stage, in her dark Path to Hell,
Receive a Guest arri-v'd from other Scenes,
From pompous Courts, &c.*

And when he lies dead on the Ground. *Philip* delivers himself in noble Language, and very pathetic Sentiments

*There Philip fell — there Macedon expir'd;
I see the Roman Eagle bow'ring o'er me,
And the Shaft broke, should bring her to the Ground.*

I cannot conclude this Paper without taking Notice of the Propensity, which the small Critics discovered at the Representation of this Piece, to attach themselves to every trivial Circumstance, which could have the least Tendency to excite their Mirth; and I must inform them that to be unsusceptible of manly Emotions, and at the same Time to yield to the idle Sensations of Levity and giddy Merriment, is the Sign of a little and frivolous Mind.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office, March 15.

WE can assure the Public, that the following is a true Copy of the famous Petition, which was so much talked of, while the Marriage-Bill was depending.

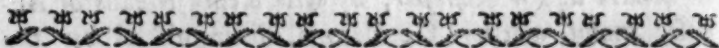
The humble Petition of the Gamesters, Sharpers, Fortune-Hunters, &c. in and about London,

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioners make no inconsiderable Number of his Majesty's Subjects; and understanding, that there is at present a Bill under the Consideration of your Honourable House, the Intent of which is, to prevent clandestine Marriages, we presume to remonstrate, that if the said Bill should pass into a Law, it must inevitably be attended with the most destructive Consequences to your Petitioners. A *British* House of Commons cannot be ignorant, that Gaming, to which your Petitioners have been bred, is an Introduction

duction into all the polite Families, within the Cities in *London* and *Westminster*, by which easy Means of Access, many worthy Gentlemen, distinguished by the Appellation of *Chevaliers de l'Industrie*, have frequently been able privately to convey an Heiress, either to *May-Fair* or the *Fleet*, and thereby acquire an ample Fortune. Now your Petitioners humbly apprehend, that they shall be precluded this Advantage, by the Bill now depending in your Honourable House; for should it be necessary, to render a Marriage valid, that a Licence must be granted in the Presence of the Parties Parents, or next Relations, it is much to be feared, that a Citizen of *London*, ignorant of the gay World, may not pay a due Regard to the Distinctions of a laced Coat, and smart-cocked Hat; whereby your Petitioners will be under an absolute Necessity of obtaining the Consent of such a Wordling, who will probably, from a Narrowness of thinking, acquired by pecuniary Transactions, imagine, that we are not entitled to a Fortune, because we have none of our own. Now we beg Leave to suggest, that, should we be deprived of this valuable Branch of our Profession, Necessity, which supercedes all Law, may compel us to go on the Highway; the Effects of which may be so fatal to the good People of *Great-Britain*, that undoubtedly an *English* Parliament will exert their utmost Wisdom to prevent them. We therefore hope, for these Reasons, that the Bill will be rejected.-----

Signed with 912 Names.



NUMB.23. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, March 24, 1753.

*Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum
Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Projectere animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & pauperiem & duros perferre labores!
Fata obstant, triplicique palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat, & novies Styx interfusa coerces.*

VIRG.

The following short, but melancholy Letter, came to Hand a few Days since, and it has made such an Impression upon my Spirits; that I cannot controul myself from laying it before my Readers, with a few of those Reflexions, which arose in my Mind in Consequence of it.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

Dear Sir,

✠✠✠✠ NOW take up the Pen to own the Receipt of your last Favour, with the *Gray's-Inn Journal* inclosed. I cannot at present prevail upon myself to return you an Answer in Form, as my Thoughts are entirely engrossed by an unhappy Event, which, I am persuaded, will affect your Mind very greatly. Our once worthy Friend, Jack * * * * Yesterday Evening, after having passed the Time with his usual Alacrity of Spirit, went Home to his Lodging, and clapping a Pistol in his Mouth, shot

shot himself through the Head. The Noise alarmed the Family, who instantly went up Stairs, and found him dead. I shall write to you more at large very shortly, and must beg Leave, for the present, without adding any Thing farther, to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Yours with great Sincerity,

The gloomy Month of *November* being passed, I imagined that the horrid Crime of Suicide would cease, at least till the Return of that heavy Time of the Year. It is certainly a poor Desertion from the Dignity of our Nature, to suffer the Pressure of the Atmosphere, or any other sublunary Incident, to make such an Impression upon our Spirits, as to render us avowed Enemies to ourselves. I have heard a popular Insurrection called, an unnatural Rebellion; but by what Name shall we stigmatize an Action, which flies in the Face of our Maker, which dares to thwart the Dispensations of the supreme Being, and say to eternal Providence, who from the first ordained all Things for the best,

“NOT THINE, BUT MY WILL BE DONE?”

It requires no Profusion of Imagery, no bold daring Metaphor, no studied Hyperbole to represent this Piece of Impiety in its proper Colours; it strikes the Eye at once in its most flagrant atrocious Dye, and were it sufficiently attended to, it would teach a due Resignation to the Determinations of Heaven, and would prevent all that Train of Evils, from which any thinking Mind must now start back appalled.

If Self-Preservation is the nearest Principle to the Heart of Man, what a Perversion of our Faculties, of our Reason, and our Judgment, must usurp the Mind of him, who thus runs counter to the very End of his Creation! The Dignity of the human Soul is extinguished; not only his Power of Reflexion is suppressed, but his very Passions are thrown off their Byass; they are seduced from their original Institution; their Nature, Use, and End is perverted; and what before sought real or apparent Pleasure, and avoided actual or imaginary Pain, now by a strange Fatality seeks its own Destruction. Anarchy and Civil War disturb the Imagination, and the Man bears his own secret Enemy in his Breast; he forms a Design upon his own Life; he has the Air-drawn Dagger constantly before his Eyes, and he at length becomes his *own Macbeth*. Not even the bloody Purposer of determined Vengeance on another's Head (horrid as the Crime appears) is half so astonishing; because he does not carry with him half the Absurdity. The latter has Time left him to atone by Penitence for his Barbarity, whereas the Suicide urges precipitantly to the Tribunal of his offended God.

The real Source of this fatal Evil is perhaps hard to be ascertained; but if it is not originally an Emanation from Pride, it is tinged with it so strongly, that there is Reason to conclude, it is frequently derived from thence. Self Love will always induce us to overrate our Rank in the Scale of Beings, and when once the Imagination is struck with the Idea of fancied Importance, each little Trial of Adversity is considered as a Grievance intolerable; it is too much for the Man to bear; he concludes himself a destined Mark for Affliction, and, rather than drag a feverish Life under an
huge

huge Load of Misery, he proudly resolves to put an End to his Sufferings, and measure out the Thread of his own Existence.

For my own Part, I cannot look upon any Contingence in this World of Consequence sufficient to urge a Man to this Extreme of Madness. Is he reduced to Want by his inordinate Expences, or do the Narrowness of Circumstances prevent him from emerging into that Station of Life, which his Ambition would aspire to?——Let him but examine the Happiness of the Affluent; how many want with a full Pulse, how many are tortured with Diseases, or eaten up with uneasy Passions? Have a Man's Relations unworthily withdrawn their Protection from him? there are Occupations enough, in which he may endeavour to support himself, without their Assistance; and then he will have the Satisfaction of living independent of those who have deserted him; and should he fail, his honest Indigence will at all Times be a Disgrace to them; so that either Way he will be a living Affront to his false Friends.

In so polite an Age it may not be proper to corroborate what has been advanced, by Arguments drawn from Religion; but if an Heathen may have any Weight in the Affair, I would inform the Man of Despair, that *Plato* and *Cicero* were both of Opinion, that we are placed in this World, as Soldiers upon Duty, and that no one has a Right to move without the Summons of his commanding Officer; and *Virgil* in the Words of my Motto tells us, that there is a Place of Retribution for those unhappy Wretches, who dare to lay violent Hands upon themselves, and, prodigal of Life, to precipitate their Souls into Eternity. They would be glad, continues the Poet, to bear Poverty and the sharpest Miseries, could they again return to

Life; but the Fates forbid them, and their Passage is irremeable.

To these Authorities, I would beg Leave to add the Sentiment of our great *Shakespear*, who, though he may be justly suspected of Christianity, was still a Poet, and therefore may be cited on this Occasion. He has introduced a young Prince, deliberating, whether he should not extricate himself from the Troubles of this World, by boldly putting an End to his Residence on this Side of the Grave. The Point is argued with great Strength of Reasoning; the Calamities of this Life are thrown into the Scale, and after stating every Thing in the most striking Colours, a Prospect of Futurity opens to the Imagination, and the Mind starts back from the desperate Act, convinced that it is our Duty to endure Life, and bear our Portion with Fortitude, until Heaven shall be pleased to put in Execution that Sentence of Death, which it has passed on all Mankind.

*Who wou'd Fardels bear,
To sweat and groan under a weary Life,
But that the Dread of something after Death,
That undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than to fly to others that we know not of?*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

SIR,

FROM a Motive of Gratitude, and for the Benefit of my Countrymen in general, I beg Leave, thro' the Channel of your Paper, to communicate the Disorder I have been for some Time afflicted with, and the
ex-

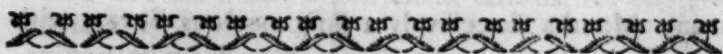
traordinary Cure I lately met with. I have had for many Months successively a slow nervous Fever, with a constant Flutter on my Spirits, attended with pertinacious Watchings, Twitchings of the Nerves, and other grievous Symptoms, which reduced me to a mere Shadow. At length a Friend, who had himself experienced it, advised me to have Recourse to the reading of the *Inspector's* Papers. I accordingly took one of them over Night, and the Consequence was, I fell into a profound Sleep, which lasted near six and thirty Hours. Since that I have been ordered, for fear of a Lethargy, to take them in smaller Quantities. A Paragraph at a Time now answers my Purpose, and, under Heaven, I owe my sleeping Faculties to the above-mentioned *Inspector*. I look upon them to be a grand *Soporificum mirabile*, proper to be had in all Families. He makes great Allowance to those who buy 'em to sell again, or send abroad to the Plantations. The above Fact I am ready to attest, when called upon. Given under my Hand, *March 20, 1753.*

HUMPHRY TASTELESS, of the Middle-Temple.

Pons's Coffee-house, St. Martin's Lane.

Last Week an Officer, who dined at the Ordinary held here, as he was going to carve for his own Use the Wing of a Fowl, very unluckily helped himself to a Gentleman's Middle Finger. This Accident was occasioned by the Eagerness of the Company, who all had their Hands in the Dish at the same Time; which shews the Propriety of Mr. *Quin's* Answer, when asked if he had ever dined at this Place, "No, by G—d, nor at any Ordinary in *London*, till I get a Basket-hilted Knife and Fork."

NUMB.



NUMB. 24. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, March 31, 1753.

— *An expectas ut Quintilianus ametur ?*

Juv.

WENT, one Morning last Week to pay a Visit to a Lady, for whom I have always had a very great Respect. An Excursion which she made, into the Country, was the Occasion of my not having seen her for some Time, but upon the first Notice of her being in Town, I immediately did myself the Favour of waiting on her. It was with great Satisfaction, that I perceived her Complexion florid to the highest Degree of Health. As I knew she had two Sons at *Eton* School, I enquired after the young Gentlemen, and received for Answer, that the Brats were minding their Books. “Boys, Mr. *Ranger*, (said she) are best when out of one’s Way — “they make such a Noise in an House, that there is “really no such Thing as bearing with them — I “hope they are going on well — But, Sir, you don’t “know all my Family.” Upon this she rung the Bell, and ordered the Servant to bring down Miss *Lucy* and Miss *Charlotte*, and then continued Mrs. *Bizarre*, “they are both quite jealous of one another; Miss *Lucy* “has taken a Notion into her Head that *Charlotte* is “my Favourite, and *Charlotte* equally suspects my Pro- “pensity to *Lucy*, — but upon my Word, it is without “Foundation; I give them no Manner of Reason, — “well, now I think it would be quite wrong in me to “make any Difference, when they are both deserving; — “I vow and protest, I love them both alike — I “can’t think how some Folks can be so — to be sure it’s “very

“ very commonly the Cause of great Uneasiness in a
 “ Family, and the little Things are unhappy in their
 “ Minds — Lard, I wonder what keeps them above so
 “ long” — When on a sudden the Parlour Door was
 thrown open, and as I did not recollect that Mrs.
Bizarre had any Daughters, I advanced with some
 Degree of Impatience to salute the young Ladies ; but
 to my great Surprise, the Maid introduced to me two
 very ugly Monkeys, dressed out in the nicest Manner
 with *Paris* Caps, and well chosen *Petonlair* and *Petti-*
coat.

The Disappointment I met with flung me into some
 Confusion, and I retired back in a very awkward Man-
 ner to my Chair. “ There, Mr. *Ranger*, (reassumed
 “ the Lady) this is Miss *Lucy* and this is Miss *Charlotte*
 “ — Pray, Sir, don't you think they have very pretty
 “ turned Faces — there's a Family Likeness between
 “ them, I think — they are the only Comfort I have —
 “ Pray, *Molly*, did Miss *Lucy*, take the Manna as the
 “ Doctor ordered, — Lord, I was frightened out of my
 “ Wits Yesterday, the poor thing was so terribly pained
 “ with the Cholic — and Miss *Charlotte* has been
 “ coughing all the Morning ; I hope it won't fall upon
 “ her Lungs ; — they are the sweetest Creatures in
 “ the World — Where's your Curtsey, Miss, when a
 “ Gentleman speaks to you ? — She is abso'utely, Mr.
 “ *Ranger*, the greatest Prude in *London* — She quarrels
 “ with the Maid, if she but leaves her Breast the least
 “ uncovered ; and you know, the Fashion is now to
 “ shew as low as one possibly can — and her Sister there,
 “ Miss *Charlotte*, she is the violentest Coquet in Nature
 “ — *Molly*, give that Fan — See how she handles it —
 “ Soft Affectation plays about her twisted Neck, as it's
 “ in the Play — don't you think she has fine Eyes ? —
 “ Well, did you ever see such a pretty little Mouth ;
 “ and

" and the finest Teeth — I am afraid she is a little inclined to be fat — She'll never be taller — Lard, Mr. Ranger, I wish I could get her a Husband; I should be glad to see her well settled — he, he, he. — Now, I have a queer Notion in my Head — Do you know that I have a Husband in my Eye for her? — Guess who it is" — To this I took Occasion to answer, that there are really so many pretty Gentlemen about Town, that it would be absolutely impossible for me to form a right Conjecture, and I therefore begged she would be so kind as to inform me. " Why, Sir, (replied she) there is *Tom Titmouse*, that is always biting his Lips, and never has a Bit of his Shoe seen above his Buckle; and *Billy Wirewig*, who always stinks of Perfume; or *Jemmy Doll*, with the delicate Complexion, and the little mincing Step; but it is not any of them — O fie, the Frights! — do you think I would accept of any of 'em — I assure you, Sir, I refused a much better Offer — I could have had Captain *Jessamy* of the Guards, but I have a finer Thought in my Head now — Was you ever at *Mother Midnight's*? — To be sure you was, he, he, he, — Well, for certain, I am a comical Woman — You remember the pretty dear Creature, that sits at Supper on the right Hand — he, he, he, it came into my Mind the Moment I saw the dear Fellow, that it would be a good Match; and so now, as I don't know where to send, I have drawn up an Advertisement which I intend to put into the Papers — here, you may read it, Sir."

This I complied with; it was in Substance as follows:

" If the Monkey, that sat on the right Hand at *Mother Midnight's*, and drank a Glass of Wine, after bowing to the Company, has no Aversion to Matrimony;

“mony; he is desired to call at *May-Fair* Chapel, and
“he will hear of something to his Advantage.”

Upon Perusal of this extraordinary Advertisement, I endeavoured to expostulate with the good Lady, on the Oddity of her Proceeding, and I remonstrated, that it would appear to the World the most whimsical Thing that was ever practised. Irritated at this, Mrs. *Bizarre* could not bear to be touched in so tender a Point, and she told me with some Vehemence, that Monkeys have often more Sense than many of the human Species; and I believe the Dispute would have rose high between us, had not an Accident put an End to it.

While we were engaged in Conversation, a Quarrel happened between the two young Ladies, and in a Moment Miss *Lucy* tore off Miss *Charlotte*'s Cap; which Compliment was returned in Kind, and then the Battle was carried on with great Eagerness on both Sides, attended with violent Screaming, with bouncing about the Room, leaping on Chairs and Tables, and flying violently in our Faces. All the Ornaments on the Mantle-piece were broke to Shatters; the China Figures, which before seem'd to breathe and think, came trembling down. *Woodward* and Mrs. *Clive*, who represented in exquisite *Chelsea-Ware*, their different Characters in *Lethe*, shared the general Wreck; Mrs. *Bizarre*'s Face was scratched in several Places, and she also lost in the Fray a very elegant Pair of *Dresden* Ruffles.

Prudence directed me to escape from this strange Scene with the utmost Expedition, and as soon as I found myself in my Chambers, I could not help reflecting on the whimsical Turn of Mind, which disposed this Lady to fix her Heart on such a disagreeable Race of Animals. When a Woman becomes an Apostate from the Laws of Nature, and divests herself of the proper

per Ornaments of her Sex, she is as great an Exotick as any in her Collection of wild Beasts. I believe, the Pangs of Jealousy would be much keener in an Husband's Breast, were he to find himself rivalled by a Monkey; and for such a Set of odious Creatures to see a Person neglect her own Children, is so fantastical a Circumstance, that some of my Readers may perhaps think the Existence of such a Character improbable; but I can assure them, that there are frequent Instances of it in this Town.

To regulate and govern the Imagination, is recommended by a *Greek* Philosopher, as a Point of Moment in the Conduct of Life; and most assuredly the Rule is excellent. The Imagination is the liveliest Faculty of the Soul, and gives to all Objects the Hue and Colour, which they seemingly wear; and we love and hate, hope and fear, according to the Scenes which are pictured to our Fancy. It is this which makes *Quixotilla* call aloud for a Cork; and under a due Government is the Source of that sprightly Taste and just Sense of Things, which is remarkable in *Angelica*; it is this which gives new Graces to her Beauty, irradiates her whole Countenance, and in all Scenes and Circumstances of Life renders her the most amiable of her Sex.

To cultivate, therefore, and cherish the natural Affections, to direct them to worthy Objects, to keep them all in Harmony, so that not one of them shall grow out of due Proportion, or contract any whimsical Habit, is the best Preserver and Beautifier of the female Form, it gives that pleasing Turn of Mind which we call Sweetness of Temper, prevents Wrinkles, Distortion of the Features, and gives an agreeable Air to the whole Person, as a few of the Sex have experienced; and as such it is this Day recommended to all the female Readers of this Paper.

True

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, March 31.

ON Wednesday last *William Slyboots* was brought down by the Gaol-keeper, and placed at the Bar of this Court, being indicted for that he not having the Fear of Detection before his Eyes, but urged by a certain *Cacoethes*, feloniously and wickedly did steal away from the *Bedford* Coffee-house one Paper, entitled the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, to the Disappointment of many of the Readers of that Paper, and the great Detriment of the House. A Jury being impannelled from the Parish of *Covent-Garden*, the Prisoner pleaded Not Guilty, and the Cause was opened by Counsellor *Truewit*, who made a long Harangue upon the Nature of Felony in general, and the Odium of this Fact in particular. He then proceeded to examine the Witnesses.

Call Captain *Swordknot*.

Captain *Swordknot* sworn. I dined at the *Shakespeare*, and tossed up for my Reckoning, and then went to the *Bedford*, and though I am not fond of Reading, I called for the *Gray's Inn Journal*, and the Waiter answered, Sto'e away.

Cross examined. What had you for Dinner that Day?

Swordknot. A Fricassee of Chickens.

Cross examined. Did you eat hearty of the Fricassee of Chickens?

Swordknot. I was drunk the Night before, I did not eat much.

Council. Drunk the Night before, my Lord! — What did you drink that Day?

Swordknot.

Swordknot. A Bottle of Claret.

Council. Was it *Allen's* Claret?

Swordknot. I don't know.

Council. My Lord, he won't tell whose Claret it was.

Swordknot. It was *Stuart's* Claret?

Council. *Stuart's* Claret. (*writes it down.*)

Call *Charles Price.*

Charles Price sworn. I have been Waiter at the *Petford* Coffee-house for a crate many Years, ant I heart Mistress (Cot pless her) complain that the *Gray's-Inn-Journal* was plunteret fery often of late; and so I pretentet to be toasting some Sheefe, and I lookt cunningly at the Prisoner, ant I saw hur put it in hur Pocket in a crate Flutter, and so I followed hur and took it pack.

Council. What Day was this?

Charles Price. It was on *Saturday* last, the 24th Instant, one Toufant seven Huntret ant Fifty-tree, py the new Stile.

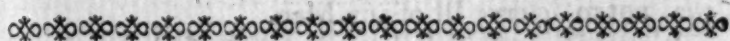
Prisoner's Defence.

I was not at the *Bedford* Coffee-house that Day; I was at *Abbotsbury* the first of the Month, and there I staid for nine Days, and then I came to old *Brentford*, and on the 14th I was at Mother *Wells's* at *Enfield-wash.*

Upon this the Jury withdrew, and in half an Hour returned and brought him in *Guilty*, but recommended him to the Mercy of the Court.

ADJOURNED.

NUMB.



NUMB. 25. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, April 7, 1753.*

— — *Galeatum serò duelli*

Pœnitet — —

Juv.

CONSIDERING the State of Warfare, an Author enters into, when first he takes a Pen in Hand, and the Number of *Goths* and *Vandals* that infest every Age, ready to insult defenceless Wit, to pull it by the Nose, or oblige it to endure the Discipline of the Toe; I have been punctually three Times a Week at a celebrated Fencing School, in order to perfect myself in the noble Science of Defence. The Master of this Place understands the Method of killing as well as any Gentleman of the Faculty, but his Temper of Mind renders him less inclinable to put it in Practice; he allows me to be a very good Figure on the Ground; says, I stand an excellent Attitude, and adds, that, when I bring myself to do Things not so much in an Hurry, I shall fence as well as any angry Boy in *England*. I must own, that I am apt to advance and retreat in too precipitate a Manner, and this Exercise throws my Spirits into such a Flurry, that I sometimes cannot avoid doing Mischief. I have already put out a Gentleman's Eye, dislocated three of another's Teeth, and broke my Foil upon the small Ribs of a Third; and, if I proceed in this Manner, I begin to be apprehensive about the Consequences which may arise from unforeseen Accidents, and therefore I am now determined to entrench myself from Insults within one of the Resolutions, which

I entered

I entered into upon the Commencement of this Paper, *viz.* not to deserve Ill of any Man.

It would be well if all the Individuals of Society would enter into a reciprocal Agreement of observing the same Principle in their Deportment: we might then see that Harmony subsist, which as sociable Beings it is our Business to promote; this would banish all surly Moroseness; and in short, this single Rule, of deserving Ill from no Man, would prevent all Indecorums and Animosities, and substitute in their Room mutual Confidence and Good-breeding.

But the contrary occurs every Day, and seems to be derived from no other Source than a vicious Gratification of our private Humours. A selfish Spirit is condemned in Ethics as the Cause of many Vices, and it is of no less evil Influence in the *Petites Morales*, or *lesser Morals*. When a narrow Regard to a Man's own Sensations gains the Ascendant, and none will recede from their equal Right of having their own Way, it is not to be wondered, that ill Humours should sour the Temper, and that frequent Quarrels should arise.

Philipsus has taken it into his Head, that to be brisk and shining in Conversation is the most elegant Accomplishment he can aspire to, and therefore has spent most of his Time in the Acquirement of something, that he calls Wit; but in the Eyes of Men of Sense, is only a petulant Pertness very annoying to his Company. *Philipsus* has laid it down as a Maxim, that he must upon all Occasions display his favourite Talent, and would rather at any Time lose his Friend than his Joke. *Antiphaus* is an absolute Enemy to all Pretensions to be shining; Conversation with him, must be in a plain sensible Manner; he will neither give nor take a Joke; hence these two are constantly at Variance,

ance, and it is imagined by their Friends, that the Affair must be at last decided behind *Montague-House*

For my Part, I have often wonder'd how Men can be such Enemies to their Pleasures, as to be thus obstinately bent on the Indulgence of their own private Whimfies, without abating any Thing from their Pretensions, in order to contribute to the Felicity of their Neighbours. The social Passions afford more real Delight, than any selfish Gratifications; the latter are sure to Occasion a Narrowness of Spirit, while the former expand the Faculties of the Mind, and receive Addition from being communicated, like the Sun painting the Hemisphere with Streaks of Light, which serve to adorn his Way, and augment the Glory of his Career. In a State of mutual Dependance, which Nature has allotted to us all, it is not to be imagined that any one will pay the least Deference to our Ease and Happiness, unless in our Turn we recede a little from our own Humours and purchase by our Deportment that Complacence, which every one desires to meet with in his Intercourse with Society.

But as this Restraint upon our Conduct seems to be too much thrown off, it is not to be wonder'd that frequent Recourse is had to Duelling, to decide Differences between those, who have renounced the Guidance of Reason; which would surely forbid us to squander away the Life ——— bestowed upon us by the supreme Being, upon such trivial Incidents, as for the most Part occasion these Extremities. The *Romans* knew nothing of this modern Practice, which is entirely of *French* Growth, and, like many of the Fashions of that Country, should be exploded from all civilized Nations. It may not be improper to cite the Definition of Courage from so fine a Gentleman

as Mr. Addison. In his elegant Poem, entitled the Campaign, he tells us,

*True Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
Of mounting Spirits and fermenting Blood;
Lodg'd in the Soul, by Virtue over-ru'd,
Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd.*

I never yet heard of an Affair between two Gentlemen, according to the polite Phrase, but one or both of them was egregiously in the Wrong; and, I persuade myself, that if, instead of determining wilfully to support Matters of no Moment, People could be brought to canvass their Differences with some Degree of Temper and Cheerfulness, we should not often have Advices from *Marybone Fields*, or any of the usual Scenes of Action upon these Occasions. To evince this, I shall conclude with the following Story. I was once in Company at a Tavern with a Set of Gentlemen, when after much Mirth and Festivity, one of the Party, who had been silent almost the whole Night, accosted a Gentleman who had contributed greatly to our Entertainment by a lively Vein of Fancy peculiar to him, in the following Words. “Sir, (says he) taking him “by the Button, I have something to communicate to “you — I have observed, Sir, — that you have “been very facetious all Night, — you have run “your Rig upon me, Sir, and so — I desire you will “meet me To-morrow Morning in *Pancras Burying-ground*.” — A Blood of the Town would perhaps have been fired at this Proposal; but my Friend received it with great Composure, and while the rest of the Company were struck dumb at the Solemnity of the Challenge, he turns to him with a Mixture of Jest and Earnest in his Countenance, and whispers “in *Pancras Burying Ground, Sir?*” “Yes, Sir, in *Pancras Burying* “ing

"ing Ground without fail."—Very well, Sir,—
"must I bring my Shroud with me?"

The Pleasantry of this Question excited a general Laugh in the Room, and the solemn Gentleman could not resist the Impulse of Mirth; he joined in the Chorus, and, as soon as he recovered from his Fit of Merriment, exclaimed, "You're a brave Boy — give us your Hand. — I'll never meet you, but on a Party of Pleasure, and to that you may command me whenever you please."

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane, April 4.

THIS Morning, about the Time of Rehearsing, a Caravan extraordinary arrived here from the City, and the Passengers being introduced into the Green-Room by Mr. Marr, and Mr. Rastor, (the Gentlemen in Waiting) Nat. Pigtail presented the following Address.

*To David Garrick, Esq; Patentee and Manager of
Drury-Lane Playhouse.*

The humble Address of the Bucks, Floods, Blades, &c. residing within the Jurisdiction of the Right Honourable the Lord-Mayor.

WE the Bucks, Floods, Blades, Smarts, Critics, and Demi-Critics of the City of London, in Coffee-houses assembled, beg Leave to express our lively Sense of the inestimable Advantages arising from your Government; and with the warmest Gratitude we acknowledge, that ever since your happy Accession to the Patent, the Entertainment and Convenience of the Pub-

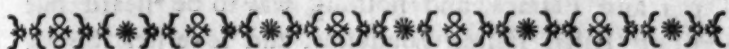
Public have been the grand Objects of your Attention. Emboldened by this Excess of Goodness, we presume, Sir, to lay before you a Grievance, which we unhappily labour under. Our malignant Stars, Sir, and our more cruel Fathers, combine to tie us down to the Drudgery of Business, to which our Genius is no Way adapted; on the contrary, we are ambitious of shining in a more polite Sphere, and have demonstrated our Attachment to your ancient House, upon every Occasion of a Riot, or any other Attempt to disturb the Tranquillity of your Government; but being compelled to reside at the Distance of near an Hour's Drive from the Theatre, we find it impossible to get into the Pit after Dinner, whereby we are deprived of at least three Meals in a Week; from which Hardship we hope to be relieved, by your publishing an Edict, importing that, after this Season, the Doors shall not be opened until Five of the Clock. In full Confidence of Redress, we conclude, sincerely wishing, that you may continue to display your usual Graces of Elocution, and admirable Powers of Action, untill *Harlequin* shall dethrone the great *Shakespeare*, or *Pierot* usurp the Seat of *Johnson*.

To which the Manager was pleased to return the following most Gracious Answer;

Gentlemen,

I return you Thanks for this obliging Address, and shall always pay the greatest Deference to the Remonstrances of the City of *London*; but as all Innovations are of dangerous Tendency, I must take a few Days to consider this Matter, before I can give a positive Answer.

They all had the Honour of kissing a Figure Dancer, and the Freedom of the Slips was conferred upon *Nat. Pigtail*.



NUMB. 26. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, April 14, 1753.

*Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, & myrtea circum
Sylva tegit.*—————

VIRG.

Lively Imagination is, if I may use *Shake-
spear's* Expression, great Nature's second
A Course; for not content to have enjoyed
the intellectual Pleasures immediately arising from the Beauty of external Objects, or the transient Scenes of Life, it frequently, when they have vanished and disappeared, makes fond Excursions after them again; and even in our Sleep, it will occasionally recall the Objects of our waking Reflection, and from thence receive livelier Sensations, than were perhaps occasioned by the first Impression. Though there are many fantastic Circumstances in these Night Thoughts, if I may be so allowed to call our Dreams, yet, on these Occasions, we sometimes find ourselves presented with agreeable Visions, and, amidst the wildest Vagaries of Fancy, we can often trace something like just Reasoning, and a real Picture of Life. As I take this to have been the Case with me a few Nights since, I shall make no Apology, for throwing my Dream upon Paper this Day.

I found myself on a sudden, near a large intricate Wood, which I had the Curiosity to enter. A whimsical band of Hope and Fear, Joy and Grief, Pain and Pleasure hovered over our Heads. Tender Anguish, soft Desire, pleasing Agony were all intermixed, and in their motley Livery formed a many-
I coloured

coloured Groupe. *Cupid* made violent Work with his Darts and Flames, and nothing was to be heard but tinkling Rills, falling Fountains, and love-sick Sighs, by which the Aspen Leaves were perpetually kept in a rustling Tremor. The God of Love had by him a prodigious Quantity of Arrows, differently feathered, according to the various Effects, of which they were to be productive. This Circumstance called to my Mind a beautiful Passage in a Poem by Doctor *Parnell*.

And ev'ry Dart can boast a Kind,
Which suits each proper Turn of Mind.
From the tow'ring *Eagle's* Plume
The generous *Hearts* accept their Doom.
Shot by the *Peacock's* painted Eye
The vain and airy *Lovers* die.
For careful Dames and frugal Men
The Shafts are speckled by the *Hen*.
The *Pyes* and *Parrots* deck the Darts,
When *Prattling* wins the panting Hearts.
When from the *Voice* the Passions spring,
The warbling *Finch* affords a Wing:
Together, by the Sparrow stung,
Down fall the *Wanton* and the *Young*;
And fledg'd by *Geese* the Weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

It was not unpleasant to observe the Variety of Impressions that were occasioned in both Sexes by this strange Flight of Arrows. Men I perceived in close pursuit of blooming Virgins, merely from the impulse of Vanity; and I saw several Nymphs running, with the utmost Precipitation, from their Lovers; though by their Manner of looking back, and the rustling they made in the Trees, there was room for Conjecture that they did not desire entirely to escape.

Pleasing

Pleasing as the Sensations of Love are, I could observe that very unhappy Effects were often the Consequences. Many there were, whose Mien spoke a Dejection of Spirits, and they were frequently driven to such Extremes, that they laid violent Hands on their own Lives. As I travelled on, I saw several hanging on Bows of Trees; and on the Waters, which were swelled with Tears, and ruffled with Sighs, floated many a pallid *Corpse*; in their Countenances I could plainly see the Traces of that sickly Luxury of Thought, which is so apt to settle into a fixed Despair.

From this Scene of Distress, I turned away as soon as possible; and was relieved from my Uneasiness, by the Sight of a few, who seemed to be happy in their Passion; whose Hearts felt a mutual Warmth, and whose Eyes were brightened into Gladness. They walked Arm in Arm down the flow'ry Meads, interchanging mutual Glances of Affection; though ever and anon succeeded Anger, Suspicion, open War, and Peace again. In the Center of the Wood, stood a Temple sacred to VIRTUE, where all, who were desirous of leading a Life of Happiness, were directed to bend their Course, in Order there to be united together in Bands of chaste Affection. I was sorry to find that some of the Ladies had not Resolution to persevere in this Path: Whether it was owing to loose Desires or seducing Temptation, I cannot decide; certain it is, they tired in their Journey, and stepped aside with their Paramours to sequestered Bowers; from whence they were afterwards discarded into the thorny Parts of the Wood, for the Remainder of their Days; but even of these, a few there were, who after their Digression, still found Means to be introduced into the Temple; whither they were however pursued by an old Hag, called SCANDAL, who never yet has been known to let them entirely efface the Remembrance of their Error.

The Ladies, who kept on a due Course, never failed to lead the Men in Captivity after them to the Temple; from whence, after a short Ceremony, they were dismissed in Pairs, to commence the Road for Life. Three different Paths were open to their Choice, and a Guide stood at each Entrance to receive them. The first was of a cold dispassionate Temper, who took every Thing alike, and his Name was *INDIFFERENCE*. The second had Eyes of a greenish Cast, and he seemed to loath the Food, which he notwithstanding eagerly swallowed. This Personage was called *JEALOUSY*, and the third by an Openness of Countenance, a strong Expression of quick Sensibility and cordial Affection, was known to be *FRIENDSHIP*. Too many gave themselves up to *INDIFFERENCE*, and instantly an Inattention to each other's Wants succeeded in their Breasts; the Men betook themselves to Midnight Shouts and Revelry, and the Fair to Parties of Tea, and Routs, and Drums, by which Means every spark of Love was soon extinguished, and the Gratification of their own separate Inclinations was their only Study.

The Walks of *JEALOUSY* were craggy, dangerous, and steep, full of Thorns, Briars and Brambles. In the Heart, where before Gladness and Joy revelled secure, arose Anxiety, Distrust, and Perturbation of Spirit. The distempered Fancy started at Scenes of its own Creation, and, in a Fit of Madness, hurried many a tortured Wretch down the Precipice of Fate, or let fall its Vengeance on its Neighbour. What was observable in this Part was, that though sometimes there were the Appearances, the real Footsteps of Guilt could no where be discovered.

The very small Number under the Guidance of *FRIENDSHIP* enjoyed a pure heart-felt Tranquillity; and the fierce Desire and impatient Wish, which had formerly actuated their Minds, having now subsided, a steady and uniform Flame succeeded, not unlike the
mild

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mild refreshing Air of a placid Evening, after the Fervor of an hot Summer's Day. Glad Suns rose over their Heads, and kindly Nights lulled them in each other's Arms. A smiling Race grew up around them, and the Culture of their young and tender Minds afforded a pleasing Employment; they journey'd on thro' Life, blessed with the Sunshine of the Soul, till, at length, the easy Dissolution of Nature put a Period to all human Felicity.

Here I could not help exclaiming with the Poet;

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!

Who sprung from Kings, shall know less Joy than I.

The whole Scene appeared so completely happy, that I began to feel some Approaches towards Envy; which so discomposed my Spirits, that I was instantly awaked, and the ideal Prospect vanished into Air.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

I Had not been at a Play since the licencing Act, until I went to see the new Tragedy of the *Brothers*. By the Title I imagined it to be a Satire on the Ministry, but after sitting from Four o'Clock till Nine, I found it was nothing to the Purpose, and retired home in great Dis-satisfaction. I beg you will publish my Disappointment, that none of my Friends in the Opposition may be taken in.

I am yours,

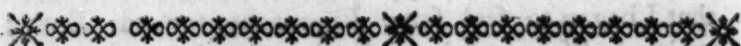
ALEXANDER GRUMBLE.

Forrest's Coffee house, April 1.

From my Register Office, April 14.

By Letters from Ireland we learn, that General O'Sheridan, Commander in Chief of the Company upon

the *Irish* Establishment, is greatly obliged to his Allies, the States of *Sadler's-Wells*, for detaching *Maddox* the Wire-Dancer, who made so conspicuous a Figure at *Covent-Garden*, into that Kingdom, in order to *make a Diversion in those Parts*. The common People are highly pleased with the Man, who, as they express it, *walks upon an Iron String*. It is added, that People of all Ranks vie with each other in Civilities to this Performer; and it is the common Opinion that the University will present him with an honorary Degree, though the more discerning have some Doubt of this, on account of his being an *High-flyer*.



NUMB. 27. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, April 21, 1753.

Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

VIRGIL.

HERE are few Terms which are applied with greater Impropropriety, than those characteristic Appellations, which Men usually bestow on their Acquaintance, or on others, in whose Company and Conversation they may at any Time have been casually engaged. Every Character, indeed, is formed by the Prevalence of some particular Passion, which influences the Temper, and gives a casting Weight to the Genius of the Person in whom it subsists. But no Rules that I know of, have been yet laid down, nor is there any certain Standard which should fix the Degree of Elevation, to which the ruling Passion must necessarily rise, before it can have Strength sufficient to determine the Character.

The Reader must, however, be informed, that I am not speaking of those moral Qualifications, or Endowments

ments of the Heart, which speculative Writers have taken so much idle Pains to adorn and recommend; and which Men of Sense, or Men of the World, have unanimously agreed in rejecting, as unworthy of their serious Notice. The Qualities I mean are pure Virtues of the Head or Face; Properties, which enable the Possessor to assume a solemn Aspect at Incidents, which set the rest of the Table on a Roar; or to interrupt what is truly serious and grave, by impertinent Questions of Levity and Mirth; or lastly, to condemn and cavil, when all the World sees the highest Reasons for Applause and Admiration. The Effects which these Causes produce in Life, however various and complicated in their Appearance, may be reduced to the three general Sources of Wit, Humour, and Criticism, and as the Pretenders to these several Qualities are infinite in Number, I have determined on a certain Standard, in order to regulate and adjust their Claims. The Method I propose is, to decide their different Pretensions by the Height and Stature of the Body.

And lest this should be considered as a wild chimerical Design, I must beg Leave to assure my Reader, that the Theory I am forming is built upon the latest Discoveries, and most uncontroverted Principles of true Philosophy. It is possible however, that Persons of an over-refining Curiosity, may be able to raise some Objections to what I am going to advance, but as every Thing is liable to be called in Question by those who are disposed to cavil, they will give me but little Pain upon that Head. The plainest Truths have been disputed, and the most extravagant Opinions have been fortunate enough to meet with their Advocates and Admirers. Now, I would have such People recollect what are the general Apprehensions arising in the Mind, on the Sight of an uncommon Stature; and how favourable, withal, even the Notions of the Vulgar are to an unusual Height of Person. Is it not commonly sup-

posed, that Men of this superior Eminence possess as superior Parts, and extraordinary Degrees of Merit. From this Principle, my little Friend of *Drury-Lane* is universally censured, as falling short of a true Hero, by near half a Foot; whilst his more aspiring Antagonist is allowed to have all the necessary Dimensions, required both by ancient and modern Precedents, to constitute the heroic Character.

It is an Axiom in Philosophy, which few, I hope, will be so hardy as to deny, that the Soul is all and all in every Part. From hence it is obvious, that the Body which is a Covering only for the Ætherial Particle that is lodged within it, must necessarily receive its Dimensions from the Vigour of the Spirit, which actuates the exterior Frame. The greater Portion of Fire this Spirit is endued with, its elastic Qualities will be proportionably stronger; and the Dimensions of the Body will be protruded to a Size, exactly of the same Dimensions with the Soul which informs it. On this simple Hypothesis, which I imagine cannot be easily disproved, I proceed to settle the respective Qualifications of the different Pretenders, who have been mentioned above.

In the first Place, those who, with gentle *William* in the Play, boast themselves not on Account of their Wisdom, but as they have a *pretty Wit*, do not exceed the lowest Degree of our appointed Standard. It is not in Nature, that such Persons can rise in their Stature, above the Height of five Feet and six Inches. For Wit, which is merely an Exercise of the Tongue, doth not require the same Bulk and Dimensions, which are essential to Qualifications of a superior Order. It is evidently a much less Exertion of the interior Faculties, than what are productive of that Talent which we call Humour. Hence we must advance a little in our Standard; and can admit no one to be a Man of real Humour, who does not come up to the full Height of five Feet and eight Inches; and this small Progression is the
more

more allowable, as a considerable Part of Humour is frequently expressed by such Feats of Body, as require some little Degree of Size and Strength. Giving a Friend a violent and unexpected Slap upon the Back, or the dexterous Leaping over Chairs and Tables, have been often regarded as so many undoubted Signs of genuine Humour; and are generally agreed to denote a most facetious Vein of Pleasantry, in the Authors of such exquisite Jokes. It will sometimes further happen, that these two Qualities may be blended in the same Person; as I doubt not but many of my Readers can recollect several of their Acquaintance, who are your only Men of Wit and Humour. Now, this Conjunction manifestly implies a much superior Energy of Soul; and consequently, a still higher Advancement in our Scale of characteristic Excellencies. These Candidates for Fame will accordingly rise two Inches above those who are mentioned last; and none are to pass under this Denomination for the future, but whose Height is five Feet ten. For these Qualities, when thus united, will frequently exert themselves in Strokes of Gallantry and Mirth, which are so much the more honourable as they are dangerous to the Person or the Purse of the ingenious Artist, who has the Courage or Curiosity to attempt the Experiment. The demolishing of Windows, knocking down of Watchmen, bilking of Waiters at Places of Entertainment, with other Instances of the like Kind, are very laudable and convincing Proofs of these compound Qualities, residing together in the same Habitation. The last Quality, which greatly overtops the rest, and is indeed the Crown and Perfection of all, is the wonderful and most ingenious Faculty of modern Criticism. And as this is, in the most exalted Manner, the Gift of Nature, whoever has the Happiness to be born a true Critic, is at least six Feet complete. A Critic is the Master-piece and noblest Work of Nature; and may justly be expected to bear about

him some distinguishing Tokens, which will enable a Spectator, at the first View, to acknowledge and revere his Merits. Hence she has bestowed on him a more than ordinary Portion of the *Daring* and *Tremendous*; and these would appear to very little Effect in a Person of less Dimensions, than those which we have here assigned him. The Wit may be pert and sanguine; the Man of Humour confident or overbearing; but it is the Critic alone, who glares horribly terrific. His every Look freezes the young Author's Blood; and at the Sound of his Voice, the rooted Seats have been known to be torn from the Ground, and hurled violently through the Air, in furious and wild Commotion. Phænomena, like these, can only be produced by that iron Strength of Lungs, and brazen Audacity of Figure, which Nature has so liberally imparted to the modern Critic.

It will be necessary to obviate an Objection arising from popular Prejudice, that the Science of Criticism being to examine into the Merit of all Productions of Genius and Learning, it does not seem to demand the Size and Dimensions which I have made essential to the Character; but the Objectors, I apprehend, are mistaken in the End of modern Criticism; and have not perhaps duly reflected on the necessary Qualities to discharge the Province they are desirous of allotting it. To execute that Task, would require a moderate Portion of Sense, Taste and Judgment, under the Direction of Modesty and Candour; Talents so little practised by those who have taken up the Occupation of a Critic, that they appear on all Occasions not to have the least Conception of them. Whoever will give himself Leave to consider, that the Character of a Critic, a Wit, and Man of Humour, in the present Estimation of the World, is supported wholly by Mechanical Operations, in which the Understanding has no Manner of Share, he will easily agree with me, that the surest
Method

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Method to discover those Characters, must be taken from that Part which is principally concerned; and as we can truly judge from outward Appearances alone, I have shewn to a Demonstration that the Stature of a Person is the only infallible Criterion, by which we can decide, on the Justness of his Pretensions; and that no one for the future can have any Right to either of those Characters, but whose Dimensions will exactly tally with the Measures of this Standard.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house.

MR. *Ranger* gives public Notice, that he will shortly issue his Edict for a general Shew, or Appearance of all the Critics, Wits, and Men of Humour within this Metropolis, and five Miles round it. The Place of Rendezvous will be the *Piazzas* in *Covent-Garden*, and he himself will attend at this Coffee-house with his Standard for the just Determination of their respective Merits. No one shall pretend to pass himself on the World as a Critic, &c. who does not submit to this Measurement, and afterwards he is to be reputed accordingly. The Name of every Person will be carefully entered in a Register to be kept at the said Coffee-house, to which every Man will have the Liberty of appealing in Case of a Dispute. Mr. *Ranger*, out of Consideration to the Circumstances of the said Critics, &c. generously remits his own Fees, and requires only one Shilling to be given his Clerk, as a Perquisite for his Trouble.

Cambridge, April 3.

The several Writers, who have displayed their Talents in the elegiack Strain of late Years, seem greatly

to

to have mistaken the true End of that sadly-pleasing Species of Poetry, and therefore the following one is recommended to the Perusal of all, who are fond of excelling in this Way.

An ELEGY on a Tallow Candle.

PENSIVE I lay e'en from the Dead of Night,
Until the Sun his daily Course began,
Reflecting on the Candle's wasting Light,
And moraliz'd the Fate of mortal Man.

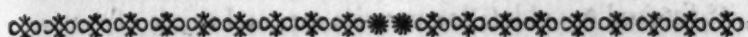
White and un sullied was that Cotton Wick,
When from the Chandler first to me it came;
Behold how black! the greasy Drops how thick!
Such Colour takes it from imparted Flame.

Such is the Youth, of Manners strict and pure,
Till led by Vice he quits his Reason's Guide;
By Flatt'ry drawn he stoops to Vice's Lure,
And from the Paths of Reason wanders wide.

His Passions melt, his manly Vigour faints,
Nor mourns he aught his former Virtue gone,
For foul Society his Moral taints,
And Mother *Douglas* marks him for her own.

The Fool who sells his Freedom for a Smile,
Or for a Ribband barter's Peace of Mind,
Like wasting Wicks just glimmers for a while,
Then dies in Smoke and leaves a Stink behind.

The many Perils that Ambition wait,
When soaring high we still the lower fall,
Are but the Snuffers of expiring Light,
And Death's the grand Extinguisher of all.



NUMB. 28. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, April 28, 1753.

*Jure etenim id sum, quid dexter Senio ferret,
Scire erat in toto, damnosa Canicula quantum
Raderet, angustæ collo non fallier orca.*

PERSIUS.



FTER sauntering about for some Time the other Morning in *Gray's-Inn-Gardens*, I withdrew to the Edifice raised by the great *Sir Francis Bacon*, where I scarce had seated myself, when I perceived an elderly Gentleman hastening towards me. He was of a ruddy, hale Complexion, but had the Air of one somewhat disconcerted in his Mind. Scraping the Ground with one Leg drawn backwards, and holding out his Hat at Arm's Length, he hesitated a Desire to know if I was *Mr. Ranger*, the entertaining Writer. Upon answering him in the Affirmative, with Regard to the Name, and at the same Time, expressing some Doubt about the Compliment made to me as an Author, the Gentleman immediately looked grave, and shaking his Head, "Aye, Sir, says he, you are the very Man. I want,—I must be a little troublesome to you for your Advice in an Affair that weighs heavily on my Spirits, and a Friend has advised me to apply to *Mr. Ranger* for his Opinion."—Upon this, I assured him of my Inclination to serve him, and as I perceived he had not yet divested himself of his Diffidence, I begg'd of him to proceed without any farther Ceremony; which he accordingly complied with.

"My Name, Sir, reassumed the Stranger, is *Oldcastle*, of *Oldcastle-Hall* in the North of England,—nothing but

“ but an Affair of Consequence should have brought
 “ me upwards of two hundred Miles to Town ;—I have
 “ fetched my eldest Son up with me, as I think of putting
 “ him to something—a wounded sharp Boy he is ;—
 “ he’s a Tartar for your *Greek* and your *Latin*, and the
 “ best Mimick in the World ;—Odds my Life, he’d mi-
 “ mick all the Waggoners as he come along the Road,
 “ — but that’s neither here nor there—I now think
 “ it Time, as I told you, to put him to Business—I
 “ have a large Family, and but a small Estate was
 “ handed to me by my Ancestors ;—the Land was
 “ surveyed in the Time of *Queen Elizabeth*, and there
 “ is just the same Number of Acres to this Day—I
 “ would have my Son be the First of his Family that
 “ improved it, and then he may help me to provide for
 “ his Brother and Sisters—but look ye, Sir, in this
 “ large Town, I am mainly puzzled what to put him
 “ to ;—I am afraid, I have made such another Journey
 “ to *London*, as *Sir Francis Wronghead* in the Play, and
 “ unless some such good Gentleman as you assists me,
 “ I must go back in the old squeaking Stage-Coach, with-
 “ out doing my Business—if you please, I’ll step and
 “ fetch *Dicky*, he’s at the *Bull and Gate Inn*, and will
 “ be here in a Crack.” Here he paused for a Reply.
 As the Matter he consulted me upon was of no small
 Importance, I begged Leave to be silent for the pre-
 sent, and promised I would give him an Answer in this
 Day’s Lucubration. Mr. *Oldcastle* was perfectly satis-
 fied, and withdrew in the Fullness of his Joy, after as-
 suring me, that he would always read my Paper, and
 that he would leave Orders with the Publisher to send
 it to his House in the Country every *Saturday* for the
 future.

The Direction of a young Gentleman’s Genius to
 any particular Profession, is a Point of more Conse-
 quence, than perhaps appears to the Inattentive ; as to
 this Step is often to be imputed the Happiness or
 Misery

Misery of the Person in the ensuing Part of his Days. This Circumstance in Life, is not unlike what we see at a Bowling-Green, where, before a Man plays off, he should consider the Byass of his Bowl, and if it is delivered with Judgment, it makes its Way to the destined Point; but, if there should be too much Rapidity in the Outset, or if a proper Degree of Force should be wanting to forward it, it either runs beyond the Mark, or lags in the Middle of its Progress. On this Account it is no easy Matter to advise upon so delicate a Point, as I have now to handle.

I have considered all the Professions, and I really think them very precarious. Many great Estates and eminent Titles have been derived from the Law; but it is now reduced to such a State, that without very great Friends, a Person possessed of the Talents of a *Murray*, shall never rise to any Degree of Eminence. With Regard to Physick, a Genius may spend his Time in saving the Lives of Patients in Garrets, and doing real Services to Mankind, without any Emolument to himself, while *Doctor Slaughter* puts his Licence to kill in Execution upon Thousands of his Majesty's well-disposed Subjects, and lolls at Ease in his Chariot.

In the Army, it is to be feared, that Preferment goes more by Interest, than Merit: And there is not a Wind that can blow from any Quarter of the Heavens, but fills the Merchant's Imagination with pictured Scenes of Shipwrecks; and while he breaks the Seal of a Letter, he trembles for fear of receiving the News of some Correspondent's Failure. The Stage, indeed, seems to be a Place, where Merit meets its Reward, but even there, there are great Disadvantages; and though a Genius should start up with the Talents of a *Garrick*, and Person of a *Barry*, it is odds, but his Eye is one Time or other knock'd out by a well-directed Apple.

There is, however, a Way of Life, which I cannot help thinking the most eligible, and, not to keep the
Reader

Reader any longer in Suspense, the Occupation, I mean, is that of a Gamester. After mature Deliberation, the Gentlemen of this Calling seem to me to be in Possession of greater Advantages than any of the others, and the Inconveniences attending them, are not upon a Ballance with the Conveniences.

A Gamester, from a constant Habit of venturing large Sums upon the Turning up of a Card, or a Die, acquires that thorough Disregard for Money, which is so much recommended by the Philosophers. Like *Catiline* in *Sallust*, he is *alieni appetens, sui profusus*; at the same Time, that he is desirous of his Friends Substance, he has the Pleasure of being profuse in his own private Gratifications. Instead of creeping through Life with that Mediocrity of Spirit, which depresses the Man of Business, the Gamester lives with an *Eclat*; *Ryan*, *Venable*, or *Tomkyns*, supply him with his Wines, and he is every Hour gaining an Insight into Men and Manners. As rude Health has too much of the Country in it, and of course is not very pleasing to the Ladies, he acquires by his midnight Vigils, a pallid meagre Countenance, which generally denotes an intimate Knowledge of the Town; and while others deceive one another in the Face of Day, a Gamester has the Modesty to fly to the Covert of the Night, and, if I may use the Poet's Words, *The pale Moon and Stars alone are conscious of the Theft*. While the Man of Genius is left undisturbed in his Study, the gay-dressed Footman knocks at the Gamester's Door, and leaves the agreeable Card to invite him to my Lady *Bragwell's*. There he has an Opportunity of carrying on a Design upon a Lady's Money and Virtue at the same Time, and if he can once contrive to get her in his Books, he finds it no difficult Matter to make her give *personal* Security, and when once a Woman's Body is mortgaged, there is no Equity of Redemption.

There

There are many other Conveniences annexed to a Life of Play, and therefore I would have my Friend Mr. *Oldcastle* train up his Son to this Profession; and to encourage all Beginners in this Way, I shall dismiss this Paper with only one Article of True Intelligence, which I take to be of the utmost Consequence to all such Adventurers.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To the PUBLIC.

LATELY arrived in this Town from *Paris*, the *Marquis de Fourberie*, well known to many of the Nobility and Gentry, who have been in Foreign Parts. He is well versed in all the different Branches of Gaming, and he teaches how to play the whole Game in a Month's Time.

He has taken an Apartment for this Purpose in the *Hay-market*, where he reads Lectures every Day in the Week, except *Wednesday*, when he attends the Gentlemen of the City, at his Room near the *Royal Exchange*, where he will let any young Prentice or City Smart into the Secret, without Hindrance of Business.

He has taught, since his coming here, several Gamesters of both Sexes, and it was he instructed the *Scaramouch*, who carried off fifteen hundred Pounds from the last Masquerade.

Gentlemen and Ladies may learn in a private Manner, without being overseen by Strangers while Learning, and for the more expeditiously compleating them, there is a Set to practise from Seven in the Evening till Three in the Morning.

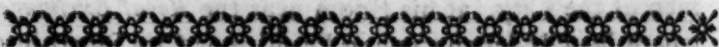
As several Persons have, and do think still, that it is impossible to learn without going into Company, he thinks proper to inform them of his Method for that Purpose. He first teaches the Scholar the Shuffle, then the different Methods of Cutting; next he explains his

Rules.

Rules, by the Assistance of second-hand Cards; when the Party is so qualified, he makes his own Family sit down with them, where they play most of the Games in Vogue; after the Person has learned in this Manner, which he or she may do in a very short Time, he dares answer for them, they will be qualified to play in any genteel Company whatever.

Facta est alea.

N. B. the Marquis had not a Stitch of Cloaths when he began, and he now shines away with his *Dresden* Ruffles, and Diamond Ring. Such Persons as are desirous to learn any Branch excessive quick, may come twice or thrice a Day, or lodge and board in the House for the Time. He insures for a small Præmium, one thousand Pounds a Year to any ingenious young Gentleman who will make himself Master of his Rules. He sells Dice for Gentlemen to carry in their Pockets.



NUMB. 29.

GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, May 5, 1753.

*Ausus non operam, non formidare Poetæ
Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
Monstratum digito.* — — — — —

PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM.

ERISION and Contempt have been for many Ages the Portion of most Authors, whom Rank in Life, or Superiority of Abilities, have not eminently raised above the common Herd of their Fraternity; and the Name of Poet, in every Company where the Word is mentioned,

tioned, is sure to excite ludicrous Ideas of Garrets, unwashed Shirts, and unpaid Taylors. By these Means it has obtained, that younger Brothers had rather take a Pistol or a Pack of Cards in their Hands to raise a Livelihood, than endeavour to help out the Year's Income by the Exertion of their Talents; dreading the Infamy of Wit, more than any other Imputation, that can be fixed upon their Characters.

This Effect is not produced without a Concurrence of many efficient Causes, among which the principal one is, the known Poverty of the Generality of the Tribe that write; and among all the Inconveniences of Indigence, it has been well said, that there is not a greater Hardship, than that Ridicule, which it brings upon those who labour under its Lash.

Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,

Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.—

The Belly has been often called the Teacher of Art, and the Inspirer of Wit; but, I apprehend, this Maxim can only be understood of a full Belly.

Satur est cum dicit Horatius Evox;

Horace was warmed with good Cheer, when he calls out to Bacchus to spare him, says Juvenal; and the same Author adds, with an elegant Vein of Pleasantry, that fine Writing is the Production of an exalted Mind, free from the Sollicitude of procuring a Blanket; and that if Virgil wanted a Lodging and a Boy to attend him, the Snakes would fall from the Fury, which he so admirably describes, and the Trumpet would not sound to War with so shrill a Clangor.

Nam si Virgilio puer & tolerabile deesset

Hospitium, caderent omnes à crinibus Hydri,

Surda nihil gemeret grave Buccina.—

It is not therefore to be wondered, that Poverty should diminish the Poet's Lustre, since it not only renders him an Object of Contempt, but extinguishes the Fire of his Genius; and such is the Fate or Perverseness of Authors, that, to Circumstances, which they cannot remove, they are industrious to add many of their own creating; so true is the Saying of Mr. *Congreve*, that wherever Wit is, it is always contriving its own Ruin. The Race of Writers are extremely irascible, prone to Malice and Envy towards the Man, whom they perceive in Possession of Fame, and, instead of endeavouring to equal him with an honest Emulation, their Aim is, to snatch the Laurel from his Brow, or if they cannot reach it, to wither it on his Head by the bitter Blasts of Calumny and Detraction. *Voltaire* delivers himself on this Topic with so much Delicacy and good Sense, that I shall here translate the Passage. "It is a Disgrace, *says he*, to the human Mind, that the Republic of Letters should be infested with personal Resentments, private Cabals, and mean Intrigues, which should only subsist among the Slaves of Fortune. What Advantage can accrue to Authors from this Civil War? Their Animosities have no other Tendency, than to depreciate a Profession, which it is in their Power to render respectable. Why should the Art of thinking finely, the greatest Blessing Man can share from Heaven, become an Object of Ridicule? It is really hard, that Men of Genius should render themselves, by their mutual Invectives, the Sport of Fools, and instead of being revered as the Masters and Instructors of the Public, turn out the Buffoons and Zanies of the Town."

There is another Reason, which contributes strongly to bring a Disreputation upon Poets, and that is, their mean and prostitute Servility to a Set of Men, whom they call their Patrons. These Gentlemen are for the most Part eager after Praise, and careless of the Means,
by

by which they might obtain an honest Fame; hence the *Parnassian* Incense is extremely grateful, and is therefore profusely offered up by every scribbling Fool, who vainly thinks to wriggle himself into Preferment. But the Misfortune is, that what happens in this Case is not answerable to the Writer's Intention; his Patron plumes himself upon the imputed Accomplishments, and glows with Rapture and Self-Admiration, while for the Bard he feels no Passion but Contempt, and the rest of the World with Pleasure behold Infamy and Disappointment, the Rewards of Venality and Prostitution.

As I have always entertained great good Wishes for the Gentlemen of the Quill, I have devised a Method, by the Observance of which, they will be able to retrieve, in some Measure, the Honour of their Calling, and obviate that Torrent of Contumely, which at present bears hard upon them.

In the first Place, I would have them frequently inculcate, that Fortune is only the Leity of Fools; and, if she has not been favourable to them, they had better enjoy a virtuous Independence in private, than by an ambitious Poverty, bring themselves under the Contempt and Ridicule of the Affluent.

Secondly, Instead of wasting Paper in mutual Calumny and Detraction, I would recommend to them to vent their Anger upon the Critics or the *Malevoli*; a Species of People highly prejudicial to the Cause of Literature, on whom no Severities can be too hard, as it is notorious, that not one of the Race about Town at present is any way fit for the Province he has usurped; a total Ignorance of the learned Languages, and a lamentable want of Taste, together with a plentiful Share of Spleen and Ill-nature, being the distinguishing Characteristics of the whole Tribe.

Thirdly and lastly, I would advise my Brother-Writers to dispense their Panegyric with a little more Reserve, and always with an Eye to Truth; from whence

it will follow, that they will find themselves more court-
ed by their Patrons, and their Butlers will the more
readily condescend to hear them from the Side-Board.
To maintain a Poet's Dignity and Ease, is a beautiful
Sentiment of Mr. Pope, and his Life and Manners shew
that he carried it from Theory into Practice. Who
is not delighted to hear him declare with a noble Pride?

*Enough for half the greatest of these Days,
To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.*

Whenever I reflect upon the Conduct of that great
Genius, I find it hard to determine within myself,
which holds most of Admiration, the Fineness of his Per-
ceptions, and the Elegance of his Poetry, or that
Grace of Character, and that unprostituted, dignified In-
dependence, which will always do Honour to the Man.
Doctor Swift likewise, with less Delicacy of Manners,
jealously preserved his own Respect; and sure I am,
that the Writings of these two great Authors, though
they have both exquisite Finishings in their Kind, have
always received an additional Lustre from the self-
created Importance of their Characters.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE:

Vauxhall, May 12.

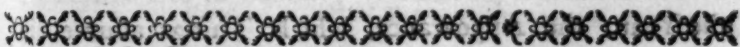
THE Diversions of this Place began on *Tuesday*
Evening last, and it was computed, that there
were near five thousand People in the Gardens. It is
observable, that they all agreed, "it was a very fine
"Evening"—"and that there was a great Number of
"People present, though very little Company—no-
"body, Ma'em, that one knows;—It's a Wonder where
"the Creatures come from, &c." By the best Advices
from the dark Walk, or *Alley de Soupirs*, we are assured
there

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there was *nothing done*. One Letter indeed, mentions, that a certain Citizen attended his Mistress into that Part of the Garden, in order to break his Mind to her; but that his Heart failed him, and he could only muster up Courage enough to say, "This is a fine Place for Lovers to walk in."

Bedford Coffee-house.

The Caravan, which came to this House during the Winter Season, is shortly to alter its Destination, and is to perform as follows; for a Fortnight it is to go to *Vauxhall*, until the Smarts of the City are thoroughly tired of Ham and Chickens, and then, for the Remainder of the Summer-Season, it is to set out from the *Cross-Keys* in *Gracechurch-Street*, on the Ball-Nights, to *Hampstead*, *Enfield*, *Dulwich*, *Sunning-Hill*, *Richmond*, *Kendal-House*, &c. Advices from all which Places shall be duly inserted in this Paper.



NUMB. 30. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, May 12, 1753.

*Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus;
Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva finys; superat tener omnibus humor,
Inque novos soles audent se gramina tute
Credere. — — — — —*

VIRG.

¶ HERE is not a Pleasure, which thrills
T through the tender Nerve of Imagination,
but what receives additional Delight from
¶ numberless adventitious Circumstances. To
the Association of Ideas, explained by Mr. Locke, may
also be added the Association of Passions, which recipro-

cally awaken each other, and agitate the Mind with their mixed Operation. Thus the primary Effect, which any Object or Landskip may have on a Person's Taste, is heightened and enlarged beyond its Bounds; a Recollection of collateral Images starts upon the Fancy, the Passions pour in their auxiliar Influence, and our Joy is encreased by several Sensations at once; like a River, which admits at different Inlets the tributary Illapse of several lesser Streams, and thence swelled above its Banks, dispenses Verdure and Fertility to all the Country round. That this is the Case in many Situations of the Mind, will be obvious to any Body, that will but turn his Eyes inwards, and I believe it is not more so in any one Instance, than the Joy we feel from the Opening of the Spring.

In my Opinion, we are not acquainted with a more complicated Pleasure: our Love of Novelty, which is a leading Principle in the Heart of Man, implanted in us for the most benevolent Purposes by the Author of our Frame, is particularly gratified at this Season of the Year; the Appearance, which Things assume, is not only pleasing to us on Account of its natural Beauty, but also from its Newness to the Eye. During the Winter, all Nature seems to suffer a melancholy Distress; the animal Creation droops, their Spirits seem sunk into dumb Despair, and we read their languid Situation in the mute imploring Eye; the vegetable World seems also tending to Decay, and a general Scene of Calamity overspreads the Face of Nature. From this State to see gradually a new Creation emerging, and every Thing reviving with renovated Vigour, cannot fail of pleasing our Imagination; the whole Race of animal Life feels the genial Influence of the soft Season; from a Turbulence of Clouds, and all the Inclemencies of the Elements, the Scene is shifted to enlivening Suns, blue Skies, Hills cloathed with Verdure, imbowering
Shades,

Shades, refreshing Streams, and the Harmony of the Grove.

The learned Reader will perceive with what Elegance *Virgil* has described this vernal Delight in the Words of my Motto. The Passage, from whence I have selected these Lines, is carried on with an Air of Enthusiasm; he seems particularly fond of this Season, and the whole is closed with a moral Reflection on the Providence of the supreme Being, who placed this Part of the Year, as a Medium, to render the Transition from intense Cold to the Heat of the Summer less perceptible to our Constitutions. There are many short Sketches of this Nature in the same Author; we frequently find him casting a side Glance this Way; and, I will venture to say, every Reader of Taste must have been greatly delighted with these Bye-views; as on a Road the transient Opening of an agreeable Prospect is always acceptable to the Traveller. *Horace* is also happy when giving a Description of the Spring; and *Milton*, the great Father of the Sublime in *English* Poesy, has in many Places touched it with great Delicacy. Perhaps some of the most beautiful Imagery in his Poem is to be found in the softer Paintings of this Nature, which he has so often taken Occasion to introduce.

Besides the obvious Pleasures of this Season, already mentioned, there is another Circumstance, which still renders it more delightful; the Spring, more particularly than any other Time of the Year, is the Season of Love. At this Juncture we feel the Sun warm at our Hearts; young Health smiles in the Virgin's Eye; the Morn or Evening Walks affords Sensations unfelt before; a pleasing Stillness runs o'er the Faculties of the Mind, and every Thing conspires to fill the Heart, with what the Poet calls, *the Spirit of Love and amorous Delight*. By Love, I would not be supposed to mean a mere gross Impulse of Passion, but that Elegance of Desire, that Refinement of Taste, which distinguishes the Gentleman,

tleman, and never fails of being acceptable to the amiable Sex.

Whatever may be rattled over a Bottle at a Tavern, we are obliged to the Ladies for the most valuable Gratifications of our Lives; and after all our high-boasted Reason and our superior Abilities, to them it is owing that our Manners become more gentle, and our Sentiments acquire a finer Polish. Our Looks and Gestures assume from them a milder Air, our Passions soften into Harmony and Joy; and the Man, who has used himself to this agreeable Converse, is acquainted with a thousand Delicacies in his Amusements, and several Elegancies in his Way of thinking, to which vulgar Souls are absolutely Strangers.

Instead of expatiating further on this Subject, I shall here insert a Copy of Verses, which were communicated to me by an ingenious Gentleman, whom I am proud to call my Friend. The candid Reader, I persuade myself, will be pleased with the Perusal; and the small Critics, who buzz about the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, may amuse themselves with considering, whether the Lines should be called, Ode, Song, Pastoral, or Elegy, and whether they sufficiently express the Tenderneſs of Love, and the Process of the Passion, with its several sweet Vicissitudes.

I.

SINCE *Peggy's* Charms, divinely fair,
Have pour'd their Lustre on my Heart,
Ten Thousand Pangs my Bosom tear,
And ev'ry Fibre feels the Smart.

If such the mournful Moments prove,
Ah! who would give his Heart to Love?

II.

I meet my fondest Friends with Pain,
Though Friendship us'd to warm my Soul;
Wine's gen'rous Spirit flames in vain,
I find no Cordial in the Bowl.

If such the mournful Moments prove,
Ah! who would give his Heart to Love?

III.

Though Nature's Volume open lies,
Which once with Wonder I have read;
No Glories tremble from the Skies,
No Beauties o'er the Earth are spread.
If such the mournful Moments prove,
Ah! who would give his Heart to Love?

IV.

Ev'n Poetry's ambrosial Dews
With Joy no longer feed my Mind;
To Beauty, Musick, and the Muse,
My Soul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.
Though such the mournful Moments prove,
Alas! I give my Heart to Love.

V.

But should the yielding Virgin smile,
Dress'd in her spotless Marriage Robes,
I'd look on Thrones and Crowns as vile,
The Master of two fairer Globes.
If such the rapt'rous Moments prove,
O! let me give my Heart to Love.

VI.

The Bus'ness of my future Days,
My ev'ry Thought, my ev'ry Pray'r,
Should be employ'd to sing her Praise,
Or sent to Heav'n, alone for her.
If such the rapt'rous Moments prove,
O! let me give my Heart to Love.

VII.

Poets should wonder at my Love;
 Her Charms should Painters croud to see;
 And when they would the Passions move,
 Should copy her and think of me.

If such the rapt'rous Moments prove,
 O! let me give my Heart to Love.

VIII.

Old Age should burn as bright as Youth,
 No Respite to our Passion giv'n;
 Then mingled in one Flame of Truth,
 We'd scorn the Earth, and soar to Heav'n.

If such the rapt'rous Moments prove,
 O! let us give our Hearts to Love.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office, May 5.

WHEREAS the honourable Appellation of a CRITIC hath been, of late Years, greatly debased, by certain Smarts, Bloods, Haberdashers, Attorney's Clerks, &c. who have usurped the said Title, without any other Qualification, than that of a Cut-Scratch, a short Coat, an Oak Stick, and deep Fund of Ill-nature, a Smattering in the *English* Language, and a total Ignorance of every other; it is hereby ordered, that the above-mentioned honourable Appellation be immediately rescued, and for the future be applied only to Men of true Taste. And it is hereby further enacted, that the said *Pseudo-Critics* shall, for the Time to come, be denominated by no other Title, than that which *Terrance* long since conferred upon them, viz. the MALE-VOLI. Given under our Hand this 5th of May, 1753.

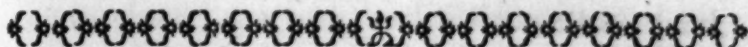
Charles Ranger.

George's, Temple-bar.

We hear that Counsellor *Shortcoat* of the *Inner-Temple*, or more properly of this *House*, has been for some time
 past

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past employed in preparing for the Press a most elaborate Treatise on MODERN CRITICISM, which, it is said, he will demonstrate to be a mere mechanical Art, without the least Foundation in any intellectual Faculty whatever. This Report gains Credit, as Mr. *Shortcoat*, tho' heretofore revered as a *Longinus*, has the Candor to own that he commenced Critic upon the Strength of the following Terms only, *viz.* " Immense Powers —
 " Deportment—Bye playing—Finesse—fine colouring
 " —Stroke—Top of the Voice—Bottom of the
 " Voice—Break in the Voice—Speaks from the
 " Stomach—Emphasis—Attitude—Lines of Na-
 " ture—Playing in Metaphor"—With a long *Et-
 cetera* of all the cant Phrases, which are so plenti-
 fully interlarded in that idle Book, called the ACTOR.



NUMB. 31. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, May 19, 1753.

Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus.

HOR.

✱✱✱✱ T is with unspeakable Pleasure I have
 ✱ I ✱ observed for a considerable Time past, that
 ✱✱✱✱ those unhappy Divisions, which have been
 the Bane of Society, ever since the late
 Commotions in the North, are in a great Measure re-
 conciled; at least, so far, as to make an Intercourse be-
 tween People of different political Sentiments, not al-
 together impracticable. The Distinction of *Whig*, or
Jacobite, seems to be at present thought not essentially
 necessary towards constituting a good Companion; and
 the Word HONEST appears to have acquired a more en-

larged Signification; infomuch that, whenever we honour a Man with that Appellation, it is generally understood, that we mean something more, than a Person who is ready to drink a certain Set of Toasts. In short, the Enthusiasm of Party, in this Respect, is so far abated, that one may spend a chearful Evening with some of the most sanguine Friends to the Government, without dedicating a single Glass to the Memory of King *William*; and I have more than once, within these last six Months, sat with some reputed Well-wishers to the exiled Family, without being under a Necessity of ungartering my Stockings, and pulling off my Wig, at every Return of the Bottle. But, alas! what avails this Coalition? The Spirit of Party is so intimately interwoven in the Constitution of an *Englishman*, that all Attempts to extinguish it must inevitably fail of Success: It may indeed be diverted, but will not admit of being eradicated.

The Truth of this Observation is sufficiently manifested, by the two powerful Factions, which now disunite this great Metropolis.

I could wish for the Pen of *Bolingbroke*, in order to trace the Rise and Progress of those fatal Dissensions, which sow Discord in Families, make Breaches among Friends, embitter Society, and, if not timely restrained, threaten Danger to the State.

The Reader, I believe, has anticipated me, and plainly sees, that I can mean no other, than the Sects, distinguished by the Denomination of *Garrickeans* and *Barryists*.

The several Pretensions of the Theatrical Leaders, from whom the Names of Distinction just mentioned are derived, are so extremely difficult to be adjusted, that two Persons can hardly be found, within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, who perfectly agree in their Way of thinking upon this Head: And as the amiable Sex generally support, with great Impetuosity, their
favourite

favourite Principles, it is inconceivable to those, who have not had Opportunity of observing it, what Feuds and Animosities prevail among the female Partizans of these Heroes.

I was lately present at a Controversy between two Ladies, who had adopted opposite Sentiments, the one being a *Garrickean*, and the other a *Barryist*. The Dispute began in Form—the *Garrickean* insisting upon it, that she did not like *Barry*; and the *Barryist* protesting with equal Emphasis, that she could not so highly admire *Garrick*—Thus mutual Contradiction being given, the Debate soon grew warm, and the *Garrickean* Lady enforced her Opinion with great Vehemence: “There is something so clever, something so lively, something so I don’t know how in *Garrick*—And his Eyes sparkle so, that, to be sure, he is the sweetest Creature in the World.”—Her Antagonist withstood this Torrent of Eloquence, and with no less Energy replied,—“Nay, Madam, if you talk of Eyes, nobody can say, but *Barry* has as lovely Eyes as ever were seen—Then he is so tall, and so fine a Man, that, Lord bless me! there is no Comparifon—I am sure, *Garrick* can’t make Love so well—come, now, you must give that up.—Not I, upon my Honour, Ma’em, resumes the *Garrickean*, why should I give it up? All the Gentlemen, and you must allow they know best, say, *Garrick* is the finest *Romeo*.”—The Weight of this Reasoning piqued the *Barryist*, and she exclaimed, with no small Appearance of Indignation—“Pshaw! what signifies what the Men say? I don’t mind it a Farthing;—they envy the dear Man, because he is so handsome.”—The Earnestness and Resentment, with which this was delivered, excited a general Laugh, and the Ladies had Prudence enough to suspend the Contest for that Evening; but I have been since informed, that they renewed it the next Day with redoubled Vigour, and proceeded so far, as to use some

certain Figures of Speech, which are thought not quite consistent with female Delicacy.

A wide Breach ensued between the Disputants, in Consequence of this Disagreement, which was in a few Days happily healed, by the Mediation of some Friends; and the Ladies now visit as usual, but have obliged themselves in the most solemn Manner, for their mutual Quiet, never to mention, for the future, the Names of *Garrick* and *Barry* in the Company of each other.

I have only related this Affair, as a slight Instance of the unhappy Effects attending our Party-Divisions. That they are productive of the greatest Uneasiness in the Conjugal State, is so very notorious, that People of different Ways of thinking seldom chuse to engage with each other; being aware, that Feuds and Discontents must be unavoidable, when Man and Wife *do not go the same Way*. An intimate Acquaintance of mine, who is strongly in the *Garrickean* Interest, paid his Addresses to a very agreeable, and every-way-accomplish'd young Lady; but a violent *Barryist*. The young Couple liked one another perfectly well, and there appeared no reasonable Objection to the Match, but the Difference of Principles.

This, however, was an Obstacle not easily to be got over. The Relations on both Sides had several Meetings, and many Difficulties arose in settling this Point, which was at last adjusted by a Compromise. The Lawyer, who was employed to draw the Articles, received Directions to insert a Clause, importing, that all the Boys born of that Marriage should be bred up *Garrickeans*, and the Girls *Barryists*.

The Reader, I believe, is surprized, that I have not, in this Dissertation upon Parties, taken any Notice of the *Quinists*, a Faction, which, in its Time, has been by no Means contemptible, whether we consider the Bulk or Quality of the Leaders. The Reason is—I have observed, that this Party is considerably declined,
since

since the Abdication of their Monarch ; most of them having subscribed to the Revolution, which took Place in *Goodman's-Fields* in the Year Forty-two ; and those few, who still continue attached to this Cause, being old Men, from whom no Disturbance can be expected in the female World.

That these Heart-burnings threaten Danger to the State, I think is very obvious. The Business of the Theatres is almost finished, and, it is expected, that both Houses will be prorogued in a few Days, when many of the Members will go into the Country, and most unquestionably excite a Party-Spirit, where-ever they fix. We shall hear from one Town, that the Inhabitants are divided into *Marrists* and *Scrafists* ; from another, that the *Usherists* have got the upper Hand, and the Favourers of *Raſtor* do not dare to shew their Faces. What Influence these Divisions may have upon the approaching Election, I leave to the Gentlemen in Power to consider, not doubting but they will thank me for this friendly Intimation, and make a proper Use of it.

From this fair and candid Representation of the present State of Parties among us, many useful Reflections may be drawn, which, as they are extremely obvious, the Reader's good Sense will undoubtedly suggest to him. I might here dismiss my Subject in the Words of *Horace*,

Verbum non amplius addam.

But I am unwilling to conclude, without declaring my own Principles. I have the Satisfaction to say, that I am conscious of being entirely free of Party-Prejudice—I am neither a *Garrickean* nor a *Barryist*, but between both, in an honest Mean—I defy my greatest Enemies to prove, that I ever gave a Clap or Hiss, but according to the Dictates of my Conscience—And, O my dear Countrymen and Countrywomen!

there is nothing I so ardently desire, as an Union of all true Friends to our Theatrical Entertainments, in order to rouse the Directors of the *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden* Companies from their Lethargy, and make them sensible, that though the Public have a violent Appetite for Plays, and can feed on a *Romeo* and *Juliet* thirty or forty Times in a Season, yet they would be glad of a little Variety—This surely they may modestly expect, as the heavy Subsidies for the Maintenance of these States are raised entirely upon them. If we should be happy enough to obtain this, next Winter, I flatter myself, all Discord will subside: We shall admire the Powers of a *Garrick*, and do Justice to his inimitable Performances in a *Lear*, a *Richard*, a *Macbeth*, an *Hamlet*, a *Ranger*, or a *Bendick*, without being any Way disinclined to yield to the tender Emotions of a *Castalio*, or backward to acknowledge the Dignity and home-felt Anguish of an *Othello*. In short, we shall then enter the Theatre, without any other Bias on our Minds, than a Disposition to be pleased.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, May 19.

YESTERDAY Evening, between the Hours of Seven and Eight, Mr. *Town* came to the Board of Criticism, in his usual Cloaths, and gave his Assent to the following Bills, *viz.*

AN ACT for preventing clandestine Amours behind the Scenes;

AN ACT for the better suppressing the Growth of Poetry, and for other Purposes therein mentioned;

AN ACT for limiting the Number of Orange-Wenches in both Playhouses. And to several public and private Bills.

After

After which Mr. Town made the following most gracious Speech;

My Friends and Critics,

It has always been a very sensible Pleasure to me, to see you assembled together, and I shall continue the Exertion of my best Abilities for your Welfare. The Management of the Theatres has ever been my principal Care, and I have now the Satisfaction to inform you, that Mr. Rich's Negotiations with the *Harlequin* of the *Italian* Comedy in *Paris* (for which Purpose he is gone thither) have been attended with the greatest Success; and there is no Reason to apprehend any Danger from the Machinations of *David Garrick*, Esq; who is in a constant Alliance with Men of Genius, and is perpetually encouraging them to write for the Stage, in Hopes that at length the true Spirit of Dramatic Poesy may again revive in this Nation.

Gentlemen of the City,

I return you my Thanks for your Attendance here every *Sunday* Evening; your making a Circle about me, is a Proof of that Attachment which you have always manifested to me and my Judgment.

My Friends and Critics,

The Summer Season being now opened, I am unwilling to detain you any longer from your Country Seats, at *Islington*, *Hoxton*, *Marybone*, &c. You may rest assured, there is nothing I so ardently wish, as to see you all the most cavilling Critics in *Europe*. In the several Places of your Residence, do your Endeavours to promote the the true genuine Spirit of *Malevolism*, which cannot fail to render us the Scourge of Players, and the Terror of Managers.

After

After this Mr. *Town* prorogued the critical Sessions to the 25th of *July* next; and the Board of Criticism is accordingly prorogued.



NUMB. 32. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, May 26, 1753.*

Contemptu Famæ contemni Virtutes.

TACITUS.

THE Sentiment, which is very beautifully expressed in the Words of my Motto, grew naturally out of the Conversation, at the last Meeting of our Club; and to enforce it still further, Mr. *Gulliver*, who then occupied the Chair, produced a Stricture of oriental History, which, he believed, would impress the Reflection deeper on the Mind, as it carried with it the Admonitions of Experience; and therefore, as such, I shall recommend it to the Perusal of my Readers.

In the Chronicles of the Sultans of the East, it is recorded, that when *Othman* held the Rank of Visier under a Prince of the *Sassanian* Race, and by his faithful Councils added Security, Lustre, and Dignity to the Throne, his Son *Mustapha* display'd in his early Bloom all the Virtues which could endear him to the best of Fathers, and render him amiable in the Eyes of all Beholders. *Achmet* the Hermit, who had been called forth from his Retreat, in order to attend the Cultivation of his tender Mind, had taken care to season him with Religion, and to inflame his young Imagination with the Desire of a fair and honest Fame. The Sage well knew that this Propensity would be a strong
con-

condary Aid to the native Beauty of Virtue, would warm and cherish his native Goodness, and invigorate the Exertion of it. Accordingly *Mustapha* soon drew the Eyes of all Men upon him; his Conduct was a constant Emanation of Benevolence, and in his Bosom glowed that intense heroic Ardour, which soon after distinguished him in the Field of glorious Danger. In a short Time he arrived to the highest Degree of Popularity; the Sultan heaped Favours on him in what might be called a Profusion of Liberality, had not his Merit daily deserved it from him. He was delegated with unlimited Authority to command the Armies of the Sultan, and from the Confines of *Persia* to the *Indian Ocean*, he soon reduced every Thing under Subjection. Though he was yet green in Years, each Tongue was mute in his Presence, and before him every Eye looked down with a Kind of reverential Awe; he loved the Prince, who raised him to this State of Elevation, and by the Gentleness of his Manners he softened that Envy, which might otherwise arise against the Lustre of his Glory.

While *Mustapha* was constantly reaping fresh Laurels, and gratifying his insatiable Love of Fame by daily Acquisitions of Glory, his Father at home met with a Reverse of Fortune. *Othman* possessed all those Qualities, which shone forth in his Son with a more striking Lustre; and he vainly imagined, that in a corrupt degenerate Court, he could be great and good with Impunity. But the Storm now gathered heavily in Clouds around him, and the turbulent Tempests of Jealousy, Ambition, Hatred, and Revenge environed him with a Whirlwind more dreadful than that which tears up whole Continents of Sand in the Desarts of *Arabia*. The grand Apartments in his House, which were formerly filled with a Band of Courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was divested of all his Honours; his Trust was taken away from him, and, after a Series

of

of Years spent in the Service of his Prince, he was stripped of every Thing but his paternal Estate; whether he withdrew to shelter himself from an ungrateful World.

In this Retirement, *Othman*, what were your Thoughts, what were your Sensations? The Sun ushered in a Day void of Occupation, and the Night a Train of restless Dreams. At length his Constitution received such severe Strokes from a constant Succession of corrosive Cares, that he languished under the Pressure, and his Soul sickened to Desperation. A gloomy visionary Light obscured his Eyes with dim Suffusion, and he beheld with Joy the approaching Sunset of his Days. As he lay languishing on the Bed of Sickness, he gave Orders, that his Son might be informed of his Situation. *Mustapha* immediately quitted his high Command, flew to his dying Father's languid Arms, and in a Gush of Tears embraced his agonizing Body. *Othman*, with what little Strength he had left, raised his Head, and fixing his faded Eye-balls on him, "My Son, said he," hear my Words: "You have beheld your Father in the Sunshine of Prosperity; you now behold him in the last Extreme of Misery. I am fallen a Prey to the Intrigues of ill-designing Men;—the Angel of Death now hovers over his Victim; then listen to my last Directions;—Avoid public Honours;—fly from Courts, as from the Monsters of the Desert; be not misled by a vain Love of Fame and an unavailing Popularity;—Virtue is its own Reward;—then let your Happiness be fixed in your own Mind, independent of external Objects;—despise the Opinions of Mankind, which are always fluctuating and uncertain as the *Caspian*, when formed with Tempests.—For the Remainder of your Days have a Contempt for Fame;—it will only lead you into a Series of Toils for an ungrateful World.—Steal through Life imperceptible, like
" the

“ the Path of the Arrow, which leaves no Trace behind it;—let your Moderation shade you from Envy, and look down upon the Giddy.”——

He could no more; his Lot for Eternity was cast, and he expired. *Mustapha* wept in Bitterness of Anguish over the best of Fathers; he treasured up his Precepts in the inmost Recesses of his Soul, and instantly began to conform his Conduct to the Practice of them. His Dignities and Honours he resigned forthwith, and in the Sullenness of his Soul he locked himself from the World. His House no longer resounded with Singers and with Minstrels; no longer did Amber and Aloes administer their rich Perfumes; the Vases of Agate, which in his Father's Time overflowed with all the delicious Liquors of the East, lay tumbled into an unregarded Heap; and even the Hand of Charity, which was before stretched out at his Gate, was now congealed and frozen up. Echo no longer repeated his Praises, and Scandal began to accumulate Disgrace upon him. This he heard, and he despised the Rumour; the many Lessons given him by his Tutor were now totally forgot; the Seeds of Virtue lay dormant in his Breast, and his Love of Fame was now entirely extinguished, nay, the very Thoughts of it were loathsome to him, insomuch that, to leave no room for a Suspicion that he had any the least Regard for Popularity remaining, he would often say to himself, “ That the World may see how much I am above any Notices it may take of me, I must not be guilty of a single good Action.”——By imperceptible Degrees this Turn of Mind settled into a fixed Insensibility to all Dignity of Character, and on the Contempt of *Fame* was grafted a Contempt of *Virtue*.——*Mustapha! Mustapha!* you thundered at the Head of Armies; whole Nations obeyed your Voice; and now, how altered! relaxed and enfeebled you groan in Anguish, reluctant

ant

ant to every finer Impulse of the Soul, and callous to all the stimulating Incentives to Virtue!——

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Chapter Coffee-house, Paul's Church-Yard.

THE Author of an excellent Poem upon a very bad Subject, *viz.* the *Hilliad*, has been indisposed for some Time past, but we had the Pleasure of seeing him here a few Days since, and the following pleasant Piece of Poetry shews that he has again held Dalliance with his Muse.

An Epistle to the Reverend Mr. Evan Pritchard of ——— in Glamorganshire, on the Non-performance of a Promise, to send the Author an Hare.

Friend, with regard to this same Hare,
Am I to hope, or to despair?
By punctual Post the Letter came,
With *Evan's* Hand, and *Pritchard's* Name.
Yet there appear'd for Love or Money,
Nor Hare, nor Leveret, nor Coney.

Say, my dear *Evan*,—has my Lord
Like other great Men kept his Word?
Or have you been deceiv'd by 'Squire?
Or has your Poacher lost his Wire?
Or in some unpropitious Hole,
Instead of Pufs trepan'd a Mole?
Tell me, thou Son of Great *Cadwallader*,
Had't thou an Hare, or hast thou swallow'd her?

But now methinks I hear you say—
—And shake your Head——“ Ah! Well-a-day!
“ Painful Pre-eminence to be wise,
“ We Wits have such short Memories!—

“ Oh!

" Oh ! that the Act were not in Force !
 " A Horse !—My Kingdom for a Horse !
 " To love, yet be denied the Sport—
 " Oh ! for a Friend or two at Court !
 " God knows, there's scarce three Men of Quality,
 " In all our peerless Principality.

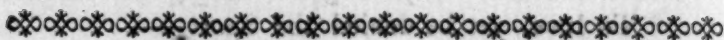
But hold !—for on his Country joking
 To a warm *Welchman's* most provoking.
 So Truce with your Reflections national,
 And to the Point in Order rational.

As for poor Pufs—upon my Honour,
 I never set my Heart upon her;
 But any Gift from Friend to Friend,
 Is pleasing in its Aim and End.

I, like the Cock, would spurn a Jewel,
 Sent by th' Unkind, th' Unjust, or Cruel.

But honest *Pritchard* !—sure, from him,
 A Barley-corn had been a Gem.
 Pleas'd therefore had I been and proud,
 And prais'd thy gen'rous Soul aloud,
 If 'stead of Hare (but do not blab it)
 You'd only sent me a *Welch* Rabbit.

NUMB.



NUMB. 33. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, June 2, 1753.

*Shot from above, by Heaven's Indulgence came
This gen'rous Ardor, this unconquer'd Flame;
To warm, to raise, to deify Mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest Mind.
By large-soul'd Men, for Thirst of Fame renown'd,
Wise Laws were fram'd, and sacred Arts were found.
Desire of Praise first broke the Patriot's Rest,
And made a Bulwark of the Warrior's Breast.
It bid Argyle in Fields and Senates shine;
What more can prove its Origin divine?*

YOUNG'S Satires.

*W*HILE Mustapha thus dozed away his Hours
ingloriously inactive, the Tidings of his Si-
tuation were wafted abroad by every Breeze,
and at length reached the Ears of Achmet
in his Hermitage. The venerable old Man heard the
Story with the severest Compunction; his Heart was
appalled within him; as if the Hand of Death had
smote him, he sat down in his Haram, but there no
Angel whispered to his Meditation; no Inspiration bore
his Thoughts aloft to the prime Source of Being;
Mustapha's Shame depressed the Swellings of Enthu-
siasm, and quite extinguished the pious Fervor of his
Soul. He was tormented with the Reflection, that so
noble a Youth should stop short in the Middle of his
Career, and check such excellent Propensities, as he
knew were lodged in his Breast. At length he arose, and
taking his Staff in his Hand, he extinguished the Light
which

which burned before him, and set out on a Journey over the Desarts of *Arabia*, and in a short Time arrived at his Pupil's Habitation.

It was with Difficulty he gained Admission; but the Gates were no sooner opened for him, than he went freight to his young Pupil's Apartment. *Mustapha* was reclined upon a Sofa, his Looks fullenly fixed on the Ground, and his Mind hardening into Insensibility. *Achmet* eagerly presented himself before him. His Eyes were vivid and piercing, though the Quickness of their Lustre was somewhat diminished by the galling Effusion of Tears, which this unexpected Shock had cost him. The Winter of Age had shed its Snows upon his Head and Beard, and the lively Expression of Passions, which throbbed in mingled Tumult about his Heart, rendered him an alarming Object to his Pupil. A conscious Blush diffused itself over his Face, at Sight of the hoary Sage; and both their Sensations being too big for Utterance, their Tongues were suspended, and their Eyes overflowing discoursed for a while in the most eloquent pathetic Silence. At length *Achmet* faintly uttered "*Mustapha!*" and a Gush of Tears choked up the rest. *Mustapha* at this was covered with Confusion, and attempted to break from him; but the palsied Nerves of the venerable Hermit felt a Renovation of Strength from the glowing Purpose of his Soul, and laying fast hold of his Pupil, he exclaimed, "You shall not put me
" from you; in me your Genius now alarms you; by
" me it means to rouse you from your Lethargy, and
" awaken the dying Embers of that amiable Fire, which
" formerly kindled all your Spirits, in those happier
" Days, when my Instructions were refreshing to your
" Ears, as the Morning Dews to the Verdure, which
" cloaths the Fields of *Damascus*. But now, how art
" thou fallen! each finer Principle of Virtue is sup-
" pressed, and you are even deaf to the Voice of Fame,
" that sweetest Music to a virtuous Ear. But to re-
" deem

"deem thee at once from the Dreams of Folly and
 "over-weening Pride, in which thy Soul is now slug-
 "gishly immerfed, read there that myftic Truth, which
 "a *Genie* put into my Hand, in an Hour of Inspira-
 "tion, when my Thoughts were fwelled with fublime
 "Ideas of the Difpenfations of him, who is in the
 "Heaven of Heavens, and whose wonder-working
 "Hand launched forth the Planets into the illimitable
 "Void, and ftill continueth to produce the Harmony of
 "the phyfical and moral World by various Secrets and
 "indirect Caufes."

The Heart of *Muftapha* was alarmed, and he read as
 follows. "When VIRTUE was fent down from the
 "third Heaven to refrain the irregular Paflions of
 "Mankind, the Dignity of her Mien and Beauty of
 "her Afpect were fufficiently attractive to make her
 "admired of all Beholders. But fuch is the Depravity of
 "human Nature, that thefe Allurements foon began to
 "lofe of their Influence, and VIRTUE fhortly finding
 "herfelf neglected and forlorn, returned to her celeftial
 "Mansion, in order to prefer her Complaint againft the
 "Sons of Men. There fhe remonftrated, that blind
 "Mankind was not only infenfible to her perfonal
 "Charms, but alfo deaf to the Promise of Rewards,
 "which were to be difpenfed to her Votaries in a future
 "State of Exiftence. Though this was a fufficient Pro-
 "vocation of Wrath, yet fuch was the fupreme Benevo-
 "lence, that VIRTUE was again fent down upon her
 "Miffion; and the better to ftrengthen her Interests,
 "FAME was ordered to attend her, with an high Com-
 "miffion to difpenfe temporary Retributions even on
 "this Side of the Grave. As foon as they reached the
 "Verge of human Nature, FAME blew aloft her filver
 "Trumpet, and an instantaneous Glow was kindled in
 "all Hearts. Wherever VIRTUE was cherifhed, FAME
 "pursued her Footsteps; and if Court was any where
 "made to her alone, fhe was fure to withhold her Fa-
 "vours,

"vours, until the Candidates found Means, by the Re-
 "commendation of VIRTUE, to insinuate themselves in-
 "to her good Graces. By this amiable Union Mankind
 "were restrained within just Restrictions, and were ex-
 "cited to a Series of meritorious Actions, either by an
 "Attachment to the Allurements of VIRTUE, or from
 "a Desire of obtaining the Applause of FAME. But
 "short is the Duration of all sublunary Things. FAME,
 "in her Turn, began to share the same Fate, that VIR-
 "TUE had met before her; the Appetites of Men were
 "now well-nigh sated, and the Musick of Applause no
 "longer sounded grateful to the Ear. It was observa-
 "ble that wherever she met with a Repulse, VIRTUE
 "was soon known to follow her, and it very rarely
 "happened that she remained with above one or two
 "in an Age without her Attendant FAME. In Pro-
 "cess of Time Matters were carried to that Extremity,
 "that this celestial Pair were tired of their Pilgrimage,
 "and wearied out at length they resolved to offer up
 "a joint Petition to be recalled. They therefore
 "flew to the Throne of him who is in the Heaven of
 "Heavens, and humbly urged, that it was in vain for
 "them to sojourn any longer upon Earth, as deluded
 "Mankind was now entirely seduced by the spurious
 "Ornaments of the Monster VICE, which had issued
 "out of the Regions of Darkness, and set up in Op-
 "position to all that VIRTUE and FAIR FAME could
 "inspire. In this Instance again the tender Care of
 "Heaven was eminently displayed, and these two
 "radiant Beings were a second Time commanded to
 "return to Earth, with Directions, that, however de-
 "praved the Appetites of Men might be, they should
 "persist in an unremitted Course of Endeavours for their
 "Service. But the more effectually to strengthen their
 "Cause, a Fiend called INFAMY was order'd to issue forth
 "from the unhallowed Cell of VICE, and to adhere close
 "to her, whatsoever Way she should bend her Course.

"It

“ It was likewise ordained that whoever should betray
 “ a Disregard for VIRTUE and HONEST FAME, should
 “ be branded by INFAMY, and that these two should
 “ thus continue to wander among Mankind, until the
 “ Angel of Death should walk forth by the Command
 “ of the ALMIGHTY, and sweep the whole Race from
 “ the Face of the Earth, to receive that Retribution of
 “ Rewards and Punishments, which may be due to their
 “ VIRTUE or VICE.”

Mustapha now perceived the Mists of Error clearing away from before his Understanding; he embraced *Achmet*, and poured out the Effusions of his Gratitude for thus recalling him to the Task of Virtue, whose Strength consists in Activity. He acknowledged that the Transition is easy from a Contempt of Fame to an equal Disregard for the Virtues that deserve it; and the Name of *Mustapha* during the Remainder of the Chronicles of this Reign makes a distinguished Figure, and it is said that he closed a Life of VIRTUE with Honour and Renown.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

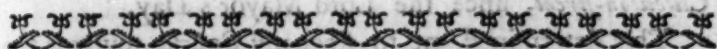
Child's Coffee-house, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

WE are sorry to observe, that, amongst the occasional Visits which Mr. *Ranger* pays to our Fellow-Labourers in the City, he has not yet been kind enough to drop in here. This we impute rather to the Obscurity of our Situation, than to a Report, which his Enemies are desirous of spreading, that he dislikes the Colour of our Coats; but we will venture to assure him, that, however unpromising an Appearance our Outside may exhibit, if he will drink a Dish of Coffee with us in his Return home, he will find the *Emollients* of Theology no unpleasant Alterative, after the *Corrosives* administered by the Faculty at *Batfen's*.

Hano-ver-

Hanover-square, June 1.

There has been such a violent Run upon an eminent *Pharaoh-Bank* in this Neighbourhood for some Time past, that it was obliged to stop Payment on *Monday Morning* last, and we hear that a Commission of Bankruptcy will speedily be issued out against the Keeper of the said *Pharaoh-Bank*, and the Creditors are shortly to meet, in order to put in their Claims, and appoint Assignees. It is said there will be a Dividend of Half a Crown in the Pound, but this wants Confirmation, as the Party began the World with no other Stock than a good Assurance, an obliging Taylor, and a dextrous Turn of his Wrist.



NUMB. 34. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, June 9, 1753.

*Britannia's Daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of Admiration, lose their Price;
Worn in the public Eye, give cheap Delight
To Throngs, and tarnish to the sated Sight.*

YOUNG'S Satires.

I T occurred to me the other Day, as I was sitting in my Study, that I had contracted a very heavy Debt, on the Score of Visiting; and being willing to discharge the Demands upon me as expeditiously as possible, I determined to dedicate an entire Evening to the Settlement of this Account. I accordingly writ my Name upon about fifteen Pieces of Card, and fallied out upon this important Business. At most of the Places, where I called,

called, I had no Occasion to alight, but discharged my Obligation, by delivering to the Footman at the Door one of the Tokens of modern Friendship above mention'd; I had, however, the good Fortune of finding some of my *Friends* at home, who received me with prodigious Affability; and after desiring mine, and giving me their Opinion of the important Disputes concerning *Elizabeth Canning* and *Mary Squires*, dismissed me with great Politeness.

I was not a little fatigued with the successive Repetition of the same flimzy Chit-chat in every Company where I was admitted, and quite disgusted with so trifling a Manner of spending my Time, I was just going to direct the Coachman to drive home, when I recollected, that I had not seen my Friend Mr. *Discount* of *Cateaton-street*, since the Lord Mayor's Day.

This determined me to steer my Course towards the City, and my good Genius prevailed so far, that I found Mr. *Discount*, his Lady and two Daughters, at home; it being the Day, upon which Mrs. *Discount* saw Company.

As soon as I entered the Room, my old Acquaintance saluted me in a friendly Manner, and assured me, that he was glad to see me; his Lady, in an ironical Compliment, delivered with a forced Smile, gave me to understand, that she was highly sensible of the Honour I did her Family, in condescending to come into the City; and the young Ladies curtesied, and told me, with some Appearance of Resentment, that they were extremely glad to find, that Mr. *Ranger* had not entirely forgot his old Friends.

This Reception somewhat disconcerted me; however, I endeavoured to acquit myself with the usual Compliments, such as——*That I had the greatest Esteem for Mr. Discount's Family*——*That Nobody respected them more*——*But that Affairs of Business had engrossed my Time*——*That I seldom could command an Hour to my-*
self

self—But that I certainly should not be so bad a Visitor for the future.—As soon as this preliminary Point was settled, Mr. Discount seated me next himself, and turning about, asked me, “How Things went at our End of the Town?”—“What, says he, shall we have a Lottery, do you think?” I was going to answer, that I really was not in the Secret of those Schemes, when the eldest Miss Discount interposed, and said, “Lord! Papa, do you imagine, that Mr. Ranger troubles himself about the Things you talk of in your City Coffee-houses? What are your Money-Affairs to him?—Have you been at a great many Plays last Winter, Mr. Ranger?—What do you think of Foote’s Farce? I saw it the first Night.—I would not miss it the first Night for any Thing.”—

As I was meditating an Answer, my worthy Friend takes me by the Hand, and exclaims—“Heavens! Mr. Ranger, what will this World come to! The young People of this Age, Sir, think of nothing but Diversions—From Morning to Night, my Ears, Mr. Ranger, are dinned with Garrick and Barry, and Dogs and Monkeys, and *Mother Midnight*, and *Spoons-tissimo*, and such a Jargon, that one would imagine the Order of Things was inverted”—Here the youngest Miss Discount seized the Conversation—“Nay, now, Papa, says she, because you do not go to those Places yourself, you would not have any Body else go”—“That’s true *Betty*,” replied Mamma: “He is a strange Man, to be sure—Mr. Discount has no Notion of any Thing genteel—Well, he must have his own Way.”—

Mr. Discount, without taking Notice of these Interruptions, resumed his Discourse—“Why, Sir, says he, this must portend something—Certainly a Judgment hangs over the Nation—We shall undoubtedly have another Earthquake at least—You know, the last Earthquake was occasioned by the

“ immense Number of Places of public Entertainment
 “ —the Bishop said so in his Letter— do you not
 “ remember it, Mr. *Ranger* ?” — Here a loud Laugh
 made it unnecessary for me to reply, and my well-
 meaning Friend, intent upon his Subject, continued to
 animadvert on the Extravagance of the Times —
 “ Your Uncle *Caleb*, added he, Mr. *Ranger*, and I used
 “ frequently to talk over these Things together, and
 “ we have often lamented the Degeneracy of the Times
 “ — We foresaw, that it must end in the Ruin of the
 “ Nation — Ay, we foresaw it a long Time ago —
 “ All this Luxury, which has been the Bane of *Old Eng-*
 “ *land*, has crept in among us since the Year Twenty.
 “ — Ah ! that Year Twenty, Mr. *Ranger*, was a fatal
 “ Year—a fatal Year indeed.” — Here Miss *Discount*
 could contain no longer, but broke out, with some
 Warmth — “ Lord, Papa ! You are always bringing up
 “ that Year Twenty — How many Hundred Years
 “ ago is it, since that Year Twenty ? — It does not
 “ signify talking — While People are in the World,
 “ they must do as other People do, or they had better
 “ be out of the World ; and one must go to public
 “ Places, or they will have nothing to talk of — Is it not
 “ so, Mr. *Ranger* ? Come, now, I am sure you are of
 “ my Opinion, an’t you ? ” — As I was unwilling to
 disoblige either Party in this Dispute, I replied to the
 Lady in two Lines of *Prior* ;

*Seldom your Opinions err,
 Your Eyes are always in the right.*

This Topic had, I thought, been pursued rather too
 far, therefore, I waved the Conversation, and asked
 the Ladies, whether they had seen Mrs. *Brilliant*, since
 her Marriage ? To this they all answered at once, O
 yes — Whereupon I took the Liberty to address my-
 self particularly to Mrs. *Discount*, and desired to know,
 whe-

whether she did not think her a very fine Woman?—

“A fine Woman, Mr. *Ranger*, replied she, how can you ask me such a Question? To be sure, she is a showy Woman, and such a one as takes with the Men; but you can't call her a fine Woman surely.

“—Then, she wears her Cap so horridly; and always overdresses herself—The Gentlemen, I know, admire her, but I protest I cannot see for what.”—

“Madam, replied I, I must beg Leave to be of a different Opinion; in my Eyes, Mrs. *Brillant* appears a very amiable Woman, and it gives me a great deal of Pleasure, that she is so happily married.”—

“O indeed, says Miss *Discount*, I believe she is very happy, for she has a very handsome Equipage, and a sweet Pair of Ear-rings; and then she sees a vast deal of Company—There were ninety Persons at her last Rout—She plays Crown-Whist”—

I could not forbear observing, that I was a little surprised, so discerning a young Lady should estimate Mrs. *Brillant*'s Happiness from the Stake she played for at Whist, when to me it appeared, that she possessed a more certain Source of Felicity, in the amiable Qualities and polite Accomplishments of her Husband—

“O law! that's true, replied the Ladies, they say her Husband too is a *pretty Man*.”

We were proceeding farther on this Head, when a thundering Rap was given at the Door, and the Servant signified, that Lady *Portfoken* was coming into the Room. As I thought I had paid a Visit of a sufficient Length, I took Advantage of the Alarm given by this City Knight's Lady, and withdrew unnoticed.

In my return Home, I could not avoid reflecting on the capricious Notions the female World entertain of Happiness.

To be dressed as well as others of the same Rank; to be present at all public Places, without considering the Entertainment in any other Light, than as the Means

of bringing Company together; to visit, and be visited by every one, whom they think it of Consequence to salute at the Playhouse; to live (if it may be called living) in a perpetual Course of Card-playing; and, to sum up the whole, to be married to a Man of any Age, Figure or Qualities whatsoever, capable and willing to support all this, in the Opinion of Ninety-nine Females in a Hundred, constitutes a happy Woman. I should be perhaps censured as a Pedant, if I offended the Delicacy of my female Readers, with observing, that they degrade the Faculties of the human Soul, by confining the Exercise of them within such a Circle of Trifles; but I hope I may be allowed Leave to refer them to the *Spectator*, where they will learn from the elegant Mr. Addison, that the strongest Argument, which can be advanced for the Immortality of the Soul, is, the continual Progress of the Mind in the Acquisition of Knowledge.

Now, I would submit it to the Candor of my fair Countrywomen, whether their Conduct does not subvert the Principles, upon which this polite Philosopher Reasons; and tend to establish the *Mahometan* Doctrine, that the Souls of Women are mortal.

Should this *Turkish* Tenet ever prevail among us, dreadful will be the Consequences. How will it be possible for an *English* Lady to content herself with the fourth Part of a Husband? And what a melancholy Transition will it be, from the Liberties at present indulged to *British* Wives, to the Confinement and Horrors of a Seraglio? —

I could add much more on this Subject, but I am aware, that my pretty Readers are prepared with a conclusive Answer to whatever can be advanced — *Well; you may say what you will, but People will do as they like, for all that* — The Force of which I readily acknowledge, and, as becomes me, lay by the Pen.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

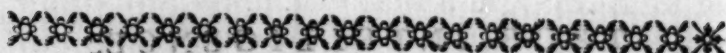
PRIVATE Letters from *Vauxhall* advise, that a certain young Lady's Reputation fell suddenly ill, in the dark Walk, about Eleven o'Clock, on *Wednesday* Evening last; and it is the general Opinion at most of the Tea-Tables in Town, that it cannot possibly recover.

By our Correspondent from *Ranelagh* we learn, that a Treaty of Marriage is on Foot between Mr. *James Ditto* of *Friday-Street* and Miss *Lutesfring* of *Ludgate-Street*, and that the Courtship has already cost the Gentleman five Pounds in Bread and Butter.

The last Accounts from *Richmond* inform us, that all the Butchers at that Place will shortly be obliged to stop Payment, on account of the Stagnation in their Business, occasioned by the Number of *Jews*, who have fixed their Residence in that elegant Situation.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

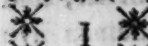
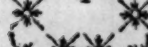
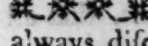
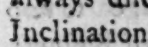
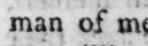
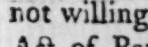
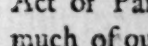
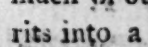
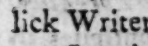
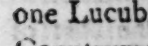
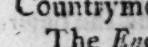
Mrs. *Pique*, who has resided in *Porridge-Pot-Ally*, in *Aldersgate Street*, for many Years past, continues to initiate young Gentlemen and Ladies in the Art of moving gracefully, vulgarly called *Dancing*, and she begs Leave to refer to some of the most shining Characters at *Mile-End*, *Woodford*, &c. as Proofs of her Ability in this Way, or at any Ball, public or private, in the City of *London*, it being great Odds, that at least one Third of the Company received their Rudiments under her Auspices.



NUMB. 35. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, June 16, 1753.

*Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis?
Urben, quam statuo, vestra est. — — —*

VIRG:

I HAVE of late received several very urgent Letters from my Correspondents, in which they strenuously press me into the Service of my Country; and though I have always disclaimed Politics, as a Subject averse from my Inclinations, these Gentlemen are for making a Statesman of me in my own Despite. I must own, I am not willing to be thrown off my Byass, but when the Act of Parliament in favour of the *Jews* engrosses so much of our Conversation, and has worked all our Spirits into a Ferment, it then becomes the Duty of a Publick Writer, to make his Bow to the Muses, and devote one Lucubration to the Happiness and Welfare of his Countrymen.

The *English* have naturally interwoven in their Constitution a peculiar Kind of national Self-Love, and the least Attempt to dispense a Favour to Foreigners alarms their Fears, and awakens that Jealousy which is natural to their very Frame. It is to this we owe the general Discontent, which has broke out among all Ranks of People upon the late Occasion; but that it is owing to a mistaken Prejudice, I believe, will be manifest to any Man that does not see Things with the Jaundiced Eye of Party.

It has been said, that by this Act we give the Lie to the Scripture, and fly in the Face of a peremptory Prophecy,

phesy, which declares, that the *Jews* should be without a fixed Settlement in any Country, a vagabond Race upon the Face of the Earth. There was a Time when this Objection might be allowed to carry with it some Degree of Weight; while Christianity subsisted in this Kingdom, it would have been the grossest Absurdity to introduce a Bill of this Nature.

But the Christian Dispensation has entirely disappeared from among us, and I believe, in the Memory of the oldest Person now living no Trace of it can be found; which is, in my Opinion, a conclusive Argument in Favour of this Naturalization Act. Were it any Way inconsistent with the Religion now in Fashion, I persuade myself, it would have met with Opposition from a certain Bench in the H— of L—; but as nothing of this Kind was offered, it is to be presumed, that Judaism properly coincides with our present Disposition both in Church and State; and I would therefore recommend this Doctrine to be preached from the Pulpit, for the better quieting the Minds of Men; and if the Right Reverends would issue out Pastoral Letters to this Purpose, the Remedy would be quicker in its Operation, and the mistaken Notions, which the common People have imbibed, would the sooner be effaced.

About three Weeks since I had Occasion to take a Boat at *Whitehall* Stairs, in order to go a little Way down the River. We no sooner put off from Shore, than I perceived the Waterman to be a very sensible Fellow, and particularly knowing in Politics. I therefore gave him an Opportunity of discovering his Sentiments on the Bill in Question, and he discussed it with great Strength of Lungs, and Vehemence of Observation, “D—mn the circumcised Dogs, says he, now
“they are naturalized, I’ll engage we shall have them
“all turn Watermen, and they will have all the Business of the River to themselves.”—This Story (which

is really a Matter of Fact) will shew what Prejudices are entertained by the common People, who have raised the violent Clamour against the *Israelites* on this Occasion; and hence may be inferred that Wisdom doth not always cry out in the Streets. For my Part, I am persuaded, when Things are considered dispassionately, the Act will bear a different Aspect in the Eyes of all Men of Sense. For who have been served by it? Not the poor *Jews*, who are still left under the Severity denounced against them, but the rich, who are by this Stroke rescued from Heaven's Vengeance; and this Regard to the Affluent, and Contempt for the Moneyless, I take to be perfectly consistent with the Genius of a trading Nation; and I am of Opinion that from this Incident, a very useful Moral may be enforced, *viz.* that Money cannot only influence sublunary Things, but also supersede the Decrees of Providence; and as I think this Act has given the Nation in general a very great Accession of Credit, Reputation, Honour, and Riches, I should be glad to see a further Step taken, in order to render the Work complete. I have not had Time to digest my Thoughts into a regular Scheme, and shall therefore content myself to suggest a few Hints, which may be improved at Maturity.

First, As it is apparent from what has been observed already, that the Christian Religion has no longer a Footing in this Country, it may not be improper to repeal the sacramental Test, and to substitute in its Room the Act of Circumcision; for which Purpose proper Circumcisers may be found in *Duke's Place*, who shall perform the Operation upon all our Placemen; and a proper Number may be chosen out of a certain venerable Body, in the Nature of a Jury of Matrons, to examine whether the Person be qualified according to Law.

Secondly, As the *Jews* are known to be possessed of over-grown Riches, and as no Lottery can be vigorously carried on without their Concurrence, whenever Sir
John

John Barnard, or any Patriot inclinable to Christianity, shall devise a Scheme to prevent Impositions from Stock-Jobbers, it will be adviseable to let nobody into the Subscription but the above-mentioned *Jews*, who certainly cannot grow too rich, as our Regard for them will increase in Proportion to their Pelf.

Thirdly, I am of Opinion, that it is prejudicial to this Kingdom to exclude the said *Jews* from Employments Civil and Military, because, as they have no other Country of their own, it is highly probable, that they will love *England*, (or *Judea Nova*) with an Excess of Zeal; and if they were appointed to supply our Army and Navy with Provisions upon all Emergencies, it will certainly be perfectly agreeable to the Taste of our Soldiery and our Mariners to be fed with Beef cured by a *Jew* Butcher. Aboard the Fleet particularly, it will infallibly be pleasing to have a Mess of Beef with a Label of stamped Lead upon it, to convince the Men that it has been duly cured. And further, instead of making Men of Merit Knights of the *Bath*, or promoting them to such like Honours, suppose they were to be distinguished (*Secundum ordinem Melchizedec*,) by the Order of *Melchizedec*, it would not be an improper Institution. But this I submit to better Judgments.

Fourthly and *Lastly*,— I humbly propose, that an Army may be speedily raised for the Retaking *Jerusalem*, which happy Event would enable our good Friends and now Countrymen the *Israelites*, to rebuild their Temple; by which Means they would entirely overturn the only Obstacle which now remains, towards dissipating those Errors, which have misguided People these seventeen Hundred fifty three Years past. And I hope, the bad Success of that great Man *Julian the Apostle*, who was defeated, by the Interposition of Heaven, in an Attempt of this Kind, will be no Discouragement.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE:

Bedford Coffee-house, June 16.

NOtwithstanding the present Recess from Business, the few Choice Spirits, that remain in Town, are constant in their Visits to this Place every Evening between the Hours of Nine and Ten; and the Company last Night was entertained with the following Copy of Verses, said to be written by a Person of Taste. They were read with an audible Voice by *Quinbus Flestrin*. —

To a Lady who presented a Gentleman with a Pair of Ruffles of her own making.

I.

THAT which her pearly Fingers wrought,
Obedient to her various Thought,
Shall henceforth with a flow'ry Band
Encircle round each captive Hand.
The Tyrant of the *Persian* Throne,
For Chains like these would quit his Crown:

II.

She, Mistress of superior Skill,
Disdains the rigid Force of Steel;
Her pow'rful Hand these slender Toys.
With more resistless Strength employs.
For not ~~our~~ Hands alone she binds,
But fixes Fetters on our Minds.

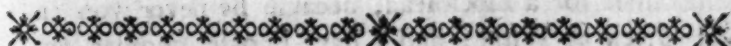
III.

Oh! *Cbloë*, if these Chains I wear
Kind Emblems of thy Empire are,
How easy and how soft shall be
My golden Hours of Slavery!
Confin'd to be to Beauty true,
And bound to love no Nymph but you.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Wanted five hundred Pounds by a Gentleman, who lately became acquainted with a Lady of Fortune at an Assembly near *London*, and believes, if he can raise that Sum, in order to set up an Equipage, and make a Figure for about three Months, he shall certainly succeed in his Addresses. Any one inclined to lend this Sum, for a good Premium if the Project succeed, may view the Person at his Chambers in the *Temple* about One o'Clock any Morning this Week. —

N. B. There is no Time to lose, as the Marriage Act will soon take Place.



NUMB. 36. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Juneth 23, 1753.

— *Aerugo & cura Peculi.*

HOR.

HERE is nothing more common than to hear it decisively pronounced in Conversation, that Mr. *Such-a-one* is a Man of very good Sense; or, on the Reverse, that he has not common Sense; and yet, notwithstanding the frequent Usage of this Phrase, I will venture upon me to say, there is not a Term in the *English* Language so little understood, or made use of in so many vague Significations. The Cause of this Variety of Conception is to be imputed to the various Lot of human Life, in which most People derive their Stock of Ideas from the Occupation they have been accidentally thrown into; from whence they acquire such confined Habits of thinking, that they have no Power of Reflection out of the beaten Path, and most Things are by them determined,

mined, according to their partial Survey of Men and Manners.

I have somewhere read of a People residing in a small Town, situate in the Midst of the *Alps*, with whom the principal Constituent of Beauty is a swelling Prominence of Flesh in the Throat, by them called a *Gotber*; and it is recorded, that, when when an *English* Gentleman, remarkable for all the Graces of manly Beauty, was passing by on his Travels to *Italy*, these *Virtuosos* observed, that he was of an elegant Form, and would really be very handsome, if had but a *Gotber*. In like Manner, we daily meet with as notable Opinions relating to the Intellects of our Neighbours. I remember myself to have heard a Person of excellent Parts condemned for a Blockhead, because he never won an odd Trick at Whist; and I have known another accounted a Man of the best Sense in *England*, because he was a great Dab at the Multiplication Table, and had got over *Euclid's Pons Asinorum*. A Knack of Rhyming hath given an Air of Importance to a Verse-maker, and the Acquirement of a Fortune is a Rule from which there can be no Appeal. Some Degree of Luck in this Way is sufficient to dub any one, SENSIBLE, WITTY, POLITE, GOOD-NATURED, and what not? Riches being in this Instance like Tar-water, not only serving as an excellent Alterative against all noxious Particles in the Constitution, but also conferring every good Quality under the Sun. It is to this Principle that we owe the EMINENT Cheefemonger, the EMINENT Tallow-Chandler, the EMINENT Haberdasher of Small-ware, the EMINENT Needle-maker, the EMINENT Pawnbroker, and a thousand other Degrees of EMINENCE, which it would be too tedious to enumerate at present.

There is a Passage in the Characters of the famous *La Bruyere*, which it may not be improper to cite on the present Occasion. "FAUSTE est un dissolu, un prodigue, un libertin, un ingrat, un emporté, qu'AURELE son oncle n'a

“ n'a pu bair ni desheriter. FRONTIN, neveu d'AURELE,
 “ après vingt années d'une probité connue, & d'une complai-
 “ sance aveugle pour ce vieillard, ne l'a pu flechir en sa
 “ faveur; & ne tire de sa depouille qu'une legere Pension, que
 “ FAUSTE unique legataire lui doit payer.” “ Faustus, says
 “ the great Writer just mentioned, is dissolute in his Man-
 “ ners, profuse in his Expences, a Libertine, an Ingrate,
 “ a Slave to his Passions, and yet his Uncle *Aurelius* could
 “ never conceive a Dislike to him, nor disinherit him in
 “ his Will. *Frontinus*, Nephew to *Aurelius*, has given
 “ Proofs of his Probity and respectful Attention to the
 “ old Gentleman, during a Series of twenty Years, and
 “ yet never could impress upon his Mind one Sen-
 “ timent in his Favour; and now he lives upon a scanty
 “ Annuity, which is paid to him by *Faustus*, sole Le-
 “ gatee to *Aurelius*.”

This Extract, I apprehend, may serve to convince the Reader, that Fortune is but an erroneous Rule, by which to judge of a Character. As I conceive it, the Term *Sense* is derived from the Organs of bodily Sensation, which, when in due Order, give to the Mind an immediate Information of the Qualities inherent in natural Bodies; from thence the Phrase is transferred to the human Mind, and denotes a quick Power of Perception in the Understanding upon all Occurrences in Life. Were I to define a Man of Sense, I should call him a Person of clear Apprehension and sound Judgment; Talents, which a small Degree of Observation will convince us, many are possessed of, though they do not upon all Occasions avail themselves of them; but, on the contrary, let them lie dormant in their Minds, without calling them forth into Action. The late Sir *Richard Steel*, I believe, may be allowed to have enjoyed as strong Intellectuals as any Cit whatever, and yet in pecuniary Matters his Conduct was highly negligent. It is said of this Gentleman, that going one Day into his Chariot, with an intimate

2.

Friend,

Friend, whom he had invited to his Country-House, as he passed through a Lane of his Servants, who had drawn themselves up in the Hall, the humorous Knight, looking over his Shoulder at his Acquaintance, pleasantly repeated from *Horace*,

Mancipii locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex.

* The King of *Cappadocia* is well provided with Servants, but wants Money."

From this it will appear, what Degree of Regard that Genius had for yellow Dirt, which, though a Necessary of Life, is certainly incapable of conferring one single Accomplishment either to the Head or Heart, and is generally the Acquisition of the Dullest of human Race.

Certain it is, that to create a Fortune in the ordinary Paths of Business, is so far from requiring Wit, Genius, Learning, Imagination, Invention, or any liberal Faculty, that every one of those Attributes have rather a Tendency to keep the Possessor of them still the poorer, "as Heaven's blest Beams turns Vinegar more sour." An eager Love of Pelf, a narrow Attention to what is called the main Chance, a Spice of that Clergyman's Way of thinking who delivered in his Sermon that "a Shilling is a serious Thing," and a cold, languid, unimpassioned Temper, are the principal Ingredients in the Composition of the Man of Business; while Persons of quick Understanding will always have lively Sensations, which must, at Times, hurry them into Scenes of Action astonishing to the sober Shop-keeper, or the sedate Book-keeper; but it should be remembered, that Passions are the Gales of Life, and that to be divested of them, is so far from denoting a sensible Mind, that it is a Proof of lamentable Dullness and

and Stupidity. I shall conclude this Paper with two short Characters drawn from real Life.

Avarus was bound to a Trade at fourteen Years of Age; he cleaned his Master's Shoes, laid under the Counter, swept the Shop, scraped the Threshold, mounted on the Leads to clean the Gutter, went regularly to the Post-Office with Letters, was perfectly well versed in the Rule of Three, and had the Merchant's Directory by Heart. On *Sundays* he would take a sober Walk to *Islington*, *Newington*, *Paddington*, &c. and, when a Frolic seized him, he would, in the Fulness of his Soul, spend his Threepence at *Jenny's Whim*. As he grew up, he became a downright *Stoic* in the Government of his Passions, to such a Degree, that he was thought at length totally to have extinguished them all, except his darling Love of Money, which has never ceased to influence his Thoughts. In short, *Avarus* has been so attentive to the main Chance, that he is now flourishing and starving with a large Fortune; is determined to sell his Vote at the next Election, and is likely in Time to be made Sheriff of *London*.

Liberalis was bred at *Westminster School*, where he was always famous for a keen Turn at an Epigram, and, when removed to the University, he was thought to have carried with him a great Knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*. While at *Oxford* he enlarged his Mind with useful Studies, and cultivated a just and elegant Taste for all polite Literature. Being turned of One and twenty, he entered himself in the *Temple*, where he read the Law with sufficient Application; but, in order to unbend his Mind, he was frequently found dipping into *Shakespeare*; and it has been said by his Enemies, that he never would entirely divest himself of an Attachment to the *Belles Lettres*. I have somewhere seen it remarked, that a Taste in Reading is apt to infuse the same in Morals; which Observation proved fatally true to *Liberalis*, and in Consequence of this Turn of Mind, he could never prevail

prevail on himself to fall into any mean Practices, by which Conduct he soon found himself deserted by his Clients, and neglected by the Attorneys; and he now remains unfought in his Chambers, in the high Road to Poverty; in which, agreeably to the Way of the World, we will leave him to himself, and lay down the Pen.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, June 23.

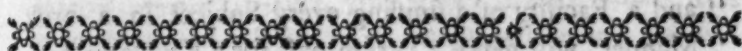
THE Loungers, who used to take up the Fire-Place in the Middle of this Room, are now removed to St. James's Park, where they bask in the Sun during the greatest Part of the Day. At Night they drop in here, and we imagine that some important Business will be laid before the Board of Criticism next Sessions; and though Mr. Town, like the young Pretender, does not let it transpire where he is at present, yet we assure ourselves he is not idle, as a certain subaltern Critic was, the other Day, taken up in Grubstreet, for enlisting Men into his Service.

The Admirers of Orator H—y are desired to take Notice of the following Advertisement.

Oratory-Right-Reason Chapel.

Prayer—Religion—Discourse—Devil upon Two Sticks—Author of the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*,—a Thief,—a low Fellow,—a Footer—Small Beer's better than Water,—Backgammon an ecclesiastical Game—the roast Pork of old *England*—I am your only Champion—Coup de Grace unanswered—a Monarch and a Chimney-Sweeper—Wit in comparing them—Sing Tantarara *Jews* all—Jenny come tie my bonny Cravat—huzza for the old Orator of *Claremarket*,—inexhaustible—invincible,—irresistible—half past Six—a clear Stage and no Favour.

NUMB.



NUMB. 37. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, June 30, 1753.

————— *impium.*
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

Hor.

¶ P O N going into the Bedford Coffee-house
 U a few Days since, I found my Friend *Wild-*
 air in a Circle of his Acquaintance; he
 ¶ was talking over the several Occurrences
 he had met with in his Rambles after Intelligence that
 Day; and, as he has a peculiar Dexterity in dressing
 up a Story in all its most striking Colours, without
 falling into a tedious minute Detail of trivial Circum-
 stances, he touched upon many Incidents in a Manner so
 diverting, that he excited a general Mirth in the little
 Audience that was gathered round him. *Wildair*, to
 speak the Truth, has something extremely captivating
 in his Conversation, and is, of all the Men I know,
 the best turned for Society. Though a Fellow of Parts,
 he has never suffered his Spirits to subside into a se-
 rious Habit of thinking, but, in a superficial Way, glides
 over every Thing that offers in Company; no Subject
 comes amiss to him, and be it what it will, he has al-
 ways something to say for himself; which Circumstance,
 joined to a sprightly Delivery, contributes greatly to
 enliven his Company. He frequently rallies a Gentle-
 man of our intimate Acquaintance on this Head, and
 will tell him frankly, “ I know, *Jack*, you are a sen-
 sible Fellow in the main, but as you manage Mat-
 ters, your Friends must study hard to find it out;—
 “ take

“take my Word for it, the World is very superficial,
 “and a Facility of dismissing every Subject in a brisk
 “Manner, will make a Person pass for a Knowing one,
 “at the same Time that it renders him sociable, and of
 “course agreeable.”

This is my worthy Friend *Wildair's* Way of thinking, and upon this Plan he acquits himself so well, that he is extremely sought by his Acquaintance, and whenever they lay hold of him, it is difficult for him to elude their Solicitations for a Party of Pleasure. This was the Case with him the other Night, and as I was paying my Debt at the Bar, he made up to me, and with a Whisper told me, That if I would make one of the Company, it would furnish me with Hints for some future Essay. In vain I reminded him that it was Club Night, and his Turn to possess the Chair; this Party, he assured me, would afford higher Entertainment. I yielded to his Sollicitations, and I must say, that my Manner of spending the Evening has supplied me with Materials, the like of which never came in my Way before.

Before I proceed farther into the Business, it may not be improper, in Imitation of the Writers for the Stage, to give a Degree of Insight into the Characters of the *Dramatis Personæ*. The Reader is already acquainted with my Disposition and Way of thinking, and he also knows Mr. *Wildair*. The rest of the Company consisted of a MAN OF WIT, a MAN OF HUMOUR, a DAMN'D HONEST FELLOW, and a Person of a very elegant Appearance, a cool sedate Temper, and extremely decent and polite in his Deportment. With this Set, I shifted the Scene from the *Bedford* to the *Shakespeare's-Head*, and upon entering the Tavern, the HONEST FELLOW alarmed the House, by calling for a Room with great Vociferation; which being shewed to us with the utmost Attention, he ordered a Brace of Bottles of the right Sort, immediately filled a Round
 of

of Bumpers, and roared out, "Come let's be jolly, Ranger,"—"d—mn your musty Books"—"let's sit down."—This I had no Objection to; but as I was attempting to do it, the MAN OF HUMOUR, with infinite Pleasantry, removed the Chair that was placed for me; the Consequence of which was, that, to the great Surprize of the whole Company, I was brought to the Ground. As I received a Contusion in the Fall, I could not entirely relish the Joke, but it gave infinite Satisfaction to almost all the rest, and they agreed, that it really was a very good Thing, as good a Thing as ever they had known: "Immenſe, by G—d," ſays the HONEST FELLOW, "a glorious Hum," ſays the WIT; while my humorous Friend, with a dry Compoſure of Countenance, denoting ſomething between Jeſt and Earneſt, begged my Pardon, and then officiouſly offered to ſettle my Wig; and this he did in ſuch a facetious Poſition, and ſuch a whimſical Stare of the Curls, that thence was deducible a new Flow of Mirth, which, amidſt the Burſts of Joy that ſtunned my Ears, he enjoyed in a ſober Manner, Humour being ever grave and ſedate. *Wildair* perceiving by this Time, that I did not approve my Company, came over to me, and begged I would ſee it out, and ſqueezing my Hand, he added from *Virgil*,

Forſan & hæc olim meminiffe juvabit.

This had ſo much Prevalence with me, that I agreed, and the HONEST FELLOW ſhewed away egregiouſly. The Bottle went round at ſo briſk a Rate, that my Eyes began to dance in my Head like Wild-fire. By all that's Burgundy, ſays he, "*Harris* is the beſt Pimp in England,—Here Waiter, call *Harris* (*Enter Harris*)"—"*Harris*, d—mn your old Soul, get us a fine Girl"—"There's a fine Girl pleaſe your Honour at a Place I know,—no body has ſeen her but Lord *Shallow*, and myſelf—and there's *Betty Connor*,"
"juſt

"just arrived from *Dublin*——'Squire *M'Hazard*
 "brought her with him; she has fine Flesh and Blood,
 "please your Honour,——most of the *Irish* Wench's
 "have, please your Honour,——and if your Honour
 "chuses it, I fancy I have a Bait will bring her out."——
 This Proposal was universally received, and in a short
 Time the Lady was ushered into the Room, not with-
 out some Glances mutually interchanged between her
 and *Harris*.

The MAN OF HUMOUR and the WIT immediately
 began to play her off, as they called it——But, as it is a
 Rule among good Writers, never to enlarge too much
 upon any Subject, and to leave something for the
 Imagination of the Reader to supply, I shall upon this
 Occasion conform to the Precept; and will only add,
 that the Lady, in the Space of about half an Hour,
 drank and sung, and laughed and cried, and danced
 and sat, and talked and said nothing, with the most sur-
 prizing Quickness in the Vicissitude, till at length, the
 HONEST FELLOW swore that she spoiled good Fellow-
 ship, and abruptly desired her to take half a Guinea at
 the Bar and withdraw, which Madam performed after
 several Te-hes and Titters.

This Matter being settled, we were suddenly surprized
 with the most enlivening Melody, accompanied by a
 sprightly Voice, that plainly and musically articulated,
Non, toujours dire non, &c. It seems, one of those fair
 Natives of *Savoy*, who are good-natured enough to un-
 dergo the Fatigue of a long Journey, in order to make
 our Public Streets harmonious, was placed in the Yard,
 with private Instructions to entertain us with the vocal
 and instrumental Strain. By this our Spirits received a
 fresh Reinforcement, and the MAN OF WIT immediately
 threw his Wig out of the Window, bounced over the
 Table, broke several Bottles and Glasses, and alarmed
 me with a most intolerable Rap on the Shoulders. The
 MAN

MAN OF HUMOUR expressed his Approbation with a dry Joke ; the HONEST FELLOW pushed the *Burgundy* about, and the decent Gentleman, whom the Reader will recollect I mentioned in the Beginning of this Paper, smiled with the most winning Complacence. This Personage has hitherto made no Figure in this *Symposium* ; the Fact is, he did not drink above six Glasses of Wine during the whole Night ; but now his Heart seemed to dilate, his Eyes sparkled with the most vivid Lustre, and in the Chearfulness of his Soul, he held out his Fist to the Company, and, " Come, says " he, Odd or Even for this little Silver." The Spirits of almost every one present were ready to flow into any Channel, and Gaming became the general Amusement. Cards were immediately rung for to play at Brag, and after a few Rounds, the ELEGANT POLITE MAN produced a Box and Dice out of his Pocket, and I believe he will hardly forgive me for desiring a Bill at Five in the Morning, as he was in a tolerable Run, and had picked up about seventy Pounds. However, with some Reluctance, he condescended to collect the Reckoning, which, as soon as every Body paid his Proportion, he carefully put into his Pocket, and desired his Friend *Tomkyns* to place the whole to his Account.

This being adjusted, in order to compleat this Evening the MAN OF HUMOUR proposed a Scheme, which, he said, would afford more Pleasantry than he had ever known. " It is, says he, the luckiest Thought " in the World — a better — ne — never — enter " — ed — into a — Man's — He — ad — let us " tofs up, who shall — be — th — thrown — out of — the " Window, for the frolic — frolick sake." — I was very much averse from this Piece of Merriment, but being over-ruled by the Company, it was immediately done, and the Lot fell to my Friend *Wildair*, who was instantly surrounded, and the HONEST FELLOW opened the Window, not without violent Roaring, while the

DECENT MAN still continued at the Table, throwing the Dice, and saying to himself, "Seven's the Main." I really believe, the Coroner's Inquest would have sat on *Wildair's* Body at Ten o'Clock in the Morning, had not the timely Interposition of sober Entreaty begged him off.

Upon this I made my Escape, and I do not know when I spent an Evening in a Manner that has given me such Reflections. The MAN OF WIT, I suppose, has acquired his Notions of Things from Sir *Richard Blackmore*, who tells us, that Wit consists in regular and exalted Ferments; or from Mr. *Dennis*, who defines it, a Motion of furious Joy and Pride of Soul upon Conception of an Hint; for indeed, this Gentleman has certainly very exalted Ferments, and most surprizing Motions upon the Conception of his Hints. I shall take Ocaasion in some ensuing Essay, to undeceive him, by giving the Ideas I have formed to myself of the Talent he professes; and in my next Lucubration I shall endeavour to convince the MAN OF HUMOUR, that he is wide of the Character he would be thought to possess. As HUMOUR is a Subject of some Difficulty, I shall endeavour to treat it with Perspicuity, and I beforehand beg some Mercy of the Critics.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Parnassus, June 29.

THIS Day arrived a Mail from *Robert Doddsley* at *Tully's Head* in *Pallmall*, which, among other Things brought a Poem called *Translation*, directed to the Lord *Roscommon*, who immediately assembled all the Wits to sit in Judgment upon the Performance. The principal Persons present were *Horace*, *Vida*, *Boileau*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Addison*. The latter told the Company that the *English* Language
can

can now boast four admirable Pieces of Criticism in Verse, viz. *Roscommon's Essay on translated Verse*, *Buckingham's Art of Poetry*, *Pope's Essay on Criticism*, and the Poem then before them, intitled *Translation*. It was sent to *Socrates* for his Perusal, and he conceived Hopes that an Author of so just a Taste would give the World an elegant Version of his own Tragedies. After this *Ben Johnson* made Enquiry after a certain Reverend Gentleman, who is at present preparing an Edition of his Works with Notes Critical and Explanatory? *Old Ben* expressed some Impatience to see it finished, as he said it would not fail to render all his Plays more palatable to a modern Taste, when this Gentleman has illustrated the Allusions to the Customs and Manners of the Times. "Now you talk of Commentators, says *Shakespear* to his Friend *Johnson*, give me Leave in a Bumper of *Helicon* to drink to the Health of my best Commentator——Here's little *Garrick* to you——" "He has done me more Service than all of them." *Ben Johnson* pledged the Toast, on account of his Performances in *Abel Druggier* and *Kitely*. "He's a Man of brave Notions, says he, and so here's his Health, not forgetting *Harry Woodward* for playing *Bobadil* so well." Hereupon the Meeting broke up, and each Genius withdrew to his favourite Laurel Grove, reflecting with Pleasure upon each other's Merit in the literary World.

NUMB. 38. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, July 7, 1753.

————— *populumque falsis*

Dedocet uti

Vocibus —————

HOR.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ T has been long since recommended to
✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ the Tribe of Criticks, to adjust and settle
✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ I their Ideas, in a clear and regular Order,
✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ by fixing the distinct Meaning annexed to
each Term they make use of in conveying their Re-
marks. If this Advice was properly adhered to, it
would cut Matters very short in all Debates, which
arise upon Points of Literature; and would enable those,
who aspire to the Province of Criticism, to pass their
Judgment with Precision. But the Reverse of this is fre-
quently the Case, and I shall at present single out two
Expressions, from a Multitude of others, which appear
to me to be used in a vague, random Manner, the
determinate Meaning of either not being sufficiently
ascertained.

The Terms, I mean, are an HUMOURIST and a
MAN OF HUMOUR. They are thought, by what I
find, synonymous by many People, which must be the
Source of numberless Mistakes. To define each, may
be, perhaps, Matter of some Difficulty; but if I un-
derstand them right, the Reader is welcome to what
Light I can give him into the Matter.

An HUMOURIST, I take to be, one under the In-
fluence of some remarkable Oddity, or unaccountable
Whim, which has taken such strong Possession of the
Mind,

Mind, and has so insinuated itself into all its Operations, that it mixes with the common Train of his Ideas, and thereby gives such a Cast to his Way of thinking, that every Thing strikes him in a different Light from the rest of his Fellow-Creatures, and of Consequence, every Thing he does, is also in an extravagant Manner.

I have not been able to investigate, in any Historian, the first Appearance of this Species of Men in this Kingdom. Whether it was in the Nature of the *Aborigines*, or first Inhabitants of this Island; or whether it made its Inroad among us, with that general Conflux of different Nations, which landed here, is a Point not very easy to determine. One Thing is clear, that they are of a long Standing among us, and indeed they thrive with such large Increase in this our Soil, that there is room to apprehend, the whole Nation will shortly become a Nation of odd Fellows.

Besides the many Extravagancies, which this Set of Men are addicted to, they have all a strange Notion, that they must have their own Way. Mr. *Congreve* has observed, that there is a Proverb by which they are, in a great Measure, governed. *He that will have a May-pole, shall have a May-pole.* They are entirely attached to the Gratification of their own particular Bent; their Imaginations have contracted such whimsical Habits, that they see Things through a Medium, to which Men of a more reasonable Turn, are Strangers; and thence it results, that wild and fantastick Opinions are delivered upon all Topics, and their Conduct is nothing but a Series of Inconsistencies.

The Person, who falls into this Way of thinking, is properly speaking an HUMOURIST, and *Quidquid vult, valde vult*, should be the Motto of every one of them; they being all inflexible in Pursuit of their Inclinations. It is a trite Remark, that the Spirit of Liberty and Independency, which is diffused throughout this Kingdom,

contributes very much to feed this odd Turn, and to promote its Growth. I have mixed frequently in the Meetings of *Humourists*, in order to animadvert upon their Ways; and have always observed, that none of them will suffer themselves to be controuled, for this excellent Reason; because, “D—mn my Blood, I can “club my Reckoning as well as any Man, and I have “been an House-keeper, Man and Boy these thirty or “forty Years; and I pay my Rent, and so a Fig for King “G——.”—Thus, while the HUMOURIST has his Property secured to him, by the salutary Laws of our noble Constitution, he will enjoy his Independency; to give a Proof of which, he thinks it essential to have a Value for no Man; and to please himself, though at the Expence of his Company, is his darling Delight.

It is to the Observation of these Oddities, that we owe the MAN OF HUMOUR; and hence is deducible a Definition, or rather Description of his Character. He is one who *Eyes Natures Walks*, as Mr. Pope finely phrases it, and *catches the Manners living, as they rise*. He sees the Foibles, which have taken Root in the Man, and the many motly Circumstances, which adhere to him. He looks, as it were, into his very mind, perceives there the Jaundice, through which every Thing passes; and from whence all Objects derive their Hue; he sees the Imagination tinged with this strange Dye, and all the Affections of the Soul discoloured by it. He views such Traces formed in his Brain, that it is rendered quite different, from that of any other human Creature; and thus the MAN OF HUMOUR perceives the secret and internal Springs of Action, which lead on the HUMOURIST; he cannot help smiling to see the Operations of his Soul so extravagant, and being acquainted with the latent Cause of those odd Appearances which disclose themselves upon all Occasions, he afterwards represents them to the World in true and lively Colours,

Thus may the two Characters in Question, be described, though they have been so much mistaken by many People. The Confusion, I apprehend, is owing to the vague Use of the Word HUMOUR, which is promiscuously applied to both. It is common to say of the HUMOURIST, he has his Humour, or it is his Humour, and of the humourous Man, we assert, that he has a great Fund of Humour. In both Cases, the Phrase carries with it a different Sense, denoting in the former Instance, the Foible or Whim, which operates upon the Man's Conduct, and in the latter signifying that Pleasantry, which represents the odd Fellow in a diverting Light. The Poverty of our Language has introduced this ambiguous Use of the Word, but if People would be careful to acquire Perspicuity in their Ideas, and the Terms they express them by, it would prevent much Perplexity and Confusion.

For Instance, it would be absurd in any Critic, to call the inimitable Mr. *Fielding* an HUMOURIST, but he who would pronounce him to be a Man of exquisite Humour, would, I believe, express something more pertinent to the Point. In like Manner, Mr *Hogarth* has exhibited in his Pieces, with the most masterly Strokes of his Pencil, an whole Set of *Humourists*, and the ingenious Artist, who thus enchants our Eye, is undoubtedly a MAN OF HUMOUR.

There is another Cause, to which, in my Opinion, this Mistake has been greatly owing; it frequently happens, that a MAN OF HUMOUR, is at the same Time in some Measure, an HUMOURIST himself. These two Characters, thus blended together, have often a very happy Effect, and serve to heighten each other. This we Experience in *Shakespear's Falstaff*, in whom we find united in a pleasing Assemblage, the mixed Qualities of these two different Characters. Sir *John's* Love of Plunder, his Pretensions to Deeds of Hardiness; his Aversion to Cowards, and his mermalizing on the Man-

ners of the Age, cannot but appear whimsical, when we consider, that he is fitter to drink Sack and unbutton him after Dinner, than to attempt Feats of Prowess, that he is an accomplished Coward in his Heart, and that his Way of Life is quite abandoned and dissolute. These are the Circumstances, which denote him an odd Fellow, but his quick Perception of the Foibles of his Neighbours, and his Vivacity in exhibiting them in a ridiculous Point of View, are the Qualities which constitute him a MAN OF HUMOUR. This last Circumstance, I apprehend, makes Sir *John*, a Favourite with every Body, and endears him to all the Sons of Merriment; and in this, if I mistake not, lies the chief Difference between *Shakespeare* and *Ben Johnson*. The Characters produced by the latter, are always disagreeably odd; their Whims are so extravagant, that they sometimes deserve rather the Name of Madmen, and there is hardly any Thing in any of them, that would induce a Gentleman to spend an Evening with them.

It requires a close Knowledge of the World, to exhibit Personages of this Cast on the Stage. Every Idea that rises in the Mind of an odd Fellow, his various Ways of Thinking and Inconsistencies, must be the constant Object of the Poets Attention, and he must be careful to give to each his specific Language. The Player must not only be acquainted with the human Heart, and human Understanding; but he has also a farther Step to take. He must Watch the HUMOURIST in every Circumstance; his Manner of Delivery, his Tone of Voice, the Cast of his Eye, his every Gesture and Attitude must fall immediately under his Inspection; and to all this, he must add, the rare Talent of concealing his Art.

In this Point, I am apt to think, Mr. *Woodward*, excellent as he is, from an Over-warmth of Spirit, sometimes deficient. I would submit it to himself, whether his Feeling

ing of the Whimfies of some Characters is not now and then too lively, and whether his Sensations do not carry him so far in some Passages, as to make it visible; that he is conscious of the Oddity of the Appearance, even while he is personating the Man?—His *Bobadil* is one of the Exceptions to this Remark, and his not permitting his Fancy to run into Riots in that Part, has so fine an Effect, that I am persuaded, were he always equally upon his Guard, his greatest Enemy would have nothing to do but to admire him.

Whoever has seen Mrs. *Pritchard* in *Beatrice*, in *Maria*, in *Clarinda*, &c. will recollect such lively and acknowledged Touches of Nature as can hardly be equalled, unless the Pleasantry of Mrs. *Clive* in her very humorous Walk of Comedy, may be deemed to rival them.

I cannot conclude without Mention of Mr. *Garrick*, who is certainly admirable in every Species of acting. In Tragedy, his Power over the Passions is too well known, to be here insisted on, and in Comedy, every Thing is impressed by him on his Audience with the nicest Skill, and in such Parts as *Benedict* and Sir *John Brute*, he is at once an *Humourist* and a *Man of Humour* with the most diverting Pleasantry. I shall dismiss this Paper, after applying the Words of Mr. *Pope* on this Occasion. “He is not more a Master of “the great, “than of the *ridiculous* in human Nature; of our noblest “Tenderesses, than of our vainest Foibles; of our “strongest Emotions, than of our idlest Sensations.”

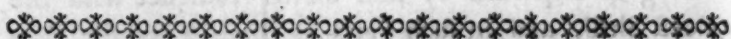
TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Richard's Coffee-house, Temple-Bar, July 7.

AMONG the Accounts which Mr. *Ranger* gave of the various Academies in this Metropolis, we are not a little surprized, that he did not take Notice of this Place; For, tho' we value ourselves upon the Reputation of our Coffee, we think we have no less

Reason to boast of some Characters, that honour us with their Company. Among other Curiosities we can shew a STOIC PHILOSOPHER, who, like all the Disciples of that Sect, is extremely negligent in the Articles of Dress, and quite regardless of those Forms and Ceremonies; which enslave that Part of Mankind, who arrogate to themselves the Appellation of the polite World. As the ancient *Diogenes* always carried a Staff, this his modern Representative is never seen without a Stick, to the *Knob* of which he frequently applies his own, and communicates his Thoughts in a gentle Whisper. He is a complete Master of the Art of *Multiplying* himself, so much recommended by Lord *Shaftsbury*, and he occasionally retires into a Corner, where he converses with himself most delectably, as may be observed by the pleasing Smile on his Countenance.

N. B. This Original is to be seen from Nine in the Morning till Three in the Afternoon, and from Five to Eleven.



NUMB. 39. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, July 14, 1753.

~~W~~~~X~~~~X~~~~X~~~~S~~ I was looking over my Register Book,
~~W~~~~X~~~~A~~~~X~~ the other Morning, in order to select pro-
~~P~~~~X~~~~A~~~~X~~ per Articles of Intelligence for the En-
~~P~~~~X~~~~X~~~~X~~ tertainment of my Readers, a tall thin
 visaged Man flung open my Room-Door, and with
 some Earnestness begged he might have half an Hour's
 Conversation with me. As I could perceive a lively
 Expression of some important meaning in his Coun-
 tenance, I desired him to sit down, which he accordingly
 did, and then, without further Ceremony, entered into
 the Matter. He informed me that he was born in the
 Highlands of *Scotland*; that he had lived there almost
 all his Life, and that he is blessed with the Faculty of a
 second

second Sight. By this Power, he told me, he could see further into the Series of human Contingencies, than is permitted to the rest of Mankind, and, added he, shaking his Head, and his Eyes rolling, as if his Mind were then pregnant with Fore-Knowledge, " Friend " *Ranger*, it gives me *muckle* Trouble to see the *English* " forehuing their *Neeft*, and giving it up to the *Cheel* " of *Israel*. I can see the Ruin of this *Eeland*, whose " Kings formerly went to the *Cruisade*. Here is a " Paper of the News that will happen here in about a " hundred Years hence, which I beg you'll publish. " for my Part, I'm going to spend the Remainder of " my Days in my own Conuntry, where no *Jews* thirst " for Gold."—Here he fetched a deep Groan, and assured me that the established Religion of this Country will be shortly abolished, and the Direction of Affairs vested in the Hands of a *Jewish Sanhedrim*. Upon this he paused for some Time, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground, then, sighing, rose up and hastily withdrew. I shall now lay before my Readers the whole Substance of his Fore-Knowledge, as I persuade myself, however whimsical it may appear, that it contains some very seasonable Admonitions at this Juncture.

News for one hundred Years hence, in the HEBREW JOURNAL, by Authority.

Deal, 1853—Wind S. by E. Came down and sailed through the *Benjamin Salvadore*, *Shylock*, for the *Mediterranean*; the *Moses Alvaringo*, *Cappadoce*, for the *Red Sea*; the *Abraham Da Costa*, *Franco*, for *Aleppo*. Remains the *Two Brothers*.

Gravesend. Past by the *Aaron*, *Lopez*, from *Rotterdam*; the *Moses*, *Mendez*, from *Norway*; the *Jonathan*, *Zimri*, from *Zurich-Zee*.

Since our last arrived a Mail from JERUSALEM.

The Middle Arch of the Temple, which has been rebuilding for some Time past, sunk ten Feet a few

Days since; and we hear, that there is now five and twenty Tun Weight laid upon it; the same Advices add, that Application will be made to the *British* Ministry for a Lottery for half a Million, in order to promote a vigorous Execution of this Grand Design, and Mr. *Jacob Zorobabel* is set out for *Great Britain*, or *Judæa Nova*, with proper Instructions how to act in this Affair.

By Advices from *Holland* we learn, that after a smart Engagement between our Forces, under the Command of General *Lumbroso*, and the Army of his most Christian Majesty, the former were obliged to make a precipitate Retreat to *Bergen-op-zoom*, where they are determined to endure the last Necessity of a Siege, and to eat *Pork*, rather than surrender.

L O N D O N.

Yesterday Morning Lord *Jacob de Paiba* set out for his Seat at *Sion House*, with a grand Retinue, and attended by several of the Nobility and Gentry; and we hear that his Lordship intends continuing in the Country to celebrate the Passover.

On *Wednesday* last died at his Grace the Duke of *Hebron's*, in *Berkshire*, Sir *Nadab Issachar*, Attorney-General; he was esteemed a sound Lawyer, and a Friend to the *Sanhedrim*; he is to be succeeded in his Office by *Moses Da Costa*, Esq; of *Lincoln's Inn*.

On *Monday* last a Dispensation passed the Great Seal, to enable *Abraham Levy* to hold a Living in the Synagogue of *Paul's*, together with the Rectory of the *Rabbi* in the Diocese of *Litchfield*.

Last Week twenty-five Children were publicly circumcised at the Lying in Hospital in *Brownlow Street*.

The same Day *John Hartwell*, a nonjuring Clergyman, was whipped round *Dukes-Place*, for speaking in disrespectful Terms of the coming of the Messiah.

On *Tuesday* last was held a Court of Aldermen, when it was unanimously voted, that the Name of Liveries, which

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which was heretofore made use of in the City of London should be totally obliterated, and that the said Liveries, be called *Tribes* for the future.

We are also informed, that, the Statue of Sir *John Barnard*, Father of this City in the Year 1753, and a strenuous Assertor of Christianity, is ordered to be taken down, and that of *Pontius Pilate* to be erected in its Room.

Last Night the Bill for a Naturalization of the Christians was thrown out of the *Sanhedrim* by a great Majority.

Yesterday was launched at *Woolwich* the *Jerusalem* Man of War, being the largest Ship ever built in this Country, and it is said the Board of Admiralty have given the Command of her to Rear Admiral SUASSO.

This Day was published the hundreth Edition of a Book entitled *Christianity not founded on Argument*, to be had at the Sign of the *Talmud* near the new Synagogue in the *Strand*.

This Day at Noon will stand in the Pillory, pursuant to his Sentence, *William Orthodox*, Bookseller, for clandestinely vending a Book, call'd *Remarks on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul, in a Letter to Gilbert West, Esq;* and the said Book is ordered to be burnt by the common Hangman.

Last Week was brought up to *Newgate*, under a strong Guard, *George Briton*, the outlawed Smuggler, who was taken on the Coast of *Sussex*, in the very Fact of running *Pork* into this Kingdom, in Defiance of the many penal Laws to prohibit the same.

At Two this Morning died at his House in *Grosvenor-square*, the Right Honourable the Earl of *Balaam*, Baron of *Zimri*, and Knight of the most noble Order of *Melchizedeck*. He succeeded his Father in Estate and Title in the Year 1821, went twice Lord Lieutenant to *Ireland*, was *Plenipotentiary* at the States of *Holland* during the late War against the Christian League, called the

Jewisade, and has since served as principal Secretary of State. He was married to Miss *Bathsbeba*, by whom he had Issue, five Children, Lord *Zimri* now Earl of *Balaam*, being the only one living. His Lordship's Remains are to be interred in *Westminster-Abbey*, and we hear he has left an Estate of one hundred thousand Pounds *per Annum*.

On *Wednesday* last seventeen Malefactors were crucified at *Tyburn*, pursuant to their Sentence, among whom were *Bryan Macmanus* and *Thady O'Sullivan*, born of honest Parents in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, where they were unhappily educated in the Errors of the Christian Religion, to which they were bigotted to the last, and chose to lay down their Lives, rather than be curtailed of the Honour of their Ancestors by the Act of Circumcision.

Last *Friday* being the Anniversary of the Crucifixion, the same was observed throughout the Kingdom, with the greatest Demonstrations of Joy.

This Morning early the Hon. *Mendez Gidion*, Esq; set out from his House in *Arlington-Street* for *Scarborough*, for the Recovery of his Health.

Mr. *Alvarez Cardoso*, Bookseller, has obtained a Patent for the sole Printing Mr. *Woolaston's* excellent Discourses against the Miracles of the *God of Paul*.

We can assure the Publick, that the Report so industriously spread by the *Galileans*, of the Christians rising in *North-Wales*, is entirely without Foundation.

On *Monday* last his Grace the Duke of *Samaria* took the Diversion of Hunting in *Richmond-Park*.

Last *Sunday* an Order came from the L—d C—b—n's Office, to the Managers of both Theatres, forbidding them under the severest Penalties, to exhibit a certain scandalous Piece, highly injurious to our present Government, entitled the *Merchant of Venice*.

The same Day Lord Viscount *Salvadore* gave a grand Entertainment at his House at *Tooting* in *Surry*, when the

the following Toasts were drank ; *our present happy Establishment in Synagogue and State* ; — *the Anti-christian Prelates* ; — *perpetual Damnation to Charles Ranger, Esq* ; with several other public and private Toasts.

It is confidently said that 1600 *Philistines* will be taken into Pay the next Sessions of the *Sanhedrim*, and that a Bill will be passed to abrogate the present current Stile in this Kingdom, in Conformity to the *Jewish Chronology*.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

Never was the *Leprosy* so predominant in this Kingdom, as at present, which has induced Mr. J. O. a regular Physician to study the same ; and he has now invented his excellent *Chymical Drops, or Balsam of Life*, one Bottle of which entirely eradicates the most inveterate *Leprosy*, as may be attested by Thousands who have experienced the same.

N. B. Ask for Mr. J. O's. Six Shilling Pot of scorbutic Electuary.

To the Gentlemen, Rabbi, and Freeholders of the County of Canaan.

Gentlemen,

Having had the Honour to be put in Nomination, by a large Majority of *Gentlemen, Rabbi, and Freeholders*, to represent you in the *ensuing Sanhedrim*, I beg the Favour of your Votes and Interest, and am,

Gentlemen,

Your devoted humble Servant.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

N. B. *I voted against the Bill for naturalizing Christians.*

By

By Desire.

At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*, on SUNDAY next, will be presented a COMEDY called,

THE HUMOURS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION,
The Part of Dr. TILLOTSON to be performed by
RUBENS SHYLOCK;

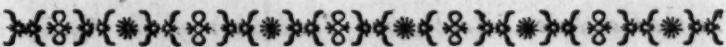
Dr. *Atterbury*, *Moses de Paiba*; Dr. *Sherlock*, *Moses Aminadab*; Sir *Thomas Moore*, *Abraham Esau*; Sir *Walter Raleigh*, *Josephus Aaron*;

The Part of Sir JOHN BARNARD by JONATHAN TUBAL,
(being the first Time of his appearing in that Character)

Dr. *South*, *Selim Levi*; Dr. *Clarke*, *Isaac Dalmeida*;
And the Part of St. CECILIA (with a Song in Character)
to be performed by Miss DEBORAH.

To which will be added a FARCE, called, *The British Constitution*:

Places for the Boxes to be taken of *Jacob Mammon*,
at the Stage Door; being the last Time of the Company's performing till the *Passover*.



NUMB. 40. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, July 21, 1753.

O matre pulchrâ filia pulcbrior.

HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,



F I remember right, you some Time since recommended the Maxim of an old *Greek* Philosopher, who lays it down as a Rule, that we should not suffer any Thing in Life to take too strong an Hold of our Imagination, because that Power of the Mind is found to have a very considerable Influence upon all our Sentiments and all our Actions. Certainly when

when the Reins are thrown loose upon the Neck of un-governed Fancy, we become instantly addicted to what is called in the common Phrase *Castle-Building*, than which there is not a more dangerous Exercise of our intellectual Faculties. It is a continual roving of our Thoughts to ideal Scenes of Joy ; Pleasure is our Pursuit, and when it does not appear within our Reach, we catch at the Shadow, instead of the Substance ; we ramble into a kind of Fools Paradise, and lounge away our Hours in the imaginary Gardens of a dreaming *Epicurus*, from whence it results that the Sinews of the Understanding become relaxed ; an enervating Stillness spreads over all the Powers of the Soul, which is constantly dissolved in Luxury of its own Creation ; fond Self-love holds up to us a pleasing Picture, throws some Joys into Perspective, flings what is disagreeable into Shades, and totally hides from us the thorny Parts of the Landskip. These perhaps may be accounted Pleasures, but they are in the main like the visionary Ideas excited by taking *Laudanum* ; at the same Time that they administer a Flow of Spirits, they invade our Nerves and render us entirely unfit for any Sphere of Action.

An Instance of this intoxicating Power of *Castle-Building* I have observed for some Time past in Mrs. *Vainlove*, who has spent the greatest Part of her Life in a waking Dream, and can hardly be accounted one of this World, as she has been, in the general, quite abstracted from Society, and has dwelt mostly in the airy Regions of Fancy. Mrs. *Vainlove*, in the greener Part of her Life, was flattered into a Notion of her own Beauty, by which Means she became fond of Power. Her Eyes, she thought gave her a *Right divine* to be a pretty Tyrant over the opposite Sex, and as the Imagination never deals out Blessings with a scanty Hand, her Sway soon became in Appearance as extensive as her most delusive Hopes could desire. But though she
led

led the whole Race of Man in Captivity, she at length condescended to let an ambitious Lover aspire to her Bed. The Consequence of this Condescension was, that in due Course of Time she was the happy Mother of a fair Daughter, in whom she saw her own Features, but moulded with greater Delicacy. Self-love inclined her to admire this flattering Likeness of herself, and the Emanations of Fancy bestowed upon her every Grace. Before Miss could walk, in the Mother's Eye she danced with all the Elegance of *Auretti*, and as soon as her Tongue began to utter imperfect Words; "Lord what a deal of Wit the Child has? Dear Cousin a'nt you astonished at her? 'pon Honour I never taught her that." In Process of Time Miss *Vainlove* devoured up these Expressions of Admiration with a greedy Ear, and she began insensibly to believe every Word perfectly true, till at length her Imagination took the very same Turn which had distorted the Thoughts of her Mother before, and a Series of Years, instead of banishing the Deceit, but served to give a stronger Tincture to her Fancy.

When *Virgil's Dido* is crossed in Love, and she finds herself upon the Point of being deserted by the *Trojan Prince*, her ready Fancy seizes the Occasion to disturb her with visionary Scenes of Solitude, in which she thinks herself abandoned and forlorn.

Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
Ire Viam.

But with Miss *Vainlove* the Case is quite reversed; though it should happen that her Fate removes her from the dear Society of Man; though the sudden Excrescence of a Pimple on her Face or Neck should doom her a Recluse, until her Skin regains its native Alabaster Smoothness; though an untractable Lock should refuse

to

to join in amicable Confederacy with the Rest of her Head-dress, and determine her in a Fit of Peevishness to sequester herself from the World, yet still she reigns Queen of the Assembly, and has a Circle of Beaux about her; the ideal Footman's Rap sounds Transport to her Ear, and she is every Instant receiving the Homage of contending Lovers, who have no Existence but in her own Brain. Her Mother confirms her in the Deception, and through the Force of Habit, they are constantly amused with Pictures of their own Creation; like those, who, Mr. *Locke* tells us in his Treatise on the *Conduct of the Understanding*, through some Distemperature in their Blood, or any other internal Cause, see a Variety of Colours passing continually before them, and frequently perceive a Groupe of human Figures, Soldiers and Combatants marching in Procession before the deluded Eye of distempered Fancy.

Miss *Vainlove* has carried Matters to such an Extreme, that she really thinks herself the most celebrated Toast about Town at present; *Ryan* at the *King's Arms* is under infinite Obligations to her for the plentiful Libations of Burgundy, which have been poured out to her Beauty at his House; and almost all the Taverns in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster* have felt in this Way, the happy Influence of her Beauty.

Her Footman has the best Place in *England*, because as she has taken it into her Head, he is in the constant Receipt of Bribes at all public Places, to induce him to tell the Name of his young Mistress, and the Place of her Abode. Madam *La Place* owes a great deal of her Success in Business to Miss *Vainlove's* having the Lead of all the Fashions, and directing the Ladies of her Acquaintance to her Milliner, that they may set themselves off with the same Advantages of Ornament.

Miss *Vainlove*, without having one real Lover, has constantly a large Number of fancied Slaves to her
Frowns

Frowns and Smiles, and from thence it happens, that she looks upon all the Women as a Set of Creatures that envy her, and the Men she considers as her Votaries, fit for nothing but to grace her Triumph. There is nothing more common with her than to be within a few Days of being married to a Man of large Fortune, even when she never exchanged a Word with him. "Well, to be sure, says she, it's surprizing how Things are whispered about; the common Report is, that I am to be married to Mr. *What-do ye-call-him*, without Doubt it is in my Power. — but—Lord the whole Town has it." It is in vain to assure her that the Town does not trouble its Head about her; her Mother has told her she does not meet so fine a Woman any where, and so the Opiate works. I met both these egregious Characters at *Vauxhall* a few Nights since, when they informed me, that the whole Set of foreign Ambassadors were now in the young Ladies Train, and that * * * * who is a Man of Consequence and Fortune in the Country, which he represents, is absolutely expiring for Miss *Vainlove*. It happened, that after this I paid her several Visits, and never meeting any of her florid Retinue, I took the Liberty to mention that I never had the Pleasure of seeing her gay Set of Enamoratos; to this Mrs. *Vainlove* replied, that she had given them their Answer, "Whenever we give them their Answer, they never come again."

Thus these two Ladies never see any Thing in its proper Colour; they think their Dreams Realities, and, like mad People, are constantly reasoning right from wrong Principles. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, minister to a Mind diseased, as *Shakespear* phrases it; let them know that they cannot subsist very long upon such airy Pleasures, as they imagine to themselves, and convince them, that there is great Truth in what is said, perhaps too loosely by the comic Poet.

There's

*There's nought but willing, waking Love that can
Make blest'd the ripen'd Maid, or finish'd Man.*

I am, Sir, your constant Reader,

T. W. G.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, July 21.

WEdnesday last *John Gutwell*, alias *Asterisk*, alias *Italic*, Author of the *London-Evening Post*, stood indicted for that he not having the Fear of this Court before his Eyes, did on *Saturday* the fourteenth Instant, steal certain Articles of Intelligence, called *News for one Hundred Years hence*, the Property of *Charles Ranger*, Esq; and the same did reprint, &c.

Call Moses Da Costa,

Da Costa sworn on the *Talmud*.—I was sitting at *Baker's* Coffee-house in the Alley, and *Sam* put into my Hand the *London-Evening Post*,—and he said to me, “Master “*Da Costa*, here you are again.” Upon which I again saw those infamous Paragraphs, which were first printed in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

The Compositor of the Press sworn.—I live with *Mr. Faden*, the Printer of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, and I composed the News before it was in the *London-Evening Post*.

The Prisoner upon this gave in his Defence in Writing which was as follows,

The P—t of G—t B—n is composed of * * * *, and those blaspheming JEWS offered me a B—be, to be a Turncoat, like Lord * * * *, and Sir * * *, and Mr. * * *, but I rejected it with Indignation; I bought the Paper and Counsellor * * * * told me, I had then a Property in it, I believe in the *News*, and that St.

J—s's

J—s's, and the P—t, and St. P—l's, — and the Royal-Exchange will swarm with * * * *.

The Jury not understanding this myſterious Defence, and conſidering his Intention might be to propagate the ſaid News, brought in their Verdict — *Not Guilty*.



NUMB. 41. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, July 28, 1753.

— — — *Nec tu Divinam Æneida tenta,
Sed longe ſequere, & Veſtigia ſemper adora.*

STATIUS.

 HAVE lately done myſelf the Pleaſure of peruſing the ſeveral Performances in Criticiſm, with which *Voltaire* has introduced into the World his various poetical Compoſitions. That excellent Author has the Modeſty to call moſt of theſe ſhort Eſſays, by the Name of, *Fugitive Pieces of Literature*. But the ſmalleſt Productions of ſo pleaſing a Writer, are indelible, and will be read with Pleaſure, while there remains any Taſte for a fine Turn of Senſe and an elegant Felicity of Expreſſion. When I obſerve thus much, I would not have it imagined that I perceive any Traces of Infallibility about him. In the general, his Remarks are deduced from Nature and *Ariſtotle*, and, on moſt Occaſions, he delivers himſelf with a ſound Judgment; but in my late curſory Review of his Writings, I think I have met with ſome Paſſages, which demand the Animadverſion of a Writer, who pretends to inſtruct or entertain his Readers. In the Diſcharge of this Task, I think I cannot acquit myſelf in a better Form, than that of a Letter to the Author; this I ſhall endeavour to do with that Politenefs, which is due to ſuch an extenſive Genius,

nus, and I make no Doubt but the *English Reader* will concur with me, in the few Observations, which I shall submit to his Perusal.

To Monsieur VOLTAIRE.

S I R,

THE Republic of Letters has happily removed that awkward Distance, and that extreme Difficulty of Access, which Policy, ministerial Artifice, and insolent Pride have established in the ordinary Intercourse of Life; by which Means it has obtained, that the easy Seasons of Application, the *mollia tempora fandi*, are at all Times allowed to every Member of the serene Republic already mentioned; and, while Decency and good Manners are preserved, an easy Habitude subsists between the highest and the lowest of that august Body. Freedom of Converse is the happy Collision, which has struck out so many new Lights in every Thing relating to the Sciences and the liberal Arts; and it has been observed that there is no Book so mean, but some useful Hint may possibly be derived from it. On this Account it may be proper to wave all Offers at an Apology, for the Liberty an unknown Writer allows himself, in addressing a Letter to so enlightened a Genius; I shall only premise, on this Occasion, that I take the Pen in Hand with that Respect to which you are certainly entitled by the Superiority of your Parts; but as I have taken Exceptions to some Criticisms, scattered up and down in your Writings, I cannot suppress a very strong Inclination of making some Remarks upon them.

I have observed, Sir, that you are apt to reprobate the *English Stage*, with some Degree of Acrimony, whenever it comes in your Way, and that you have not hesitated to make free with our immortal *Shakespeare*, after a Manner, which, in my Opinion, is inconsistent with

with that Relish for manly Sense, which seems to be your Characteristic, and in a Stile, which to me appears destitute of your usual Delicacy. If I should say, that the boasted *Bien-séance* of your Country has relinquished you in some of these Passages, I flatter myself that upon a Review of them, you will not totally disavow it. The most striking of the various Judgments, which you have vented against the greatest Dramatic Genius in the World, is found in your Discourse prefixed, to your Tragedy of *Semiramis*, and is literally translated into *English* as follows.

“ I do not mean to justify the Tragedy of *Hamlet* in
 “ every Particular; it is in Fact a barbarous Piece,
 “ abounding with such gross Absurdities, that it would
 “ not be tolerated by the Vulgar in *France* and *Italy*.
 “ The Hero of the Play runs mad in the second Act,
 “ and his Mistress meets with the same Misfortune in
 “ the third. The Prince takes *Ophelia's* Father for a
 “ Rat, and kills him, and, in Despair, she throws her-
 “ self into a River. Her Grave is dug on the Stage,
 “ and the Grave-Digger, with a Skull in his Hand,
 “ amuses himself with a String of miserable Jest, while
 “ the Prince answers them in Language equally dis-
 “ gusting. *Hamlet*, his Mother, and Father-in-Law
 “ drink together on the Stage. They divert themselves
 “ with Bottle-Songs, (*Chansons à boire*) they quarrel,
 “ they fight and kill. One would imagine this Play
 “ the Production of a drunken Savage. And yet among
 “ these Absurdities, which render the *English* Drama
 “ absolutely barbarous, there are some Strokes in *Ham-*
 “ *let*, worthy of the most exalted Genius. This has al-
 “ ways been Matter of Astonishment to me; it looks
 “ as if Nature, in pure Sport, diverted herself with mix-
 “ ing in *Shakespeare's* Head every thing sublime and
 “ great, with all that can be conceived low, mean and
 “ detestable.”

It is thus the elegant and sensible *Voltaire* speaks of *Shakespear*. I would submit it to yourself, Sir, whether this Criticism is candid, and whether it is a fair Discussion of the Tragedy in Question. We do not concern ourselves in this Country with what is agreeable to the Taste of the Vulgar in *France* or *Italy*; we know that the *Clinquant* of an Opera, or a *Comedie Ballet* is more acceptable to their Refinement, than the sterling Bullion of an *English* Performance; but we might expect from a Writer of Eminence, a truer and more exact Opinion. *Hamlet*, Sir, does not run mad, though if he did, *King Lear* has proved what a beautiful Distress might arise from it; he counterfeits Madness, for his own private End, but no body ever imagined that he thinks he is killing a Rat, when he slays *Polonius*. If you will be pleased to recollect the Passage, you will find that he takes him for his Better, meaning the King, and that the Rat is only mentioned to save Appearances.

That *Ophelia's* Grave is dug on the Stage cannot be refused; but that very Indecorum produces so many fine Reflections, and such an excellent Vein of Morality, as perhaps, cannot be parallel'd by the *Scene Francoise*, and is, without doubt, warmer, and more interesting, than the frigid, unimpassioned Declamation of a more correct Writer. I cannot recollect that *Hamlet* ever shocked me with miserable Jest upon this Occasion; nor do I remember that any of them are such honest Bottle-Companions as to carouse and sing merry Catches on the Stage. Pray consider, Sir, that our Language, though no way inferior to the *French*, is not universally understood Abroad, and from your Representation of Matters, it may be inferred that our great Poet is really the *drunken Savage*, you have thought proper to call him. This would be derogating from the greatest Poet the World has ever seen since the Days
of

of *Homer*, and, I believe you will grant, is dealing unfairly with a Man, whom you cannot but reverence.

When you confess that he has many Flights of the highest Elevation, you make an Approach towards Justice; but I cannot help thinking that you are somewhat like a Painter, who lays on just and proper Colouring, and then instantly effaces it, when you add that you are astonished at his sublime Excursions of Fancy. I should have expected from your Candour, that you would rather have said, it is a Pity that he, who soared to such glorious Heights, should ever tire his Eagle Wing, and fall beneath himself. You may remember, that it is with this good Temper *Longinus* talks of *Homer*; they are Dreams, says he, but they are the Dreams of *Homer*. He might, perhaps, with as much Propriety as you, have given the Appellation of a *drunken Savage*, have called him AN OLD DOTARD, and asserted that some of his long Stories are detestable but a candid Critic forgives the Imbecilities of human Nature, and passes Sentence like a mild and good-natured Judge.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HOR.

In one of your Letters concerning the *English* Nation, you are greatly pleased with a Saying of the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, in Relation to the Duke of *Marlborough*. "He was," replied that ingenious Nobleman when his Opinion was asked, "so great a Man, that I have forgot his Faults." Something like this might be your Judgment upon *Shakespear*; and it was more particularly incumbent on you, to treat his Memory with respect, because, I apprehend, you owe very great Obligations to him in many of your own dramatic Writings. We frequently perceive you lighting your Torch at his Fire; in your *Mabomet*, *Macbeth* *marshals* you the Way that you are going; in many other Scenes

we

we can catch your Eye fixed upon our immortal Bard; and in your *Semiramis* you have adventured to introduce a Ghost, in Imitation of the very Play, which has occasioned the Severity already cited. The Success you met with upon that Occasion might serve to convince you of *Shakespear's* inimitable Merit. The *Parterre*, if I mistake not, turned their Backs to the Stage, and blew their Noses; while the Ghost on our Theatre never fails to impress an awful Stillness on every Mind. This, Sir, give me leave to assure you, is not owing to the Barbarity of our Taste, but to the amazing Power of our Poet's Imagination, which could explore the undiscovered Regions of Eternity, and recal the fleeting Spirit, with a Solemnity of Ideas responsive to the Occasion.

Shakespear is a kind of established Religion in Poetry, and his Bays will always flourish with undiminished Verdure. When I say this, I am not for maintaining that he is not guilty of Transgressions, but for every Transgression he recompences his Auditors with Beauties, which no Art will ever equal. That the Rules established by *Aristotle* and *Horace* are agreeable to Nature, I am ready to allow, and that inferior Geniuses may avail themselves by a skilful Conformity to them, I as freely assent to. But Fable is but a secondary Beauty; the Exhibition of Character, and the Excitement of the Passions, justly claiming the Precedence in dramatic Poetry. It is in Writing as in Gardening; where Nature does not afford spontaneous Beauties, recourse must be had to the Embellishments of slow endeavouring Art, to the Regularity of uniform Vistas, the Intricacy of elaborated Mazes, and a studied Insertion of Evergreens; but when the Course of the Country of itself presents attractive Scenes on every Side, when the Trees branch out with a free Expansion, and the bold Prospect surprizes with the Heath, the Lawn, the Hill,
and

and Valley, in wild Variety, the Littleness of tedious Culture is unnecessary, and trifling Ornaments are unlooked for.

I shall conclude, with a Passage from your own Works. "Do not blush, Sir, to repent of your little Inadvertencies. It is hard, but it is amiable to acknowledge our Errors." *Ne rougissez point, Monsieur, de vous repentir de vos petites Inadvertances. Il est dur, mais il est beau d'avouer ses fautes.*"

I am, Sir,

Your warm Admirer,

And most obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Sam's Coffee-house, July 28.

THERE was such a Demand for the *Gray's-Inn Journal* of the 14th Instant for several Days successively, that *Major* has been obliged to relieve his Spirits with Hartshorn-Drops, and Mr. *Wood* is become entirely hoarse by constantly crying out, "*Gray's-Inn Journal*, Sir?—First out of Hand"—Various Opinions were delivered, on this memorable Occasion, some asserting that *Ranger* was more entertaining than ever, other's condemning him for meddling in Politics, and many declaring that his *News for one Hundred Years hence*, though treated in an humourous Manner, comes too home to Men's Bosoms. Mr. *Selfish* did not hesitate to say, he did not Care about it, as it would not come to pass in his Time, and Mr. *Humdrum* called the whole a damned Lie, as he was persuaded, there is

not

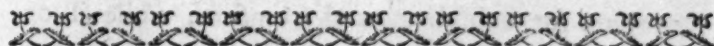
N^o. 41. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 265
not a second-sighted *Scotchman* left alive in all the
Highlands.

Tom's Coffee-house, Cornhill.

The Insolence of the *Gray's-Inn Journal* has given
great Umbrage here. Monsieur *Diamond*, an eminent
Dealer in *French Paste*, was very vehement on the Oc-
casion. " 'Tis ver great Rascal, to make free wit his
" Betters—de Juif,—it's ver good People, because
" pardieu it have de Money, and Money is de Religion
" —I am sure it is all de Religion, I come over for, and
" if I could have as much of dat Religion in my own
" Country,—I take my Party to stay where I was.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

This is to inform the several Persons, who pocket
this Paper at the *Jamaica Coffee-house*, that there is a
Fund opened there by Subscription, out of which they
may receive Two-pence, upon signifying at the Bar
their Intentions of stealing the *Gray's-Inn Journal*. The
Gentlemen, who frequent this Place, have entered into
this Association, in order to preserve this Part of their
Entertainment, which they have lately been often
robbed of.



NUMB. 42. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Aug. 4, 1753.

—*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis*

Auri sacra fames?

VIRG.

THE Desire of acquiring Money has in all
T Ages actuated Mankind, and influenced
their Conduct in various Shapes, ever since
civil Polity framed different States and Re-
publics, and since Convenience stamped an imaginary
Value upon yellow Dirt, which soon rendered it by ge-
N neral

neral Consent a proper Exchange for the rest of the Commodities of the Earth. By the same Means that it became useful in the ordinary Necessaries of Life, it also in Proportion administered to the Luxuries and magnificent Enjoyments of Society. The Gamester soon learned to carry a thousand Head of Cattle by Proxy to the Dice Room; so many Pieces of Ore became the Representatives of an adequate Number of Trees, and Things went on in this Progression, till at length a modern Beau could carry as many sparkling Acres upon his little Finger, as would have strained a thousand *Ajaxes* and *Hectors* of the Days of *Homer*. This last Remark I am proud to have an Opportunity of making, as the elegant Species, just mentioned, have for some Time unjustly been exposed to the Railery of the Epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*; whereas by this Account the pretty Fellows of these Times have very visibly a Superiority over the Prowess and Vigour of the much boasted antient Heroes.

But to return: An Ambition to amass Riches is certainly very laudable, when it does not transgress the Bounds which are prescribed by Reason to all our Passions in the general. While it is conducted with a View to a Competency, and the Enjoyment of the Requisites for Subsistence and Comfort; while it operates with a Propensity to a Man's Friends, Relations, and, as *Milton* has it, all the Charities of Father, Son and Brother; and while it is the Source of Generosity, and an extensive Power of distributing Benefits to Mankind, it is, without any Manner of Doubt, a just Principle of Action; and though Self-love is the Pebble which stirs the Lake, the Circles, which it occasions, will always be pleasing and beautiful to the moral Sense.

But the Misfortune is, this Affection generally degenerates into Meanness, and has a fatal Tendency to ruin

ruin the Understanding, and to corrupt the Heart. The intellectual Soil must not lie fallow for any long Time together; and it is by Freedom of Converse, and an habitual Interourse with the enlightened Part of the World, that a mental Vigour is to be acquired; and when the Imagination is constantly attached to a particular Set of Ideas, it becomes narrow by insensible Degrees, and for Want of that general Survey of the different Objects, which are continually passing on the Scene of Life, it is confined to a small Compass, and never ventures to make the least Excursion further. From this close Habit of Thinking, the Heart, too frequently, contracts a lazy Apathy, and grows entirely callous to all manner of Sensation. Our Passions are involuntary, and are nothing else than the Impressions which external Objects usually make upon the human Imagination, from the Operations of which we feel those sundry Emotions which are Incitements to spur us on from Theory to Practice, and which disclose themselves in our Actions, and are thence known to belong to the amiable Train of *Benevolence*, or to be of the hateful Family of *Selfishness* and *Ill-nature*. In Proportion therefore as the Ideas which pass in the Mind are scanty, the Affections, which agitate the Heart, will be fewer; and both must at last rust to a Point, and fix in a State of unfeeling Indolence.

A Love of Money is at once the Source of those Deeds which carry with them a splendid Appearance, and those also which are at first Sight mean and contemptible. This Passion has made many a Writer of Eminence, and many Scriblers in a Garret; it has animated the General at the Head of an Army, and the Clipper of Coin in his twilight Room; it has for many Ages thundered in the Senate, wrangled at the Bar, and lulled from the Pulpit. To this it is owing that the Merchant boldly traverses the Globe, trusting to all the Dangers of the turbulent Ele-

ment, and that *Buckborse* will receive as many severe Strokes of a Cane as you please, for Six-pence apiece.

The Art generally practised by People, who are desirous either to amass an over-grown Fortune, or to glean up a Livelihood, without the Talents to recommend themselves by striking out some new Discovery, or cultivating some advantageous Branch of Trade and Commerce, is to impose upon the Credulity of Mankind; and by obtruding false delusive Circumstances to excite their Curiosity, raise their Admiration, and thus gull them to comply with their Artifices of Fraud and Imposition. This Metropolis has never wanted a sufficient Number of these Projectors, and, at present, I believe I may affirm, that it abounds with Cheats and Impostors, in every Station, in every Art and Science, and in every Circumstance of Life. The solemn Physician, the specious Lawyer, the wordy Critic, and the bombast Poet, are found in all Quarters of the Town; and though they must be allowed to be very notable Masters of Deceit, I have lately made a Discovery of a Personage, who greatly excels them all in their own Trade of Delusion and Hypocrisy. The Scheme of distributing Hand-bills, importing that in *Ivy-Lane, Magpye-Alley*, or any other Quarter of the Town, LIVETH a regular Physician, who has spent many Years abroad, travelled all over *Mesopotamia*, and is returned home North-about to practise his Profession for the Benefit of his Countrymen, is now entirely out of Vogue, and the Cheat is laughed at by all Degrees and Ranks of People. It is true, there are many other Plans on foot at present, which are somewhat more plausible than that which I have now touched upon; but among them all, I do not remember any Plan so well calculated to elevate and surprize, to keep up a Stare, as a new one which came into my Hands the other Day, as I was walking down *Ludgate Hill*. A tall meagre Man, with great Solemnity of Aspect, and strong Expressions of

A. maze-

Amazement in his Countenance, presented to me the following Billet, which many of my Readers can bear me Witness is transcribed faithfully and exactly.

Mrs. S E R M O N

“ Is removed from *Whitehorse-yard, East-Smithfield*, to
 “ the Sign of the *Blue-Ball*, in *Naked-Boy Court*, *Lud-*
 “ *gate-Hill*; you may turn in by the *Salmon with a Drop*
 “ *in his Mouth*, the second House in the Court.

“ Who resolves all Questions in *Astrology*, whether by
 “ Sea or Land. She likewise gives *gratis* to poor Peo-
 “ ple, a Draught for the Stomach, the Powder for the
 “ Tooth-ach, and an Eye-Water.

N. B. Cures the Ague at the Second Cup gratis.

I have heard that the present celebrated Dr. *Wood-*
ward cures the Rupture, for any Person whatever, by
 weiring his own Bandages, which indeed hath fre-
 quently been Matter of Astonishment to me in my
 Hours of Reflection; but I must declare, in favour of
 Mrs. *Sermon*, that I think she performs greater Won-
 ders than any of them, and that her Undertaking is
 more likely to do Honour to our Country, than that of
 any other Schemist now in being. The Circum-
 stance of her living in *Naked-Boy Court* is well in-
 serted to raise Curiosity, and the Convenience of turn-
 ing in by the *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth* will
 prove inviting, especially as every one will be desirous
 of seeing that curious Animal. How she contrives to
 answer Questions in *Astrology* is beyond my Comprehen-
 sion, but, if well performed, must be highly useful to his
 Majesty's Subjects. She does it also by Sea as well as
 Land, which is greatly advantageous to a trading Na-
 tion; and then her Spirit of Benevolence must tend
 greatly to endear her to every generous and humane Mind.

The Draught for the Stomach, the Powder for the
 Tooth-ach, and the Eye-Water, given gratis, are strong
 Indications of a public Spirit. Add to this that she
 cures the Ague at the second Cup for nothing; what

kind of Cup it is, I can't take upon me to say. But upon the whole I must declare that Mrs. *Sermon* is in my Eye a very extraordinary Personage; and were I to decide the Precedence between her and all the Empyrics, Projectors, Fustian-Poets, Discoverers of the Longitude, &c. of the present Age, I should not hesitate to pronounce Mrs. *Sermon* the most notable amongst them all.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Seven Dials, Aug. 3.

Yesterday a Deputation from the Gypsies of *Abbotsbury* waited upon the King of the Gypsies, and being introduced by one of his *Domestics*, presented the following Address,

The humble Address of the Gypsies of ABBOTSBURY, to their most illustrious Sovereign.

May it please your Inspectorial Majesty,

WE the Gypsies, Fortune-Tellers, Smugglers, Muslin-Sellers, &c. of *Abbotsbury*, at *Mother Wells's* assembled, with Hearts full of Gratitude, return our most unfeigned Thanks, for the Affection which you have manifested towards us in the Paper published by your Authority. We beg Leave to assure you of our unalienable Attachment to your Cause, and we fervently wish, that, as you have appeared bewitched for some Time past, you may continue to exert the same most amazing Qualities, undisturbed by the Turbulence of *Irishmen*, the Danger of *Empyemas*, or any other sublunary Influence. In these Sentiments we are,

Your Majesty's

Truly Loyal Subjects,

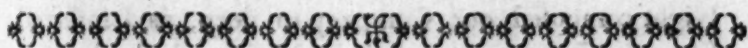
The Gypsies, &c. of Abbotsbury.

To

To which his Inspectorial Majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious Answer.

IT is fit I should thank you for this obliging Address ;
 it is fit I should be sensible of your Affection ; I am
 sensible of it ; I do thank you ; the World will thank
 you: The Gypsies of *Abbotsbury* may always depend on
 my Favour, and you may assure yourselves that I will
 prove *Mary Squires* the most innocent of Women. —

After which they all had the Honour of Kissing his
 Hand, and the Honour of Knighthood was conferred
 on *Fortune Natut*, Esq;



NUMB. 43. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Aug. 11, 1753.

— *Quadrifugos agitato ad flumina Currus.* VIRG.

TO CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

SIR,

AS there is a Court of Censorial Enquiry
 subsisting at *Gray's-Inn*, under your In-
 fluence, and as I suppose, from the ap-
 parent Tendency of it, that it was designed
 in its first Institution to be a secondary Aid to our Courts
 of Justice, by taking Cognizance of those Offences
 which are not punishable by any of the Statute Laws of
 this Realm, I must take the Liberty to transmit to you
 an Information of such a Nature, that, I am convinced,
 you will think it either ought to be laid before the
 abovementioned Court, or that it deserves to be treated
 with the Touches of your Pen.

To enter at once into the Business, I must inform
 you, that I lately had Occasion to take a Jant down to
Bath, and imagining that travelling in a Stage-Coach
 would not be disagreeable, I took a Place in one of
 those Vehicles, which set out from the *Bell Inn*

behind the New Church in the *Strand*. Precisely at Two in the Morning, crack went the Coachman's Whip, and off we went with six Passengers. It being quite dark at the Hour of starting, we began our Journey without so much as knowing one another's Faces, and we were pretty well jolted on the Stones, before we were all properly adjusted in our Places. For some Time we were entertained with a Concert of Groans, Sighs, Coughs, and other such agreeable Interjections, to fill up the Pause of Conversation, till having passed the Turnpike, and being arrived to the plain Road, the Gentleness of the Motion, and the Stillness of the Night composed our Company to sleep, as I inferred from the Information of their Noses, which did not cease to ply the Ear, until the Morning began to tinge the Hemisphere towards the East with white Streaks of Light, by the Help of which I could then discover who and who was together. Accordingly I perused the Countenances of my Fellow-Travellers, and pretty plainly read in each Visage, that very Character, which a short Time convinced me was appropriated to each.

The First and most remarkable Personage was the Wife of a wealthy Inhabitant of *Thames-street*, going down to see Life, "for it is really, says she, enough to fill
 "one up with the Vapours, to be eternally moped in
 "that odious Part of the Town, and as soon as I re-
 "turn, I shall prevail upon Mr. *Narrowmind*, since he
 "has now picked up his Crums, to learn a little Taste,
 "and remove to some genteel Quarter." This Scheme met with the instant Approbation of her next Neighbour, a motherly Sort of Woman, who lets Lodgings at *Bath*, and with whom the polite Citizen was to fix her Residence. The good old Landlady declared, as how she was of Opinion, Folks of Mrs. *Narrowmind*'s Fortune should be accommodated with some Elegance; and then turning about, "Ma'em, will you chuse to
 "taste the Liquor I have brought in this little Bottle?

"I

"I know by Experience, that it is the best Thing in
"the World to keep Wind out of the Stomach."

This Propofal was agreed to, and a few Minutes convinced the rest of the Company, that a Dram is not only of singular Use to keep Wind out of the Stomach, but also a most excellent Expeller of what Wind may be accidentally lodged there.

While this agreeable Couple were solacing themselves, the Conversation was taken up by one, whom we soon discovered to be a *Jew*, bound for the Rendezvous of many of the People of Fashion, with the double View of partaking of the Diversions of the Place, and getting rid of a little *French* Paste, which lay upon his Hands. He harangued with great Volubility of Speech, and he frequently embellished his Discourse with many lively Flashes of a Diamond Ring, which played upon his Finger. Amidst all his Vivacity, he took Care to be sufficiently attentive to the grand Business of selling the abovementioned Paste, which was with him so material a Point, that he never once mentioned the chief Object, which at present engrosses the Thoughts of his whole Nation; but, instead of favouring us with his political Speculations, he amused us with a Sight of numberless pretty Trinkets, the Beauties of which he explained with such an artful Display of his Finger, and so many Flourishes of Speech, that he soon closed a Bargain with the fine Lady, whom I have already mentioned.

The next Person, whom I shall mention, was a young Gentleman, who from a slender Figure, and the Recommendation of five and twenty Years of Age, promised himself some Success among the Ladies, notwithstanding the late Marriage Act. Not having seen a great deal of the World, his Mind was raw and uninformed; struck with Surprise at every Thing that offered, and breaking out into idle Questions upon the most minute Occurrence. I have often observed, that

Memory is a prevailing Faculty in weak Intellects, and never fails to prove very troublesome in Company; and as most Things, when Judgment is wanting, are laid up in that Storehouse without Taste or Discernment, they are also produced in the same Manner; according to the old Proverb, *Ill got, Ill gone*. Having dabbled a little in some of our modern Poets, there hardly arose an Incident, but what our Fellow-Traveller would repeat twenty or thirty Verses in a Breath, from Sir *Richard Blackmore*, the CHOICE, or some such ingenious Work; and the Misfortune was, that what he last recited, opened new Traces, and he was sure to continue, as long as his Memory supplied him; like the Man at a Fair, who will spew you up Ribband by the Yard, while there remains any in his Mouth; and this Similitude I take to be very picturesque on the present Occasion, with this Difference only, that what the latter evacuates, does not indicate a bad Digestion; whereas the former constantly discovers a foul Stomach, which cannot contain its Crudities; and on this Account, I take your Ribband-Spewer to be much the more agreeable Fellow of the two.

The fifth and last of the Company (as I intend to say nothing of myself) was a perfect Contrast to the Character just exhibited; as the Dealer in Verse never offered any Thing of his own, this Original was determined never to make Use of what came from another's Imagination, but depended entirely upon his own Stock for Fame and Reputation. There is a Saying of Doctor *Swift's* which, in my Opinion, would be of singular Use to many in human Life; "Never," says that great Genius in a Letter to a young Clergyman, "attempt to shew your Wit, because it is at least ten Thousand to one that you have none." To this Precept the Gentleman. I am now speaking of, paid no Kind of Regard, his Imagination being constantly upon the Stretch to *elevate and surprize, and all that*; to
start

start new Turns of Fancy upon every Occasion, and, as it is generally expressed, to say good Things. It was in vain to tell him, that it was not at all incumbent on him to be so extremely brilliant, and that his Company did not exact all that Emanation of Genius; my Friend could never be content to deliver himself in the ordinary Way, and you might perceive him perpetually in deep Study to express himself upon the most trivial Incident.

I shall not trouble Mr. *Ranger* with any of the smart Prettinesses which escaped from this exalted Wit, but, having now acquainted you with the Characters of the Company, I leave it to your own Imagination to suggest, in what Manner the Time must have glided away among People who were all entirely attached to their prevailing Foibles, and who thought of nothing but the Gratification of their own particular Humours. During the whole Journey the Citizen's Wife talked of nothing but her Taste and Dignity, which the good Woman from *Bath* confirmed; the Verse-Spewer thought of nothing but reciting, and the Man of Wit was ambitiously new and lively. With regard to the *Jew*, he not only minded the Main-Chance in the Coach, but also at every Inn where we put up; and I remember, that at *Marlborough*, where we breakfasted the second Morning, we were delayed for a considerable Time, till Search was made after this mercantile Itinerant, who was at length found selling a Pair of Buckles to a Gentleman just arrived in a Post-Chaise.

I think, Mr. *Ranger*, you have already mentioned an Attention to Self alone, as one of the greatest Errors in Society; as it must be more particularly so, when People are tied to each other for any Space of Time, I could wish for a Reformation in this Particular. In the *Spectator* I remember to have seen a Proposal to place a System of Rules for Behaviour on the Side of every Stage Coach in the Kingdom: Now, Sir, as I think
some-

something of this Nature absolutely requisite at present, if you would be kind enough to employ a leisure Moment in this Way, it would, I persuade myself, tend to promote good Manners among the People of this Kingdom, and would oblige him, who is with great Respect,

Sir, Your most constant Reader,

* * * *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

WE hear that a Scheme is on foot among the *Jews*, to purchase *St. Paul's Church* in order to hold a Synagogue there; but this wants Confirmation:

Last *Saturday* the learned Orator *H—y* set out from his Chapel in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, to his Seat in *Moor-Fields*, — for the Recovery of his Wits. —

Yesterday a Report was spread, that one of the Arches at *Westminster-Bridge* had sunk a Foot, but we can assure the Public it is without *Foundation*.

On *Sunday* last a *Ratifa* Bottle, belonging to a celebrated Lady of Quality at *St. James's*, fell from the Top of a Chest of Drawers, and broke its Neck; for which Loss, we hear, the Lady has since almost broke her Heart.

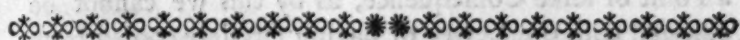
The same Day a Fire broke out in an Old Woman's Pipe of Tobacco, and entirely consumed the same.

Last Night one of the Ducks in *St. James's Park* was seen to walk by the Side of the Canal for some Time, and then threw herself in. The Reason why she committed this rash *Action* is not yet known.

BANKRUPTS.

Jonas Japan, late of the Piazzas *Covent-Garden*, Shoe-Cleaner.

Macnamara O'Sirap, of the same Place, Chairman.



NUMB. 44. GRAY's-INN, Saturday, Aug. 18, 1753.

*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur; vel mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba rosâ; tales Virgo dabat ore colores.* VIRG.

Great deal of Wit and Raillery has been exerted by several polite Writers against the predominant Fashion among the Ladies, of setting off their Charms with the Addition of Paint. Our great *Shakespear* has put a very severe Remark into the Mouth of his *Hamlet* in the Scene with *Ophelia*; *Heaven hath given ye one Face, and ye make yourselves another.* This Thought has been twisted and tortured into a thousand different Shapes by every little Endeavourer at an Epigram for a long Time past, and the Custom has been frequently censured as a folly imported from our Neighbours the *French*. As the Art of giving an artificial Tincture to the Skin, appears to me to admit of many favourable Circumstances, I shall employ this Day's Paper in Vindication of my pretty Countrywomen.

It may seem at first an extreme bold Position, if I assert that Painting is not an Importation of foreign Refinement, but originally of *English* Growth; and yet, that this is the real State of the Case, is sufficiently known to the most superficial Dabbler in History. *Julius Cæsar*, in his Account of the Inroad which he made upon our Ancestors, gives a Description of the *Aborigines* of this Island, which I shall here translate. *The Britons in general paint their Bodies with Woad, which gives a blue tincture to the Skin, and lends them a formidable Aspect in Battle.* This, I think, may serve to obviate the Imputation of imitating

tating the *French* in this Particular, which I take to be a Point of some Consequence, as by this we cannot be charged with the Levity of having servilely copied from others. We find that the Ladies among the *British Picts* went entirely naked, and painted their Bodies all over with the *Woad* already mentioned. This must undoubtedly have afforded great Scope for Fancy, and in those Days there must certainly have been many eager Rivalships among the Fair for Pre-eminence in point of Taste for Painting. For as the whole lovely Body was ornamented with different Figures and sundry various Representations, according as Imagination suggested, the Variety of new Fashions must have been extremely entertaining, each Fair-one being studious to adapt to each different Part of the Body that Degree of Colouring and that Form, which must have proved most becoming; just as our modern Ladies adjust a Patch so as to make the Contrast striking, and give stronger Expressions to the adjacent Features. I have now by me the whole History of a *British Pict Coquette*, found by a Friend of mine among some antient Manuscripts, and sent to me as a Curiosity.

Cassibelana was the Lady's Name. She lived in the Capital of the *Trinobantes*, and was remarkable for a fine Stature, and an Head of Hair of a surprizing Length, flowing in wanting Luxuriance down her Back. She always had at her Toilet some of the most exquisite *Woad* that could be any where procured, and she was celebrated for her curious Art in preparing it for the Purposes of adorning her Person. The *Woad* being of itself of a blueish Cast, she would sometimes paint no Part of her Body, but where the Veins appeared, and to them she gave such a delicate Colouring, that the pure and eloquent Blood, as the Poet calls it, seemed to shew itself through her translucent Skin. As soon as she had established this Fashion, and made the rest of her Sex her Imitators, she would then suddenly change the

the Mode, and embellish her whole Body with various Devices.

On the left Side of her Breast she would draw a young *Cupid* aiming an Arrow at her Heart, and on the Right a Lover languishing in amorous Indolence. Each Leg represented an Admirer kneeling at her Feet, and imploring her Compassion, while she, with all the Complacency of self-approving Beauty, let fall her Eyes with Indifference and cold Disdain. On her Back were represented the emblematical Figures of a Train of Pages following her in her way with all the Officiousness of careful Attendance. On other Parts of her Person was presented to View, *Venus* in lovely Attitude emerging from the Sea; the *Graces* were also to be seen walking Hand in Hand, their Faces brightened with Chearfulness and mutual Love. In this Manner she would attend at public Sacrifices, where all Eyes were often fixed on her alone; and frequently the venerable *Druid* could not avoid, even in the Fervour of his Devotion, to cast a Glance upon such an attractive Profusion of Charms.

In this Manner *Cassibelana* captivated the Hearts of all her male Beholders, who carved her Name upon every Oak in the Country, and the Banks of *Thames* re-echoed to the Musick of her Name. It was universally agreed that she was the best Painter of her Age; her Colours were warm and glowing; her Figures bold and striking, and the natural Motion of the different Parts of her Body made them appear still more animated and actuated, as it were, with the animal Functions of real Life; an Advantage which the most admired Portraits of the most eminent Painters since her Days could never boast. In all public Places she entirely outshined the rest of her Sex, which made her the general Envy of the Ladies, who frequently combined in Parties of Scandal to her Disadvantage, even though Tea was not then known in these Parts of the World. *Cassibelana* was

was every Day pulled to pieces, according to the modern Phrase, and though the Ladies allowed that she really had a very lively Fancy in all her Drawings, and an excellent Design in all her Drapery, yet they could not see that she was so fine a Woman, though to be sure she had a pretty Manner *in putting on her Things*, for so they expressed the Covering of *Woad* which served to conceal in some Measure the natural Superficies of her Skin. I am apt to believe that the transparent Capuchin was imagined from a Practice of this famous female *Pict*, because at Times she would lay on the Woad in such a Manner, that Mr. *Pope's* Line in his Translation of *Homer* may justly be applied to it;

Her Beauty seems and only seems to shade.

Upon the Whole, *Cassibelana* was Leader of all the Fashions even in *Kent*, the Inhabitants of which were the most polished of all our Islanders, and, as *Cæsar* tells us, differed but little from the Manners of the *Gauls*, in like manner as our modern fine Ladies boast at present an exact Conformity to *French* Manners.

From the foregoing Account, which I have rendered as close as possible from the Manuscript now in my Possession, it appears, that even in the Days of the purest Simplicity, Painting was the universal Practice; and therefore strongly am I inclined to think it laudable in the amiable Sex at present. I am further pleased to see the Fashions of the Ladies tending more rapidly every Day to a greater Similitude to the Customs of our Ancestors; for it is very manifest that they are every Day becoming more and more naked, and it is observable that they who display most of their lovely Bodies make the greatest Use of Paint, which in my Opinion, is not used from a Motive of female Vanity, but as a modest and decent Covering to the Skin. I must, by the Way take notice that there is one Circumstance, in which the modern Practice of Painting differs from antient Simplicity. I do not find in the

Account

Account of any Historian, that the female *British* *Pitts* applied the least Tincture of the Woad to the natural Complexion of their Faces. For a Bloom and a Vivacity of Colour they trusted to Exercise, fresh Air, and wholesome Diet. But as the fashionable Vigils of Gaming were unknown in those Days, it must be allowed that this is an Improvement upon the Fashions of our Progenitors; and indeed it could not be expected that in those rude Times so elegant a Diversion could be known. For this we are indebted to modern Refinement, which has introduced Improvements in Manners, as well as in Arts and Sciences.

For my Part, I expect to see the Time when the Ladies will be to all Intents and Purposes as naked as our Ancestors; and, in my Apprehension, if Things proceed with equal Celerity, the Period is not very distant, as their Cloaths are amazingly reduced at both Ends within these few Years. We shall not then complain, that the Importation of *French* Hoops, and *French* Fashions of all Sorts, are a Detriment to the Nation; Mercers and Milliners will be useless Things, and the Ladies will spend the Hours of the Toilet in Drawing and Painting, by which Means I flatter myself that the *British* Fair will be able to boast their *Guidos*, their *Titians*, and their *Raphaels*. To this End an ingenious Gentleman of my Acquaintance is now drawing up a System of Directions to a female Painter, which will serve to aid their Invention, and give them a proper Notion of Design and Colouring in all their Faces, by which Means it is to be hoped they will greatly excel all the boasted Masters in every School of Painting.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, Aug. 15.

AN Information being lodged in this Court against several Persons, guilty of high Crimes and Misdemeanors on *Sunday* Evening last in *St. James's Park*,
Warrants

Warrants were issued out for bringing to Justice the said Offenders; and this Day *William Braxen*, Ringleader of the said Delinquents, was indicted, for that he, at the Place abovementioned, between the Hours of Eight and Nine in the Evening, did with his Accomplices surround a Lady of the first Fashion and Beauty, and so molest her that she was obliged to desist from her Walk, and quit the Park, &c. The Cause was opened by the *Attorney-General* of this Court, who set forth, that the Liberty of walking in the Park has been allowed, Time out of Mind, unto all the good People of this Metropolis, and that, to hinder any one from the said Privilege, is an Infringement of the Liberties of the Subject, and more particularly so in the present Case, as the exquisite Beauty of the Lady thus treated would command Respect among the *Hottentots*, and he therefore hoped for a *Verdict* against the Prisoner.

Call Captain Spatterdash.

Capt. Spatterdash swears.—I was upon Duty last Sunday, and as I was sauntering along the Mall, I perceived the most amiable of her Sex encompassed by a Crowd; the Prisoner at the Bar was the foremost among them, and the Lady was obliged to take Refuge in a Chair.

Call Lady Lapdog.

Lady Lapdog.—I had my pretty little *Marquissa* with me, and I was afraid as how she would have been squeezed to Death by the Mob,—and I am sure the Prisoner at the Bar was at the Head of the Riot.

Call Miss Sleepy-Eye.

Miss Sleepy-Eye.—The Prisoner at the Bar has often made Love to me, but on the Evening mentioned, he took no Manner of notice of me, but followed the Lady, in Conjunction with many others.—For my Part,—I can't see what they follow her for, no more nor other Folks—to be sure I an't so tall—but sure a Person may

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may be handsome without being a glaring Thing, and I believe the Men are all mad for behaving so.

Prisoner's Defence.

I have not had Time to prepare, otherwise I could call several Persons to my Characters—but I own I could not resist the Attraction of so much Beauty. *Guilty.*

Then the Judge passed Sentence.

You *William Brazen* are to go back to the Place from whence you came; thence you are to be drawn on a Sledge to the Place of Execution, *viz. Rosamond's Pond* in *St. James's Park*, where you are to be soufed into the Water, but not till you are dead, and you are to be ducked in this Manner three several Times, and afterwards to be tossed dry in a Blanket, and so the Lord have Mercy on you. *Adjourned.*



NUMB. 45. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Aug. 25, 1753.*

Nec verò illa parva vis naturæ est, rationisque, quòd eorum ipsorum, quæ aspectu sentiuntur, nullum aliud animal pulchritudinem, venustatem, convenientiam partium sentit. Quam similitudinem natura ratioque ab oculis ad animum transferens, multò etiam magis pulchritudinem, constantiam, ordinem in consiliis factisque conservandum putat.

CICERO de officiis.

At the last Meeting of our Club, Mr. *Plastic*, the *Shaftsburian* Philosopher and Chairman for the Time being, desired he might furnish the Essay of this Day.

Taste for the imitative Arts is the highest Embellishment and ultimate Finishing of an accomplished Mind; it gives an Elegance to a Man's Way of thinking, throws a Polish on his Manners, and by insensible Degrees refines the Passions and Affections of the Soul. It may be added, that a fine Taste is the Inlet of some of the most

most delicate Pleasures human Life is susceptible of, and may therefore properly be called, in the Language of *Shaftsburian* Philosophy, *the internal Sense*, as, by Means of this Faculty, we are acquainted with many elegant Sensations, to which the Generality of Men seem to be entirely Strangers. This Talent is not unlike the Power of seeing, just conferred on one whose Eye never could distinguish Colours; it opens new Traces of thinking, awakens pleasing Ideas, and diffuses a Complacency through the whole intellectual Frame.

There is nothing more common than to see Men, who, perceiving the Advantages which this elegant Turn gives to a chosen Few, and observing that Quickness of Sensibility for which they are remarkable, affect upon all Occasions to be endowed with the same nice Faculty of Perception; but the Misfortune is, they are absolutely callous to each fine Impression, and the Method they chuse, to convince us of their Delicacy, is by pretending, that nothing is refined enough for them. Thus, while others distinguish themselves by yielding to the Impulse of a Passion artfully excited by a Strain of Music, a Poem, or a Picture, these Gentlemen would recommend themselves upon the Strength of their having never been pleased at any Rate. This Procedure is for the most part to be observed in modern *Critics* or the *Malevoli*. A Piece where every Beauty of Language and Sentiment is united, where in the striking Passages every Line is impassioned, and swells with the Emotion of the Soul, like Glass in a Furnace, informed by the Breath infused into it, laid before one of this Class, shall be received with cold Disdain; and a Composition of *Arne's*, full of all the Sweetness of musical Expression, shall to their finer Organs sound like the most jarring Dissonance. If a Man in a Club of Gentlemen should be perpetually displeased with every Thing, while the rest of the Members perceive no Cause

Cause of Complaint, I apprehend there would be a strong Presumption, that his Mouth was at those Seasons greatly out of Taste; and with equal Propriety, whoever boasts an Over-refinement of Understanding, should be set down, without Hesitation, as one whose mental Organs are distempered. As Matters are frequently managed, a fine Taste, instead of being a Power of receiving elegant Sensations, would prove an Avenue for Uneasiness, Discontent, and a constant Dislike of every Thing around us; and it would fare with this exquisite Degree of intellectual Feeling, as with him, whose external Senses are framed to receive acuter Impressions than our Employments in Life will admit.

*Say what the Use were finer Optics gi'v'n,
T' inspect a Mite, not comprehend the Heav'n?
Or Touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry Pore?
Or, quick Effluvia darting thro' the Brain,
Die of a Rose in aromatic Pain?* POPE.

But Nature has not cast us in so delicate a Mould: Both our bodily and mental Powers are fitted to administer to our Enjoyments, and are by no means contrived to be the Cause of Fretfulness, and a petulant Peevishness, which serve only to sour the Temper, and become troublesome and disagreeable in Society.

To define a true Taste may be unnecessary at present, as it has been often done by abler Pens; but, I believe, it will be judged pertinent to the Subject in Hand, to give the Reader some Description of it. Mr. Locke observes, that many abstract Ideas are expressed by Terms taken from the Perceptions of our external Senses, such as to *imagine, comprehend, conceive, adhere*, &c. which are

all applied to Modes of thinking. In like Manner, the Term now in Question is derived from the Sensation of our Palate, which we call Taste, and, on account of some Similitude in the Operation, is applied to the intellectual Faculty by Men of Imagination in all Languages; the Information given to the Mind being in both Cases rapid and instantaneous, without waiting for the more cool and deliberate Sentence of Reflection.

Hence naturally arises a Distinction between Taste and Judgment; which are often used as synonymous Expressions, but are notwithstanding very different in themselves. I believe, many of my Readers know People among their Acquaintance, who, if you lay a Picture before them, upon mature Deliberation, and after comparing leisurely the Copy with their own Ideas of Nature, can pronounce the Piece to be like, without manifesting any particular Relish or Pleasure, which is always a concomitant Circumstance with the Man of Taste. It is he that enters into the Spirit and Style of an Author, sees in an Instant how he selects the Circumstances in a Description, enjoys the Turn of his Expression, and his Art in seizing the Passions; and it is upon a Review of what thus strikes the Mind, that the Critics of all Ages have been able to lay down Rules for Taste; as Theories of Vision are framed from an Examination of the Organs of Sight, and the Manner in which external Objects operate upon them; and hence the *French* Wits have told us, that nothing can be elegant, which is not true, upon an Observation that the Mind turns with Dislike from any Thing, which contradicts its own Ideas.

It is recorded of *Marcus Antoninus*, that he acknowledged it to the Gods as a peculiar Felicity, that he had not cultivated his Taste for Works of Imagination, for fear they might have detained him from Objects of higher Importance; but, for my Part, I cannot help wondering that he did not rather thank Heaven for the
elegant

elegant Turn bestowed upon him, as it is certain that, under due Regulation, a just Taste is a constant Source of the most refined Gratifications.

With this Talent, a Man may retire into his Closet, and there enjoy a more delicious Repast, and better Company, than can be met with in any modern Assembly. *Homer* never denies himself to any Acquaintance, and *Virgil* is always easy of Access, whether you delight in sublime Description, or the softer Beauties of rural Imagery. A Man may take as much Liberty with *Horace* as his intruding Friend did in the *Via Sacra*, free from the same Imputation of Impertinence; and, without the Expence of a *Remise*, you may visit *Boileau*, *La Fontaine*, *Voltaire*, and the politest of the French Nation. Dr. *Swift* is always ready to shake your Sides with Humour; you may converse with *Pope* without hearing him complain of Head-Aches; and if you aspire to the Company of a Minister of State, you may retire with *Bolingbroke* into the Cabinet, there find him disclosing the secret Springs of Policy, or receive a Clue from him to guide you through the Maze of History. In short, to a Mind well harmonized, all Nature wears a pleasing Aspect, and the Transition is easy from a Relish for external Beauty, and the Pleasures arising from Poetry, Eloquence, and the Arts of Imitation, to a Love for moral Perfection and the Dignity of Character.

This is the Sentiment of *Cicero* in the Words of my Motto, and it is enforced by the Author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, in such an exquisite Strain of Poetry, that I must beg Leave to conclude with transcribing the Passage. Speaking of a Man of Taste, he has the following Lines.

Not a Breeze
Flies o'er the Meadow, not a Cloud imbibes
The setting Sun's Effulgence, not a Strain
From all the Tenants of the warbling Shade

Ascends,

*Ascends, but whence his Bosom can partake
 Fresh Pleasure, unreprou'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh Pleasure only; for th' attentive Mind,
 By this harmonious Action on her Pow'rs,
 Becomes herself harmonious. Wont so long
 In outward Things to meditate the Charm
 Of sacred Order, soon she seeks at Home
 To find a Kindred Order; to exert
 Within herself this Elegance of Love,
 This fair inspir'd Delight; her temper'd Pow'rs
 Refine at length, and ev'ry Passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive Mien.*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE:

From the Paris A-la-main.

THE *Beaux Esprits* continue to rendezvous at the Palais Royal every Morning, in order to settle the Affairs of *Europe*, and the Place to dine at. The chief Part of their Amusement consists in admiring the *Opera Ladies*, whose rosy Cheeks greatly surpass the Bloom of Nature, as they all display a very sprightly Fancy in the Design and Colouring of their Faces. Upon the Arrival of a Mail from *Great Britain*, the *English* Gentlemen, who frequent this Place, all form themselves into a Groupe, while one of the Company, who has not entirely forgot his native Tongue, by three Months Residence in *Paris*, reads with an audible Voice, to the great Astonishment of the *French*, who shrug up their Shoulders *en passant*, and cry out, "*Ab! voila les Anglois, qui lisent leur Gray's-Inn Journal.*" The same Advices add, that the Conversation about the Parliament and the Clergy has, in a great Measure, subsid'd, since some over-warm Politicians were sent to the *Bastile*. *English* Gentlemen arrive every Day, and take up their Residence as usual in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. It is said that when Mr. F——te was introduced to the King by Cardinal Tencin, his Majesty

was

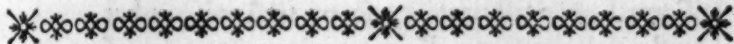
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was pleased to say, "*ce Monsieur Foote est un Drole de Corps,*" at which his Eminence the Cardinal laughed very heartily, as did likewise several other great Personages, it being allowed to be as good a Thing as the King ever said!

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

An exceeding good Cart and three Horses will set out from *Newgate-street* for *Tyburn* some Time in the next Month. All Persons will be sure of good Accommodations, and Gentlemen may depend upon the best Treatment from their most obedient very humble Servant till Death,

JOHN CATCH.



NUMB. 46. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Sept. 1, 1753.

—————*Hic solos homines imitatur, at ille
Fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens.* OVID.

Whenever any particular Object becomes the principal and favourite Idea of a Man's Imagination, it derives from thence an adventitious Air of Importance, and attracts his Attention as irresistibly, as Matters of the highest Moment. Of this Truth I met an egregious Proof in an Acquaintance of mine, who happened to fall into my Company a few Days since at the Coffee-house. While great Numbers of our Countrymen are busied in Enquiries after Mr. Keene's Negotiations at the Court of *Madrid*, to prevent the Depredations of the *Spaniards* upon *English* Merchantmen; while some are interested in the Election of King of the *Romans*, and others employed in a Discussion of the Naturalization Act; this Gentleman is entirely abstracted in his Speculations, and concerns himself in

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the Regulation of an imaginary World with more Solitude, than any Politician in what is immediately connected with the Interest of his Country.

Upon my asking him the ordinary Question, “*What News?*” He replied, “There is something in Agitation, Sir, in both Kingdoms, but it has not as yet transpired; though I have a secret Channel for Intelligence, and, I believe, I am pretty well in the Secret; both Cabinets endeavour to suppress their Intentions, but my Information comes from the Board of Green-Cloth.”—At this Expression my Friend perceived me somewhat surprized, and he therefore thought proper to explain himself, “The Board of Green-Cloth, Sir,” says he, “is a metaphorical Term I generally make use of to signify what is vulgarly call the *Green Room*; perhaps you never saw the *Green-Room*; it is the Place where the Performers rendezvous during the Play, and for some Time after it; that of *Covent-Garden* is in the Form of an Ob-long, and I’ll give you a particular Description of it.”

Here I was reduced to a Necessity of mentioning, that it would be superfluous to give himself so much Trouble, as that Place was as well known to me as the Coffee-Room we were in; which Hint I judged not improper, as I knew that a violent Propensity to Description was one of my Friend’s Singularities, and that he is never so compleatly happy as when an Opportunity offers for him to display his florid Talents for this Embellishment of Conversation. Upon these Occasions I have frequently observed his Eye sparkle with a peculiar Brillancy, which never fails to be extinguished whenever he is checked in his Career, as was the Case with him at present. After looking serious for some Time, he reassumed his Discourse——“The Theatrical World, Sir, is nothing now to what it was formerly; the People are infatuated with *Garrick*;
——He

“ — He has introduced a new Taste entirely ; I could
 “ wish I had lived in the Days, when *Lun* was in his
 “ meridian Splendor ; Sir, I have been delighted at a
 “ Recital of the many Feats he used to perform. Don’t
 “ you think it must have given the quickest Sensations
 “ of Surprise to an Audience, to see him in the Cha-
 “ racter of *Harlequin*, making his Escape into the Tub
 “ — (the Tub, Sir, is the Box over the Stage Door)
 “ — and when he was closely pursued by his Enemies,
 “ it must have been delightful to perceive him dart, as
 “ quick as an Arrow to its destined Mark, or with the
 “ Celerity of a Bird in the Air, from the Place, where
 “ the whole House imagined him destitute of the
 “ Means of an Escape, into the opposite Box, and
 “ there stand laughing at his Pursuers. There was al-
 “ ways such an Exertion in his nervous System, that—
 “ I don’t know whether you ever saw an Anatomy—
 “ but I can lend you an Author upon the Animal Oeco-
 “ nomy, from whom it will appear manifestly, upon
 “ the clearest Principles, how this was performed. It
 “ would astonish you to hear the several Accidents he
 “ met with ; when he was locked in Arm over Arm,
 “ with another at the Top of a Scene, they both fell
 “ down, clasped in each other’s Embrace ; and how do
 “ you think he escaped ?—with an amazing Agility he
 “ turned his Fellow-performer under him, so that he
 “ came down quite easy, while the other broke his
 “ Collar-bone. — Perhaps you never would be able to
 “ guess how many Steps he made in running in a cir-
 “ cular Manner round the Stage ; three Thousand Steps,
 “ Sir—the Movement of each Leg was so small and
 “ quick, that in going the Length of one Foot, he
 “ minced it so as to make three hundred Steps—look
 “ ye Sir (*wetting his Finger*) here’s a Circle on the
 “ Table ; and now suppose my two Fingers to be his
 “ Legs, then conceive them to move in this Manner
 “ — you see there’s nothing so easy—they may say
 O 2 “ what

“ what they will of the Hero of *Drury-Lane*; he only
 “ imitates Men, whereas the *Covent-Garden* Chief con-
 “ verts himself into a wild Beast, a Bird, or a Serpent with
 “ a long Tail and what not. I believe there will be some-
 “ thing done next Winter; there is a Scheme on Foot
 “ to work the little Fellow. The Thing is, we are to
 “ have an old Pantomime Entertainment, new vamped,
 “ with an additional Scene of a *Scythian* Winter-Piece,
 “ which I am convinced will draw the whole Town
 “ after it. There are already several Agents sent to *Russia*
 “ to purchase a sufficient Number of Bears, and a large
 “ Quantity of Ice is now actually making. The Ice, Sir,
 “ will be disposed on the Stage in large Rocks, and the
 “ Beasts will be sent on shivering amidst the hoary
 “ Frosts; in one Part of the Scene the Sun will be dis-
 “ covered, but shorn of his Beams, as *Milton* has it;
 “ the rigid Frost will be impervious to his Rays, and you
 “ will see the Lightning play upon the impassive Ice.
 “ There will also be exhibited at a Distance a lofty
 “ Mountain, from whose Summit will come roaring
 “ down a tumultuous Cataract, loud, and impetuous in
 “ its Course, and at the Bottom will be placed a Re-
 “ servoir to collect the rushing Torrent, where it will
 “ form itself into a smooth expansive River, which is
 “ to glide off in the Sight of the Spectators. There
 “ will also be situated on the Banks of the River a Man
 “ with a Fishing-Rod, intent upon catching the Tenants
 “ of the watery Plain, when on a sudden the Au-
 “ dience will perceive the Stream arrested in its Course
 “ by the Intenseness of the Frost, and the Fisherman’s
 “ Line made a Prisoner for the Remainder of the Sea-
 “ son. The Water-fall also will instantly be stopp’d by
 “ the gelid Season, and the Spectators will have the
 “ Pleasure of perceiving the pendant Icicle. This,
 “ Sir, will be performed with Ease, though the Man-
 “ ner of its Operation will be imperceptible to the
 “ vulgar Eye. But there is no Difficulty in the Thing;
 “ for,

“ for, as the Torrent is to come down in Sheets of
 “ Water, which will be represented with a glistening
 “ Kind of Tin, it will be extremely practicable to stop
 “ the Tin all at once, and in that Case the curious will
 “ admire the Wonders of the liquid Stone ; *liquidi Mi-*
 “ *racula saxi*, you know *Claudian* talks of, and to all
 “ this will be added several other Ornaments that will
 “ tend greatly to heighten the Entertainment.”

The Theatrical Projector had gone on thus far without Interruption, and upon my offering to make some Animadversions upon his Scheme, he altered the Position of his Features, looked grave, and in a short Time walked off without saying a Word. The Reason of this I take to be, that my Friend is never happy, but when the Company is attentive to his own Narratives. Be that as it will, I must own for my Part, that I should be glad to see *Harlequin* banished from all polite Audiences to his native *Sadler's-Wells*, to see *Shakespear* triumph over every Heart, and to view both Play-houses succeeding by the Force of just acting, rational Performances, and a simple Conformity to Nature, which would introduce such a Reformation in our Diversions, as to render them of public Utility to the Morals of the *British* People.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE our last arrived a Mail from *Enfield*, by which we learn, that the Company, at the last Assembly, were deprived of the Presence of *Bob Nankeen*, by an unfortunate Accident, which that Gentleman met with as he was riding thither to take the Diversion of Dancing. It seems he was stopped on *Stamford-Hill* by a single Highwayman, who rifled his Pockets, and took from him the following Effects: Two Guineas in Gold, and some Silver ; a clean Shirt, a white Handkerchief, and a Pair of Silk Stockings out of one Coat Pocket ;

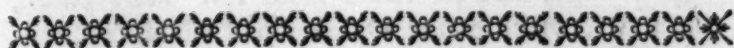
a Pair of Pumps, and a Bag-Wig out of the other; a Pair of Paffe-Buckles out of his Waistcoat Pocket, and a Book of Directions for Country Dances—Mr. *Nankeen* was so disconcerted by this Accident, that he immediately returned to Town, and left his intended Partner quite forlorn at the Assembly, untill *Nat Pigtail* condescended to dance with her for the Remainder of the Evening.

Advices from *Hamstead* inform us, that all Differences between the upper and lower Town are amicably adjusted, and that the Ladies all mix in the genteel romping of a Country Dance, without being disturbed by Jealousies about Precedence, or Fidgets occasioned by Envy at the Sight of superior Beauty, fine Cloaths, &c.

N. B. Mr. *Simper* is desired to give over that affected Bow, and Mr. *Taperlimbs* is to take Notice, that his manner of looking down at his Legs in the Middle of his Minuet with Self-Admiration, is not at all agreeable to us.

We hear from *Richmond* that on the last Assembly Night there, there were but five Persons in the Long-Room, and it is further said that this Desertion from so beautiful a Part of the Country is entirely occasioned by the Impositions of the Trades-People of the Town, with whom it seems it is a Maxim, that Strangers cannot be made to pay too dear for every Thing.

By Letters from *Sunning-Hill*, we learn that there is a splendid Appearance there at Breakfast every Monday Morning, and it is imagined that a flying Machine will shortly be set up for the Convenience of those, who are desirous of reaching the *Royal-Exchange*, before the Door-keeper begins his usual cry, “Locking up Gentlemen—Gentlemen I must lock the Gate.”



NUMB. 47. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Sept. 8, 1753.

— *Meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet.* HOR.

I T was a very particular Pleasure to me to learn the other Morning from my Friend *Wildair*, that the Season for Theatrical Diversion is to commence this Evening From this Information I was insensibly led into some Reflexions upon the Profession of Playing, which has been in most Ages held in a lower Degree of Estimation than any other Occupation in Life. How this should have obtained in a Point which Reason does not suggest, is somewhat surprizing, though it may not be Matter of extreme Difficulty to trace the Error to its Source.

The Players, if I mistake not, made their first Appearance in the World after the same Manner, in which the most abandoned and wretched of our Days make their Exit, that is to say, in a Cart. In this Vehicle they strolled about from Place to Place, under the Direction of *Thespis*, who was their Manager; they had their Faces all bedaubed with Lees of Wine, which, no doubt, contributed not a little with other contingent Circumstances to render them ridiculous. And indeed, in this Situation of the Drama, it is no Wonder that they were looked upon as a Set of Low Fellows. By insensible Degrees Matters were improved to greater Elegance, though the old Opprobrium still continued to adhere to the Performers, and perhaps their own Way of Life, their own Morals, their own Behaviour, and the Appearance they every where made, deserved, that the first Impression should not be effaced. By the

same Means, the Prejudice has been derived down from Age to Age, and till within these few Years passed, the Laws, which public Opinion had established, continued in full Force, till at Length they were repealed in Favour of the Few, whose Life and Conversation should deserve it. Mr. *Pope*, talking of *Shakeſpear's* Time, observes, “ that as the best Playhouses were “ then Inns and Taverns (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) so the Top of the Profession “ were then meer Players, not Gentlemen of the Stage: “ They were led into the Buttery by the Steward, not “ placed at the Lord's Table, or Lady's Toilet; and “ consequently were entirely deprived of those Advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar Conversation of “ our Nobility, and an Intimacy (not to say Dearness) “ with People of the first Condition.”

Certain it is, the Sentiments of Mankind have been very much changed in this Respect of late Years, and indeed, in all Ages and among all Men of Sense, the Prejudice never had much Weight, whenever there appeared one abstracted from the common Herd, who, besides the other Qualities requisite in his Business, was possessed of a good Understanding, adorned and embellished with Modesty, Decency, and good Manners. Thus we find among the *Romans*, *Roscius*, the Player, was held in general Esteem by all Men of Taste and Refinement. *Cicero* loved him living, and at his Decease paid an immortal Tribute to his Memory. He omitted no Opportunity of celebrating his Name, and in one of his most famous Orations, “ Who is there, says he, “ among us of so rude and unfeeling a Disposition, as “ not to have been very sensibly affected at the Death “ of *Roscius*, who though he died in an extreme old “ Age, on Account of his excellent Art, and his every “ Elegance deserved to be exempt from that Debt of “ human Nature.” “ *Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac*
“ *duro*

"duro fuit, ut Roscii morte nuper non commoveretur? Qui cum esset senex mortuus, tamen propter excellentem artem, ac venustatem, videbatur omnino mori non debuisse." Mr. Betterton was also the Friend, the Companion, the Favourite of a Set of Men, who were the chief Honour to our Country; *Dryden, Pope, Rowe, Addison, Congreve, Steel*, and the famous Doctor *Radcliffe* were the Personages that received him with open Arms; and if Mr. *Garrick* should never be able to boast such an exalted Acquaintance, it is for this only Reason, because it is hardly to be expected, that such a Set of Men will again appear together.

A compleat Actor appears so seldom in the World, that I do not wonder, whenever a *real Prometheus* with true Fire starts up among us, at the Tribute of Admiration and Applause, which is paid to him by the general Consent; and so many Requisites are necessary to form one, who can thus extort the public Approbation, that, I own, I should not be surprized if this Art rose much higher in the Eyes of the Judicious. There are many external Accomplishments, which in other Professions may be dispensed with, but the fine Performer must have a well formed Person, a graceful Deportment, a well turned Face, a just Disposition of Features, and an Eye expressive of the various subtle Movements of the Mind; he must have improved the Air of his whole Person by an Habitude and Intercourse with Gentlemen; and he must add to all this a Voice, not only to articulate each Syllable distinctly and with Precision, but also to deliver each Sentence with Grace and Harmony.

Besides these external Qualifications, what a Train of mental Endowments is absolutely necessary? A good Understanding cultivated by a liberal Education, a true Taste and Relish for all the Beauties in an Author, a just Sense of every Passage, and the Idea appropriated to each Word, a thorough Knowledge of Character;

an Imagination warm and alive to each fine Stroke of the Poet; a Sensibility of Temper, properly susceptible of each Passion the Writer addresses himself to, and a Power of exciting that Passion in others. What and how great that Power is, the following Passage in *Hamlet* will better convey to the Reader, than any Thing I have to offer on the Subject. "Is it not monstrous that this Player here, but in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion, should so force his Soul to his own Conceit, that from her working all his Visage wanned Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect, a broken Voice, and a Function suiting with Forms to his Conceit?"

From this Account, I apprehend, it must appear, that this Profession should be reckoned among the liberal and imitative Arts, and at the same Time I must observe, that it cannot be thought too slightly of in those, who repeat the mere Words in a vacant unfeeling Manner, or whose Art consists in a wry Mouth, or a Burn on the Jaw. But when every Look, Gesture, and Action is governed by the Soul, when the Imagination is wrapped, and the Audience catch it by Contagion; when the Artist imparts new Motions to our Spirits, wrings the Soul with fancied Grief, and fills us with imaginary Terrors, then we perceive a Genius which cannot be too much admired. I have often lamented that the Poverty of our Language does not afford a Term sufficiently expressive to distinguish such a Performer from the rest of his Fraternity; as I always study to avoid Confusion in my Ideas, I endeavour to separate them in my own Mind by Words which appear to me to be best appropriated to them, and, till a better Distinction is pointed out, I would chuse to call a Person, such as I have described, an Imitator or an Actor, and he, who pretends to the Art without any Knowledge of Nature, should be set down a mere Player.

In this Sense Mr. *Barry* will always be accounted a fine Actor, and Mrs. *Cibber* an Actress of irresistible skill. It would not be, perhaps, unentertaining to examine the List of *Dramatis Personæ* belonging to each Playhouse, and when we should not find the Actor alone, it might be diverting to see how both are blended, and to enquire which is prevalent; but the Reader, if he approve the Hint, may pursue it in his own Imagination.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

London, Sept. 8.

Y^Esterday, and not before, Mr. *William Tabby*, an eminent Mercer in *Cornbill*, was married to Miss *Sally Minikin*, Daughter to Mr. *Minikin*, a considerable Haberdasher in *Bearbinder-Lane*; a young Lady possessed of every Requisite to make the married State happy, except a Fortune of 10,000 *l*. About Six in the Evening the new married Couple set out in a one-Horse Chaise, accompanied by Six of their Relations in a Hackney-Coach, for *Hornsey-Wood*, to eat a Syllabub; after which they adjourned to Mr. *Minikin's* Country-House at *Islington*, to consummate the Nuptials.

The same Day departed this Life, to the inexpressible Grief of all her Friends, particularly her Mistress the *Widow Simple*, who is by this Accident deprived of the only Object, which solaced her Affliction for the Death of her Husband, a BLACK AND WHITE BITCH, known by the Name of *FIDELLE*. She was a tender Mother, an affectionate Friend, an entertaining Companion, and an agreeable Bedfellow; as she lived universally esteemed, she died generally lamented. She has left Issue, one Dog and two Bitches.

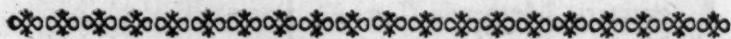
We hear that Mr. *Instep*, Shoemaker, is slightly indisposed with a Cold, at his House near *Turnstile*.

We can assure our Readers that *Diana Pushee*, the Oysterwoman, who was lately ravished by three Irish-

men at a Public-House in *Newgate-Street*, is now pretty well recovered from the Hurry of Spirits she was thrown into upon that Occasion; and it is the Opinion of an *Irish Doctor*, who went to see her, that she will be delivered of *three Twins*.

Drury-Lane, Sept. 8.

This Theatre is to be opened this Evening with that exquisite Piece of Humour called the *Beggar's Opera*, and it is said that Mr. *Macklin* is to be excluded from both Theatres, at the earnest Request of several eminent *Jews*, that he may not appear any more in the Character of *Shylock* in the *Merchant of Venice*.



NUMB. 48. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Sept. 15, 1753.

*Aude hospes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.* VIRG.

I HAVE been ever highly delighted with the Passage, which I have this Day selected from *Virgil* for a Motto to my Paper. They are the Words of *Evander*, when he is receiving the pious *Trojan* Prince under his humble, but hospitable Roof. If I remember right, Mr. *Dryden* was an Admirer of the beautiful Simplicity of this Address, As I have his Volumes at Hand, I shall here transcribe the Passage.

*Honour our annual Feast, and take your Seat
With friendly Welcome at a homely Treat.*

This Sentiment, however, short the Translation may be is highly admirable in the Original, and should be impressed in very lively and deep Characters on every Man's Heart who is desirous of sharing the social Pleasures of Life.

Content is most certainly the surest Source of an internal Happiness; it not only reconciles a Person to him-

himself, but also to those with whom he converses. To use *Shakespeare's* Phrase, it is the chief Nourisher in Life's Feast, and when giddy Mirth and Noise have subsided, this keeps on an equal Tenor, and if it never rises very high, it has at least this Advantage, that it does not ebb so low as to leave Shoals and Rocks discovered. Mirth may properly be called an *Aurora Borealis*; whereas Good Humour, like a fixed Star, sheds a constant Stream of Light, which, if it does not dazzle, has at least at all Times a cheering Influence.

If good Humour has this Advantage annexed to it, Discontent must certainly be attended with many poignant Inconveniences: In the same Proportion that Ease endears and enlivens our Days, its Reverse must bring on each Morn in a Turbulence of Clouds; the Spirits are perpetually sinking, and all the Uses of this World, as the Poet has it, seem to him weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. The Infection is always rankling in his Breast, and he lives in an unceasing State of Hostility with himself and his Neighbours. This by Degrees grows into a fixed Habit, and then a lowering invariable Gloom hangs over his Mind, and as he does not feel any Peace in his own inward Frame, he is not tender about the Uneasiness he may create in another's Breast. He therefore gives an unlimited Vent to his Sullenness, and is ever finding fault with every Thing around him.

There is one Circumstance which has a Kind of Tendency to alleviate this Perversity of Disposition, and that is, that the Propensity to Satyr, which this Sullenness gives the Mind, is often the Occasion of starting new and uncommon Remarks. We sometimes hear from these Kind of Humourists Strokes of a peevish Pleasantry, which are not unentertaining; and as these People are ever fond of exhibiting a *Caricature* of their Acquaintances, we now and then receive some Sketches or Pictures in Miniature, in which the Colouring and the Drapery are so whimsically

fically imagined, that we really derive no small Degree of Diversion from their extravagant Turn. But notwithstanding this Degree of Mirth which they involuntarily excite, it does not sufficiently compensate for the Trouble they give for the most part. A Man, who can find no Relish in any Thing, should be banished from Society; he should be sent to an Infirmary of *Valetudinarians*, and there be confined until he purges away his ill Humours, or until Reason dispels the Mist which has obscured his Intellects.

The surest way of pleasing in Company, is for a Man to be pleased inwardly; and he that is not so, should retire and brood over his Uneasiness, and not become troublesome, or invade the Harmony of Society. I cannot help considering this fixed and permanent ill Humour as a Kind of *Black-Jaundice*, through the dark Medium of which every Thing that passes takes a Tincture. I know a Person at present who has been in a *Black-Jaundice* for many Years, and he is still suffered by his Friends to go about finding Fault, perpetually dissatisfied, discontented, and grumbling. *Sullen* is his Name, and he is known by his Acquaintance to be one of the greatest Mal-Contents in the Creation.

As soon as Mr. *Sullen* wakes in a Morning, if he has had a good Night's Repose, "Damn it, he cries, "what made me oversleep myself."—He then rings his Bell; the Servant has not Wings, and of course does not fly to him; Mr. *Sullen* is then tempted to throw something at the Scoundrel's Head. The next Thing the Servant is ordered to do, he performs with the utmost Alacrity, "Sirrah! Rascal! cries *Sullen*, are "you mad?—May be you're drunk this Morning "already?—Can't you do your Business with a little "Discretion?—You Blockhead!"—He then seats himself to Breakfast; his Tea is intolerable, the *India Company* should be all shot dead, like so many Thieves; they have monopolized the Trade, and never import
a Grain

a Grain of real Tea——And those *Creols* too, and be damned to them! they send us nothing but Molosses for Sugar.

One of those Gentlemen invited him the other Day to a Turtle-Feast. The Turtle was of a very great Size and accounted extremely fine, by the Connoisseurs in this Sort of Eating; it was dressed at the Owner's Country-House by the most skilful Cook in *London*.

"Pshaw! Damn it, exclaims *Sullen*, this is no Turtle;—

"there never was a Bit of Turtle in *England*: and the

"Scoundrel of a Cook, I'd shoot such a Fellow—Pshaw!

"the People in this Country never eat—they don't know

"what it is to eat—so it's called Mutton, or Beef, that's

"enough for them—damn this Callipash and this Calli-

"pee, and the Fat—I'd as soon eat so much green Horn

"—Here, you Scoundrel, hand me a Glass of Punch,

"—Punch do you call this! Yes, Sir, made with *Ja-*

"*maica* Rum!—Pshaw! There is not a Drop in it

"—Gin, or may be some of that Trash, that the

"tall *Irish* Fellow there talks of.—*Whiskey*—Po!

"—Give me a Glass of that *Rbenish*—*Rbenish*!

"—rot-gut—Sour Cyder—Who is that Woman

"there at the upper end of the Table?—She counted

"handsome!—a Fright!—I'd smother such a

"Woman—And that tall Fellow there too. He's

"in the House of Commons, I think—a Senator—

"Pshaw!—fit for a Parliament of *Hottentots*—His

"is counted a pretty Country Seat too!—pretty in-

"deed!—I'd as soon take a Country-Lodging in

"*Thames-street*."

In this Manner does *Sullen* torment himself, and with the Affectation of finer Feelings than his Neighbours, he perversely makes himself unhappy. Mr. *Sullen* once passed a Week in the Country, where I happened to be; he grumbled like a Mastiff in the great Yard all the Time he continued there; and, after his Departure, the Servant found in his Room the following

Me-

Memorandum with some Snuff in it, with which I shall close this Paper.

Came down in a Post-Chaise with the Squire — a damned uneasy one — Horses only fit for a Dray, and the Squire should be a Drayman — Weather infernal! — Vile Situation! — Inconvenient House, &c.

Slept very ill — owing to the Badness of the Bed — Never like to be out of my own Bed — My Friend's Wife damned ugly in a Morning — A frosty Face Devil. —

Mutton warm with Life served up to Dinner — Mutton should be always kept a Week — nothing but Brown Bread at Table — not a Drop of real Wine in the House. —

Took a Walk out upon the Lawns — Grass all wet — Got a damned Cold — Weather cursed bleak — Don't like Miss *Favonia's* Breath — Believe I was cheated at Cards.

Curate of the Parish dined with us — A strange Thing of a Wife with him.

N. B. Believe the tall Fellow will lie with with her.

Sick in my Stomach all the Morning — Owing to their hard Food — Memorandum to go away without taking Leave of the Family, or giving any Thing to those Scoundrels the Servants.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Yesterday Morning *James Dicebox*, Esq; arrived at his Lodgings in the *Hay-market* from his House at *Tunbridge*, where he has been during the greatest Part of the Season —

Last Sunday Evening seven Citizens riding full speed from *Richmond*, where they had dined together, four of them were thrown off their Horses at the *Turnpike* near *Vauxhall*; one of them broke his Collar-Bone, two dislocated

located their Knee-pans, and the other received a Bruise on the Side.

Monday the Wife of Mr. *John Candlewick*, an eminent Tallow-Chandler in *Bishopsgate-street*, was brought to Bed of a Son, to the great Joy of that worthy Family.

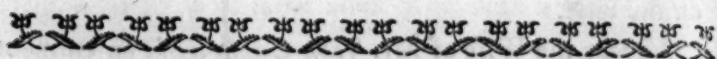
The Report of Mr. *Farrington*, Common-Council Man, being dead, is entirely without Foundation, that Gentleman being only indisposed with a *Dysentery*, occasioned by eating too much Custard.—

Yesterday at Noon several People had their Pockets picked in *Change-Alley*.

On *Thursday* about Noon arrived in Town ——— *Obscure*, Esq; a Person of whom the Public never heard before, and probably never will again.

The Board of Criticism, which stood further prorogued from the 25th of *July* to the Middle of *October*, will certainly meet then at the *Bedford Coffee-house*, for the Dispatch of Business.

We hear that the following Plays and Farces will be exhibited successively at *Covent-Garden Theatre*, the *Twin-Rivals*, the *Committee*, the *Inconstant*, the *Funeral*, the *Miser*, *Hob in the Well*, *Damon and Phyllida*, the *Dragon of Wantly*, the *Contrivances*, and the *Devil to Pay*, which, it is hoped, will afford sufficient Variety, until the facetious *Harlequin* diverts us with the pleasant Repartee of his wooden Sword.



NUMB. 49. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Sept. 22, 1753.

*Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere possit, VIRG.*



W HEN Virgil's *Aeneas* and his Friend *Achates* were entering the Town, which *Dido* was raising, *Venus* diffused a Cloud around her favourite Son, in order to secure him from every human Eye, and protect him from the Inconveniences to which he might be liable, if seen by the Inhabitants. This parental Care proved very useful to the Hero, and we find something like it is practised by *Mother Dulness*, who never fails to manifest a tender concern for her chosen Sons, and accordingly they are often enveloped in a Cloud of Obscurity, which no Ray of Light can pierce, and thereby they are enabled to proceed in their Works of Darkeness, without Lett or Molestation. But though there is this Similitude in the Fate of the Favourites of the Cloud-compelling *Queen of Dulness*, and the Offspring of *Venus*, it is observable, that there is a very wide Difference in the Conduct of both. The latter, we are told, admired as he journeyed on, the Industry and Labour of the People, the Plan of their Town, and the Nobleness of their Streets. He was highly pleased with the Magnificence of the Structures, and the Time he spent in surveying the Pieces of Painting in their Temple, shewed he had a Taste for the fine Arts. But the *Grub-street Race*, behold with Envy the learned Industry of Genius, and from their hidden Place of Obscurity their Malice is daily levelled at those, who they know cannot detect their covered Malice, and superior Merit is the Mark at which they take their envenomed Aim.

There

There is however this Comfort remaining, that their Arrows are too blunt to penetrate, and the Mist, from whence they issue serves greatly to retard their Force; by which Means they often fall to the Ground with shameful Debility, innocent of the Wound they were intended to inflict.

To drop the long-spun Allegory; the anonymous Libeller is the Pest of Society, and it is with Pleasure I have observed, that Lampoons of late have fallen Dead-born from the Press, without procuring their Authors a single Dinner. I was the other Day in a Pamphlet-Shop, when a Writer of Defamation came in to enquire after the Success of his Production; "Sells middling, Sir, says the Shop-boy," — "We disposed of three last Week" — I must own I felt no little Pleasure at the Author's Disappointment, as I look upon an Itch of Scandal to be the surest Sign of a depraved and malevolent Temper, and I am sorry to find that it is not always the Consequence of Hunger and Thirst. It ascends higher and flourishes in high Life, attends the Ladies at their Toilets, give a Relish to their Tea, a Flavour to their Liqueurs, and every Summer takes a Jant to *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, as constantly as a Gamester or a Citizen's Wife.

At the last mentioned Place I happened to spend a Week this Season, and was a Witness to the Mischief, which was occasioned by the polite Sonnetteers and Epigrammatists, who chuse to indulge their Wit, or rather, their Malice upon the amiable Sex. Both those who cannot write, and those who can, immediately upon their Arrival in these Regions begin to measure out Syllables; the vain Poetaster, while in the Long-Room the Company sip Tea and Scandal, envies not the Fame of *Dryden*, *Pope*, or *Young*; his Brow is adorned with a fancied Laurel, and he enjoys the Pangs he has excited in some lovely Bosom. As duly as the Morn returns, Malice flies abroad in the Form
of

of a *Rebus*, a *Madrigal*, a Song, an Epigram, or some such ingenious Shape. The general Curiosity is instantly excited, and every one is impatient to peruse the lying Evidence of Shame. "Do, Colonel, shew it me — Captain *Flimsy*, can't you get me a Sight of it?" "Do, that's a Dear — Lord, Ma'am, an't it mighty — the Creature deserved it — What Airs she gave herself? — And such a deal of Talk, and so affected — Do you think her handsome? — Well, to be sure she wore a sweet Pair of Ruffles Yesterday." —

In this manner is dull Scandal helped about, and the more lovely and innocent the Person is, whose Happiness is thus invaded, the more agreeable is the Invective; the Satyr sharpens, and the Wit refines. *Musidora* has every Grace of Person, and every elegant Embellishment of the Mind; in her Eye, to use the Expression of a fine Poet, *Love ever wakes and keeps a vestal Fire*, and her Behaviour carries with it an equal Degree of good Humour and Politeness, flowing from good Sense and a native Sweetness of Temper. *Appius* is awkward in his Person, and disagreeable in his Aspect; his Mind is ever on the fret, and, if engaged in a Country-Dance, he is dissatisfied with every Thing around him, and is eternally quarrelling with the Music. With these disagreeable Features of Body and Mind *Appius* applied to *Musidora* to be his Partner for the Evening, which she declined with great Affability and good Manners, having before experienced the Inconvenience of the Foibles, which have taken Root in this Gentleman's Temper. *Appius* immediately took fire at the imagined Affront, and full of Indignation retired home to his Lodging; there he, who never before attempted to tag a Rhyme, instantly commenced Poet, and the next Day came out the anonymous Stanza, which was however found out to be the Production of *Appius*. The Composition was declared very pretty by all the Prudes and Coquettes of the Place, both Spec-

cies of Women being Enemies to *Musidora*, as she preserved a discreet Medium between a giddy Freedom on the one Hand, and the reserve of Hypocrisy on the other. The *Verses* were in a little Time in every body's Hand, and *Appius* was declared to have a very fine Turn for Poetry. The Effect, which this Treatment had on *Musidora*'s Mind, is not to be described; faded were the Roses which before were blended with the Lilly, and that Breast, which was designed for the Seat of Love, throbb'd wild with uneasy Passions; to prevent any further Vexation, her Relations were obliged in a Week's Time to fly from a Place, where Innocence and Honour are sacrificed to a Jest; where the Men take a wanton Pleasure in Scandal, and where the Fair join in Combination against Truth and Virtue.

How People can thus become avowed Enemies to their own Happiness, and so universally adopt a Custom, which certainly would be more honoured in the Breach than the Observance, is to me highly unaccountable. It reminds me of the Licentiousness used by the Chorus in the Infancy of the Drama, when Malice was substituted in the room of Wit, and run a muck at honourable Families, until a salutary Law stopp'd the Proceeding, and the Chorus, deprived of all further Power of Offence, was condemned to ignominious Silence.

————— *Chorusq;*
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

HOR.

If these ingenious Poetasters would reflect on the evil Consequences resulting from this Itch of Rhyming, I persuade myself this Gothic Piece of Pleasantry would be banished from all polite Places. I shall dismiss this Paper, after recommending to the Perusal of all *Tunbridge* Sonnetteers the following Lines of Mr. *Pope*,

*Curs'd be the Verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy Man my Foe,
Give Virtue Scandal. Innocence a Fear,
Or from the soft ey'd Virgin steal a Tear.*

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office.

THE following Epilogue was designed last Winter by Mr. Foote for the Tragedy of the *Earl of Essex*, and as the Public was not entertained with it on that Occasion, our Readers may be glad to peruse it in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

Spoken as to the Author at the Entrance.

WELL! well! I'll do your Business, honest Friend;
'Tis your first Piece, in Time perhaps you'll mend.

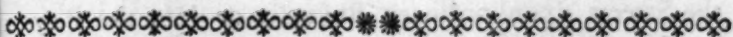
Comes forward.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The Author by me presents a Petition,
Which he begs may be read with your gracious Permission.
It sets forth, that in *Dublin* (I know not how true)
He pull'd down old Houses, and built them up new;
That on *April* the first, (he forgetteth the Year)
Of the Day and the Month he is certain and clear;
As he temper'd his Mortar and handled his Hod,
There pop'd into his Head a new Fancy and odd;
'Twas, that building an House was like writing a play;
That both Works were perform'd the very same Way;
That the Portal was Prologue to shew the Folks in;
That the Hall and the Entry open'd the Scene;
That the Plan was the Stairs, to lead you throughout,
By an intricate, puzzling, yet uniform Route;
That the Plot must as deep as the Cellar be laid,
Be as stout as strong Beer and transparent as Mead;
That Closets and Cupboards, and such things as these,
Were Incidents proper to fill up the Piece;
And that Stucco and Pointing were, in the last Place,
The Language and Sentiment, Spirit and Grace;
That the Trowel and Mortar were of singular Use,
To plaster some Patron to favour the Muse.

Fraught

Fraught with Lessons like these our Poet began ;
 What dy'e think of his House ? and how likt ye his Plan ?
 The Building, 'tis true, is but Gothic and rude,
 But yet for all that the Materials are good ;
 And who knows when your Bounty has polish'd his Lay, }
 But this Bricklayer may prove a *Vitruvius* one Day ; }
 Come, 'tis worth the Experiment—favour his Play. }
 Full five Stories high he has mounted his Hopes,
 But Critics take care, — he's on a Ladder of Ropes ;
 Should ye cut but one Cord, you'll crush all his Bones ;
 Adieu Bricklayer and Bard, — there's an end of poor
 JONES.



NUMB. 50. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Sept. 29, 1753.

——— *Hæc Ego mecum*

Compressis agito Labris ; ubi quid datur oti,

Illudo Chartis ———

HOR.

 Series of pointed *Thoughts* on various Sub-
 *jects* has been put abroad into the World
 by several eminent Writers, and in *France*
 to this Day, it continues to be a favou-
 rite Manner of conveying an Author's Sentiments to
 the Public. The famous *Rochfoucault* succeeded so well
 upon this Plan, that he is universally admired wherever
 Wit and Poignancy of Matter are relished. This Scheme
 of Writing indulges a free roving Exercise of the Mind,
 as Lord *Shaftsbury* expresses it ; it sets us free from the
 Fatigue of pursuing a long and regular Tract of well-
 concerted Reasoning, and may from its appearing in
 loose detached Sentences, seem to the Reader to carry
 with it no great Difficulty in the Execution, but it is
 nevertheless as hard as any other Vehicle of Instruction,
 as it raises a Demand for close Sense and a lively Turn
 of

of Expression in almost every Line." Hence it is, that the Writer already mentioned has been so much celebrated by People of Taste, and hence it is, that *Pope* and *Swift* have thought proper to follow him in this Path of *Satyr*. A very ingenious *French* Writer has also published, within this short Time an entire Volume in this Way, abounding in excellent Reflections upon all Occurrences in Life, full of strong Sense, and highly spirited in the Diction. After having perused this Author, my Mind acquired such a Habit of thinking in this unconnected Fashion, that I could not settle my Thoughts on any one Topic for the Entertainment of my Readers. Wherever I went, whether through the Streets upon ordinary Business, or into the Playhouse, where at present, as *Thompson* has it in his admirable Poem called *Winter*,

*Dread o'er the Scene the Ghost of Hamlet stalks
Othello rages, poor Monimia mourns,
And Belvidera pours her Soul in Love ;*

I found myself constantly talking Sentences, and I therefore resolved to commit them to Paper this Day.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

A Periodical Writer, in order to procure himself a sufficient Number of Readers, should endeavour to render his Works agreeable to the various Palates which predominate among the several Inhabitants of this Metropolis : But though he should season his Papers to the Taste in vogue, he should not entirely give up his own Judgment : As *Cowley* has it, The World may so come in a Man's Way, that he may salute it, but he should not go a whoring after it.

The severest Critics upon Writing are those who know the least of it, which is some Comfort to an Author, who lives in an Age of Envy, Malice, Ill-Nature and Detraction.

Dean *Swift* tell us, that when he was a young Man, he believed that the Rest of the World resembled himself in talking of nothing but the last New Play: In this particular *Ranger* is perhaps too much like that great Genius.

When a Set of Booksellers are concerned in a Newspaper, a *Monthly Review*, or a *Magazine*, they take every Opportunity in the said Productions of praising the Works, in which they have a Property themselves, and of decrying every Thing that may prevent an Encrease of their own Sale. Writers who are ill-used by them in this Shape, may enjoy always this Comfort, that were these People to *poll* in *Parnassus*, their Votes, upon a *Scrutiny*, would be struck off, as they are only *Copyholders*,

You may know what a Gentleman thinks of you, by the Behaviour of his Servants, while they wait at Table. These People are always such sincere Friends to their Master, and, have his Honour and Glory so much at Heart, that they generally place their Affections and Resentments upon the same Object, unless their Judgment is handsomely bribed at the Street Door.

On the contrary, you may know what the Waiting-Maid thinks of you, by the Reception you meet with from her Mistress; for at present all young Ladies are directed in their Opinions concerning the Men by what Mrs. *Betty* is pleased to say at the Toilet, and if she declares, "O Ma'am, he's a fine Man—I loves to see him like any Thing"—or, "Oh! the Fright"—I hate the Sight of him." You are sure to find the Consequences of it, at the first Meeting.

As the World goes, there is generally more *Art* to obtain Success, than *Merit* to deserve it.

Sounding Periods and pompous Expressions no more constitute a beautiful Stile, than strutting in *Red Heel* Shoes, and *Gold Clock* Stockings can make a graceful Walk; both may serve to impose upon the injudicious,

P

but

but those, who are acquainted with Men and Books, will always think Ease a very requisite Quality.

Discretion has its Bounds as well as all other Virtues; and it degenerates into a Vice, if, like *Aaron's Serpent*, it swallows up the rest.

A MOTTO for the *J E W S*;

———*Nos alia ex aliis in Fata vocamur.*

When I reflect on the late *Marriage-Act*, I cannot help crying out with the Poet;

Curse on all Laws, but those which Love has made.

It is boldly remarked by a very good *French* Writer, that a King who does not keep a Mistress is highly estimable, provided he does not become a Bigot through too much Devotion.

Politicians have observed, that *England* can never be undone but by a Parliament, if that be true, what are the Addresses from Candidates to their Electors, but so many Petitions to let them have a Hand in *Naturalization-Acts*, *Jew-Bills*, Taxes, and in short the RUIN of their COUNTRY?

The surest Way of amassing overgrown Riches, is by a due Government or rather Suppression of a Man's own Passions, and artfully administering to the Gratification of other People's.

It is much more difficult to HEAR in Company, than to SPEAK; Every one is willing to do the latter, but few have Politeness enough, to do the former, though it serves a double Purpose; it shews our Manners at the same Time that it improves the Understanding.

The late Doctor *Swift* is not generally esteemed as a Man; in this Point the World agrees with the *Dean* himself, who was always mortified to think himself of such a Species.

Of all the Arguments in Favour of Vice, *defendit Numerus*, is the worst; who would chuse to travel in a dirty Road, because it is crowded?

Every.

Every Age has a peculiar Characteristic to distinguish it; the last Century was remarkable for a comic Genius, which sometimes run out into unwarrantable Luxuriancies, and a Breach of Manners; the present Times have acquired a politer Taste but cannot produce any Work of Theatrical Humour. The former transgressed through an Excess of Vigour, the latter are decent, but they have that kind of Decency which arises from a Want of Power, rather than of Will, and should take for their Motto the Description of *Eunuchs* in *Terence*; *Amatores esse eos maximos, sed nihil potesse.*

People of the same Profession frequently spend their Time in envying each other; whereas if they were actuated by *Emulation*, and each would mind his own Business, every Man would find his Account in it; as at a Gaming-Table, the Way is not to be fretting at the Cards you suppose your Adversary may have, but to make the best of your own Hand.

Some People's Discretion is the Reverse of Charity; it covers a Multitude of Virtues, as the latter does a Multitude of Sins.

It was well said by a Gentleman at a Coffee-house, that the last Scene of a modern Tragedy is like a Statuary's Yard; the Players are all fixed in Attitudes.

When once a Writer is known, his Enemies all will rail at him, and his Friends will damn him with faint Praise, because he has dared to take the Lead of them. He fares like one who meets with speedy Preferment in the Army; the adverse Part will be sure to shoot at him, and his Brother-Officers will hate him for being put over their Heads.

Religion which should make us live in Peace and Charity, is the Source of our most violent Animosities, no one being willing to let his Neighbour worship the supreme Being according to his own Ideas, and his own Feelings, though each Person is resolved to usurp that Liberty himself.

Lord *Bolingbroke* wrote against the Christian Religion; Doctor *Hill* intends to write against Lord *Bolingbroke*.
Felices errore suo!

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office.

The following Letter came to Hand a few Days since.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

IN the *Grays-Inn Journal* of the 10th of *March* last, a Gentleman informed the World, by a Letter to you, that he and his four Sisters were ruined for want of Education, and added that one of them was then in a House of Pleasure in the *Purlieus of Covent-Garden*. I have been in quest of this Lady ever since, without Success. I shall take it as a Favour, Sir, if you will let me know what House she is in, and am,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

GEORGE WILDFIRE.

A Warrant is issued out against Mr. *George Wildfire*, and, if apprehended, he must take his Trial in the Court of *Censorial Enquiry*.

Bedford Coffee-house.

This Place is new painted against the Meeting of the Parliament of Criticism, and the few Bloods that are in Town begin to drop in here of Evenings. Last Night the following Memorandum was wrote in the Book lying at the Bar for that Purpose.

“ Mr. *Buck* called to meet *Jack Riot* according to Appointment; is gone to *Sadlers-Wells*, will be at the “ *Shakespear* at Twelve, and stay there till the little “ Hours, then adjourn to kick up a Dust.”

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

The Nobility and Gentry, who are concerned in making the Salutary Laws against Gaming, are desired to meet To-morrow Evening, being *Sunday*, at *Whites Chocolate-house*, in order to——break every one of them.

NUMB.



NUMB. 51. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, Sept. 29, 1753.

————— *Gratiæ decentes*
Alternò terram quatiant pede ———

HOR.

✠✠✠✠ Celebrated French Critic has given it for a
 ✠✠ A ✠✠ Rule, that every Author should from Time
 ✠✠ ✠✠ to Time sacrifice to the Graces; thereby
 ✠✠✠✠ beautifully insinuating, that Writers should
 endeavour to fashion their Minds into an elegant Way
 of Thinking, which will be always sure to transpire
 into their Compositions, and will be manifested by a de-
 licate Choice of Sentiment and Expression. *Inest fa-*
cundis gratia dictis is the Phrase, by which an Author
 of Taste has signified a Polish and Refinement in a Per-
 formance; and indeed among the Antients in general,
 it is this peculiar Grace, this genteel Manner of con-
 ceiving and expressing their Thoughts, that has made
 their Productions the Admiration of Ages; and those
 have been accounted classic Writers among the Moderns,
 who have succeeded best in imitating the Greek and
 Roman Originals.

Full of these Reflections I retired to Rest a few Nights
 since, when, in the Hours of Sleep, my busy Imagina-
 tion pursued the same Track of Contemplation, and pre-
 sented to me the following Scene. I dreamt that an
 Order was issued out from the High-Court of *Parnassus*
 requiring the immediate Attendance of all the Inhabi-
 tants of the Place at a SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES;
 according to an anniversary Institution in Honour of the
 Day, on which *Apollo* slew the *Python*. For this Purpose
 the three lovely Sisters walked together, interchanging
 in their Way mutual Glances of Cordiality and Affec-

tion, to an elegant Edifice raised by *Inigo Jones*; each had in her Hand Mr. *Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty*. They placed themselves on an eminent Altar in such amiable Attitudes, as have not been equalled on any of our Theatres, since the Manager of *Drury-Lane House* withdrew a certain Lady from the publick Eye.

As soon as the *Goddesses* were thus prepared for the Solemnity, *Apollo*, in all the Pride of manly Beauty, advanced to the Altar, and paid his Adoration. This done, the *Muses* came forward in Procession, and, after prostrating themselves in a respectful Manner, they mixed together in a Dance, and sung Hymns of Praise in Honour of the Graces. *Ducunt choreas, & carmina dicunt*. The whole poetic Region was exhilarated at the Sound, and every Thing, that before looked beautiful, seemed to glow with additional Charms.

This Part of the Ceremony being concluded, a Trumpet sounded three Times, as a Signal for Men of Genius to make their Approach; and instantly a *Grecian Band* appeared. The most remarkable among them were *Homer, Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, and Longinus*; *Aristotle* having sent Word that he was engaged in a *Syllogism*, and could not attend. *Socrates*, who, we are told, called Dancing a Sacrifice to the Graces, immediately began a Movement before the Altar, and *Plato* ey'd him with a stedfast Look. *Longinus*, having acquitted himself in the due Forms of Veneration, fixed his Attention on *Homer*.

Lucretius was Leader of the next Division; he thanked the *Graces* for having scattered so many Flowers amidst the Thorns, which shoot up in his Part of *Parnassus*. *Terence*, who was always an elegant Observer of Forms, seemed to receive great Delight from beholding so much Beauty, and he preferred his Prayer with the utmost Purity of Diction.

The Posture in which *Tully* placed himself recalled

to

to my Mind the Description of him in the *Temple of Fame*.

*Gath'ring his flowing Robe he seem'd to stand,
In Act to speak, and graceful wav'd his Hand.*

He declared in a flowing Stile, that "from an Habit of surveying the Beauty of external Objects, the Mind makes an easy Transition to the Fitness, the Order, and Regularity of its own inward Frame, and from a View of outward Decorum it begins to acquire the same Correctness and Elegance in its own Operations; studiously careful not to think or do any Thing unhandsomely, from whence results that *Grace of Character*, which is, in its very Nature, highly eligible and Praise worthy."

Virgil came forward with a modest Mien, and great Regularity in his Motion. He desired to pass all his Time with the *Graces* and the *Muses*; and bowing respectfully thanked the *Graces* for that elegant Simplicity, the *Molle atque facetum*, which they had conferred upon him. He then retired to a laureat Shade, where he almost hid himself in illustrious Ease. *Statius*, *Lucan*, and *Silius Italicus* endeavoured to walk in the same Path after him, and sometimes they even aimed at his Footsteps, but an awkward Strut in their Gate rendered it impracticable. The Goddesses told *Ovid*, that they were sorry they could not follow him into Exile. At the Approach of *Horace*, *Venus*, and all the laughing Loves, smiled with peculiar Pleasure. *Tibullus* was received with every Token of Affection, and, before he withdrew, he begged Leave to introduce Mr. *Hammond* to their Presence, which was granted, and accordingly Mr. *Hammond* had the Honour of kissing their Hands.

After this a Pause ensued in the Rites, occasioned by the Delay of several *Monks* and *Fathers*, to whom a Summon had been sent commanding their Attendance.

They

They were all in a Cluster at the Foot of *Parnassus*, and they at length returned for answer, that they did not chuse to worship false Deities. After such a Declaration, it was with Surprize I beheld a certain *Bishop* lay aside his Mitre, and venerate the Pagan Goddesses.

Upon enquiring his Name, I found this Personage to be the celebrated *Vida*. He was followed by *Erasmus*, *Strada*, *Bobours*, and several *Jesuits*, who were at length joined by *Boileau*, and *La Fontaine*. The former had a Degree of Severity mixed in his Smiles, and the latter was all Quickness, Vivacity and Wit. In Imitation of *Tibullus*, they begged Leave to present their Friends, and accordingly, *Garth*, *Prior*, and *Gay* were introduced.

Shakespear and *Milton* came down from the highest Eminence in *Parnassus*, to pay their Respects, but while they were performing their Duty, I observed they both raised their Heads to look at a Part of the Heavens, where there was a distant Thunder. *Dryden* had not Money to procure a sufficient Quantity of *Frankincense*, but the *Graces* accepted the Intention for the Deed, convinced by several Touches in his Works that no one had a finer Sense of Beauty. Mr. *Pope* advanced with his Eyes fixed upon *Homer*, who was then in Company with *Virgil*; his Look was thoughtful, but bright, and he delivered himself in the most harmonious Numbers. *Addison* followed close at his Heels, and he acquitted himself in his peculiar Manner of giving good Sense all the Embellishments of Ease and artful Negligence. He observed how much Good-Humour added to the Beauty of the *Graces*, and he was pleased to see them without any fashionable Edifice of Hair on their Heads, and free from any enormous Circle of the Hoop.

By this Time a general Whisper began to run thro' all the Ranks, owing (as I soon perceived) to the Appearance of Dr. *Swift*, who approached with *Cadenus* and

and *Vanessa* in his Hand, as an Offering to the Graces. As he drew nearer, he *jucked in his Checks*, and the Goddesses turned to each other with a Smile. Upon his making an Apology for some Strokes in his Works, they assured him that they could overlook those Singularities, on Account of his other admirable Qualities; and they added, that what was formerly granted to *Virgil* should be also allowed to him, *viz. To toss about his Dung with an Air of Gracefulness.*

Lord *Shaftsbury* was ready to yield all Veneration to three Goddesses, who had always warmed his Fancy with the brightest Ideas. This noble Writer was succeeded by the Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*, who by the Way declared himself an Enemy to all Forms of Worship. He avowed at the same Time, that he was readier to pay Adoration to those bright Existences, than to the *God of Moses*, or the *God of Paul*, on which Topics he harangued with a Roll of Periods, in which, tho' he did not advance the strict Truth, he deserved at least to be called, in the Words of a witty Satyrist, a *polite Apostate from God's Grace to Wit.*

His Lordship withdrew, and I then perceived some certain modern Periodical Writers entering the Temple. They approached the Altar with a College Mien, and a pompous Affectation of learned Industry. Though no Charge could be brought against them for want of Matter, their Stile appeared too elaborate, and their Words frequently formed an *exotic Dialect of adventitious Phrases*, by which Means all Ease was discarded from their Writings; and where Ease is wanting, Grace will be always deficient.

Emboldened by the Example of my Brother Writers, methought, I approached the Altar, but I was told by *Euphrosyne*, that I advanced with rather too great an Air of Negligence, and the Goddesses advised me to avoid the Appearance of Thoughtlessness, while I endeavoured to be easy and graceful. I was so stung with
this

this Reproach, that my Repose was instantly disturbed, and, when awakened, I pleased myself in the Reflection that the whole was but a Dream.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

ON Wednesday last Miss *Grogram* of *Cheapside* had her Ears bored for the first Time, to the great Joy of all her Family.

Whereas a Report prevailed, that *Crook-fingered Jack* has left off Trade, we can now assure his Friends, that he only retired to lurk about the Door of *Vauxhall* Gardens during the Summer-Season, and he intends shortly to return to his Station in the *Piazza, Covent-Garden*, when he will take Care to supply his Customers with *Watches, Handkerchiefs, &c.* at the most reasonable Rates. —

On Tuesday Evening last a young Gentleman in *St. James's Park* was accosted by a single Lady, who robbed him of his Heart, and instantly made off across the *Mall*.

The same Day *Charles Price*, Porter at the *Bedford* Coffee-house, arrived at his Seat, at the lower End of the said Coffee-Room, from *Wales*, where he had been to visit his Friends, after an Absence of several Years.

Yesterday Evening *Quinbus Flestrin* walked from one End of the Room at the *Bedford* Coffee-house to the other for a Wager of Six-pence; he was allowed two Minutes to do it in, and he performed it in one and a Quarter with Ease.

Account of Goods.

Religion—None at Market.

Atheism—Damaged by the last Thunder, very scarce.

Deism—A great deal upon Sale.

Wit—Nothing done.

Humour—At a stand.

Modesty—None to be got of the genuine Sort.

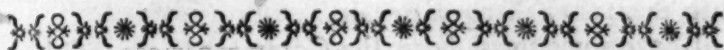
Impudence

Impudence—A Glut at *Billingsgate*.

Scandal—Tea-Tables overstocked.

Honour—In very few Hands.

Patriotism—No Price.



NUMB. 52. GRAY'S-INN, Saturday, OCT. 6, 1753.

—————*Felix, qui tempora quirit*
Ad-ventumque Dei, & sacrum expectare calorem,
Paulisperque operi posito subducere mentem,
Mutati donec redeat clementia cæli. VIDA.

THE Author, from whom I have selected the Motto of this Day's Paper, was a Poet of great Elegance, as well as a Critic of the most refined Taste. He observes in his excellent *Art of Poetry*, that the Genius of Writers is frequently very unequal, their Vigour often exhausted, and their Spirits sunk; as if *Apollo* and the Muses had quite abandoned the tuneful Breast; and therefore he advises every Author, to call off his Mind at proper Seasons from the Studies he is employed in, in order to wait more propitious Moments, when the Return of the poetic Heat, and the Influence of the God, may render his Productions more animated.

This Precept certainly should be adhered to by all, who presume to lay their Lucubrations before the Public; but it often happens, that the periodical Essayist, however inclined he may be to retouch and finish, is compelled by Necessity to dismiss the uncorrected Sheet to the Prefs; for though the Town may think they have a Right to an Author's whole Time, and that he should grow pale at the Midnight Lamp, the better to make a Part of their Tea-Equipage in a Morning, it cannot but often be the Case, that Business of some Sort, social Connections, and sundry various Avocations

tions shall obtrude themselves, so as to render it impossible for a Writer to comply with that Respect he owes his Readers; for, as it has been wittily said by Sir *Richard Steel*, an Adventurer in this Way, is like a Man who keeps a Stage-Coach; he must set out, whether there are Passengers or not.

I have sometimes, since the Commencement of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, been curious after my own Fame, and on this Account I have often seated myself in a snug Part of a Coffee-house, in Order to collect the Sentiments of the Public concerning the present Writer. Upon these Occasions I have observed, that no Allowance is made for a temporary Want of Health, an accidental Depression of Spirits, to which all Men are liable at Times; and I must add, that it is not common for Readers in Coffee-houses to make any Abatement of their Severity, on Account of the Humour they may be in themselves, their own want of Ease, and their usual Cheerfulness. I remember to have been damned by a well looking Man, because his Wine was bad the Night before, and the Fumes of it were still in his Head; an uxorious Gentleman, who is sometimes a little Henpecked by his Wife, is sure never to relish me after a Curtain-Lecture; and the Price of Corn at *Bear-Key* has more than once lowered me in the Estimation of a solid Citizen. Add to these accidental Contingencies, the great Variety of Tastes, which prevail in every Company, and which it is a moral Impossibility for any Writer to gratify at once. I have occasionally entertained the Town with Essays of Pleasantry and Humour, and the Consequence is, that it has raised a Demand upon me every *Saturday* for an equal Vein of Mirth. Because the *Temple of Laverna* has excited a general Laugh, it is asked upon entering a Coffee-room, "Waiter, has Mr. *Ranger* given us any more detached Scenes to Day?" "Is there any Thing immensely high?" "O! this is against Suicide, there

"is no Fun here," says another; and a third exclaims, "Pshaw! this Man is always laughing—can't he be serious a little, and give us something that has Stuff in it—Essays on Taste, and Poets, and Humourists, and Monkeys, and Stile! Here, Boy, give me the *Gazetteer*; or the *London-Daily Advertiser*, which ever is out of Hand."—A Correspondent, who writes to me from his House near *Litchfield*, begs to know, why I have entirely discarded Politics, and has the following Paragraph—"Why won't you have a Fling at the Times?—A Touch now and then upon the Ministry, and a Stricture upon the Constitution would have a pretty go down with us in the Country."

As it is now confidently asserted that the *Jew-Bill* will be repealed, I have resolved with myself to be a Tool to no Party whatever, and as to the Care of our Constitution, I heartily recommend it to those, who are entrusted with it.

"Videant Consules, nequid detrimenti Res Publica capiat."

This Paper was undertaken to contribute, as far as the Author's Time and Abilities would permit him, to the Entertainment or Instruction of his Readers; to laugh out of Countenance many of those Foibles, which are apt to shoot up in this Metropolis; to amuse the Fair, to promote Decency and good Manners, and to detect Impostors in Writing, Criticism, and many Situations of Life. That this has succeeded far beyond his warmest Hopes, he is not backward to acknowledge; he thinks himself obliged to his candid Readers for the favourable Reception, they have hitherto been pleased to afford to the Production of his leisure Hours, and, though he is not inclinable to arrogate to himself any Vanity on this Head, he is notwithstanding pleased, in a particular Degree, to find that this, his first Attempt, has gone on with growing Reputation, from the first Out set, to this present *Saturday*, without anticipating

the public Favour by Puffs in the News-Papers, or by the Address of Emissaries, who should confidently assert, that it was to be the joint Labour and Production of some of the best Writers of the Age; without a Combination of Booksellers to support it by a Subscription, and without the Patronage of any great Man whatever. The Author always disdained such little Artifices, well knowing, that if he had any Wit to recommend him, the Public would return a Degree of Encouragement in Proportion to their Entertainment; and on this Account; he has never been so industrious to insinuate, that a very eminent Hand was engaged; that Sir George * * * * * wrote such an Essay; that my Lord * * * * * diverted the Choice Spirits such a Day; that the last was very fine, and came from the Honourable * * * * *; that the Author of * * * * * contributed the exquisite Entertainment in such a Piece, and that Mr. * * * * * the Translator of * * * * * was certainly one of the Gentlemen concerned in it, and that his Stile could be easily traced in the respective Pieces belonging to him.

Without these Advantages, the *Gray's-Inn Journal* has found the Way to amuse the Town once a Week for twelve Months past, and, I may boast, with perhaps fewer voluntary Supplies than is generally afforded to Authors on these Occasions.—However, as I am not inclined to assume to myself any *Praise*, that my own Conviction does not tell me, is properly mine, I must here let the Public know that there is a Person, to whom I am frequently obliged for all the Assistance he can contribute. I shall not mention his Name, as I am persuaded, it would not be agreeable to one of his Modesty and delicate Sense of Things; thus much I will hint, that this Personage is no other than the Compositor of the Press, who, finding that my Occupations will not permit me to revise the Paper myself, is kind enough upon several Occasions to alter Words and Sentences

tences according to his own Taste, and whenever a Phrase does not entirely please him, the Reader, is sure to see something substituted in its room; for Instance, I had Occasion to mention some Time since, *a Treaty of Marriage*, which this Gentleman converted into a *Treatise of Marriage*, and the Reader's own Observation will point out to him several Elegancies of this Nature upon other Occasions; all which Embellishments of Stile, I beg, may be invariably attributed to the abovementioned Compositor of the Press, of whom I shall say no more at present; but as the Printer's Devil is now with me for this Lucubration, I shall conclude with a Return of my sincere Thanks to the Public, for the Encouragement they have afforded me during the Course of this Volume, with a grateful Sense of which I here take my Leave, and remain until next *Saturday*, the candid Readers,

Most obedient and very humble Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE:

From my Register Office.

DURING the Course of this Volume I have made the best Use I could, of most of the Contributions that have been committed to my Care; and with Regard to those now in my Hands, which I do not think co-incident with my Plan, I beg leave to give the following Answer to the respective Authors.

To the Writer of an Essay on the *British Herring-Fishery*, signed *John Shotten*;—*This Piece may not be improper for the Gazetteer.*

To the Author of a Paragraph of Scandal and Defamation;—*This, with two Shillings, (be the Character traduced ever so reputable) will be received by the Daily Advertiser.*

To

To the Author of a Proposal for better illuminating the Cities of London and Westminster ;—*This may not be improper for the Westminster Journal.*

To the Gentleman who sent a Paragraph with only the initial and final Letters of each Word ;—*This will make no bad Figure in the London Evening Post.*

To the Author of six Essays on the following Subjects ; *Nothing, Himself, Whip syllabub, Himself, Elizabeth Canning, Himself again ;—These six Pieces will save the Inspector a Week's Trouble.*

Having thus ballanced my Books, and made out an Inventory of my Wits, I find I have a sufficient Stock in Trade (after paying every Body) to carry on my Business, and therefore I shall continue a Retailer every Saturday for one Year more, when, if I meet with suitable Encouragement, I shall turn wholesale Dealer, and sell my Pieces in the Lump.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If any small Wit should be fond of Punning upon the Word, *Lump*, by hinting that *Ranger* is a LUMPISH AUTHOR, &c. he shall be prosecuted in the Court of Censorial Enquiry, according to the Statute in that Case made and provided.

The End of the First Volume.

